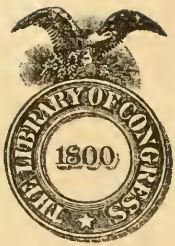

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TRUE STORIES

OF

FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN OF AMERICA

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONTAINING

FULL ACCOUNTS OF THE LIVES AND HEROIC DEEDS OF ABOUT HALF A HUNDRED ILLUSTRIOUS MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE MADE OUR COUNTRY GREAT AND OUR FLAG RESPECTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

From the Time of George and Mary Washington to Admiral Dewey and Clara Barton

---

PREPARED BY A CORPS OF DISTINGUISHED WRITERS:

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, WILLIAM GARNETT, D. C L., Prof. W. W. BIRDSALL, EDWARD S. ELLIS and Others

---

Illustrated with Magnificent Full-page Photogravure Portraits

AND A WEALTH OF OTHER FINE ENGRAVINGS

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

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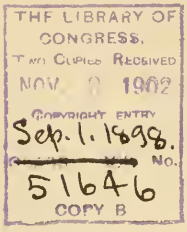

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INTRODUCTION.

THE tomb of Mohammed is said to be ornamented with over eleven million dollars' worth of precious stones, and devout followers of Islam make long and toilsome pilgrimages from all parts of the world to gaze upon these dazzling gems, not one of which they may take for themselves.

America has a hundred more helpful shrines than the jeweled tomb of the Arabian prophet in the lives and memories of her distinguished sons and daughters, and they are set with gems of character more brilliant than diamonds, more beautiful than topaz, and with "price far above rubies." It is to these shrines that this volume conducts the youth of our land, and, having shown them all, invites the young reader to select and appropriate unto himself whatsoever he will.

When Lord Macaulay wrote, "There is no history but biography," he spoke the truth, for it is what the great men and women of any nation do that make up the annals of that nation. But biography is more than history, and the latter cannot supply its place. In the reading of history we fail to find a connected story of the lives of its illustrious makers. They are seen only in the light of their great public deeds. Neither the beginning nor ending of the career is shown, except, now and then, in cold statistics.

What schoolboy who makes George Washington, or Abraham Lincoln, or Grant, or Lee his model great man does not turn from his United States History with a feeling of disappointment because it does not take him into closer confidence and tell him of the private lives of these heroes?—where did they come from?—what were their circumstances in boyhood?—what their trials and opportunities when they were young like myself?—were they like other boys or were they always superior beings, born great, and continually in the midst of prominent scenes or doing wonderful acts, as history presents them?

These are some of the natural questions that come to the mind of the aspiring young reader who desires to make his life useful and honorable, and who

would use some great man, or several great men, as his models. He wants to know what opportunity, what hope, there is for him to be like them. Biography answers these laudable inquiries upon which history is silent.

Still less comfort does the ambitious girl find upon the pages of the national history in seeking an acquaintance with her model great woman; for here, as upon the stage of a Chinese theatre, few women are to be seen, and they only in glimpses where circumstances intrude them forward. And yet, as a matter of fact, woman has contributed vastly to our national growth, and deserves scarcely less prominence than man. In this volume she has that recognition to which she is so justly entitled. George Washington becomes all the greater hero when the exalted virtues of Mary Washington, his mother (to whom he said he owed all that he was), stand out as they do in this volume—a background from which the great son steps forth in bolder relief. And so Abraham Lincoln and Garfield and Stonewall Jackson and President McKinley found the seeds of their greatness in the noble mothers whose lives are printed—some of them for the first time—in chapters fully as prominent as those devoted to their great sons in this volume. In like manner do the noble sisters of humanity, heralds of liberty and angels of mercy—Frances Willard, Dorothea Dix, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Livermore, Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Ballington Booth, and others—pass before the young girls and women who read this volume, with the magnetism of their lovely and loving characters and the exalted inspiration of their noble lives and beneficent deeds.

It is the province of these biographies not only to entertain by the narration of wonderful achievements, but to conduct the reader into the private lives and characters of these great men and women, to encourage and inspire, and by the force of example to awaken a spirit of emulation in the young. In these true stories of famous men and women we have a complete picture of their public and private records woven skillfully together. The early lives of these illustrious characters with their humble environments—aye, often discomforts, struggles and poverty—will find perfect counterparts in the circumstances and surroundings of many of our young readers. Here the ambitious but hampered youth will find their heroes and heroines have traveled the same roads which they themselves are now treading, and encountered and struggled with the same or similar difficulties and temptations as those which they are now battling against.

There is nothing so potent in its influence for good as the examples of truly great leaders. It would be hard to overestimate the power which the lives of Washington, Franklin, Frances Willard, and other noble men and women treated in this book have had in the past and will continue to have upon succeeding generations.

Every one of these great names stands for something. Washington represents truthfulness and integrity; Jefferson, the democratic idea of the rule of the

people; Franklin, industry and devotion to duty, with statesmanship and diplomacy; Frances Willard, self-sacrifice for the betterment of the home life of the nation; Harriet Beecher Stowe, the liberation of the enslaved. And so we might continue throughout the list—they all stand for, as they lived for, some noble attribute of character for the elevation of their country or the advancement of the world toward a nobler destiny. They embody great virtues, they stand for great principles, they illustrate noble qualities, and no man can estimate their helpful and educational value to those who read them.

When Lincoln was a boy he procured a life of Washington, and read it over and over many times in his backwoods home by the light of a pine-knot fire. Washington was his model, and how like him in character—truth, honor, and every brave and noble quality—did this boy of an ill-starred childhood become! Side by side with the father of his country stands Lincoln, its savior, both equally enthroned in the hearts of a grateful nation—both held up as models of true and exalted greatness throughout all civilization.

Benjamin Franklin was a true lover of biography. The lives of all great men he read with avidity; and, he declares, the reading of one book made him what he was.

Henry Clay, it is said, read "Plutarch's Lives" of ancient men of fame entirely through twenty times in ten years. The special chapters devoted to great orators he read perhaps one hundred times over, so that the published lives of Demosthenes and Cicero were as familiar to him as the recollections of his own career. Is it any wonder that "the tongue of burning fire and of silvery, witching eloquence" descended from the ancient Greek and Roman masters upon him, and that listening multitudes hung breathless upon his utterances, while he, at his pleasure, lashed them into a mad fury or soothed them as with the lullaby song of a mother?

In the days of Washington, Franklin, Clay, and Lincoln, the catalogue of great Americans was but small; now it is a large one. The youth of the present day has vastly the advantage of them in so many noble models after which to fashion the pattern of his own destiny.

These biographies teach the young men and young women of America the important lesson that

"Honor and shame from no conditions rise,"

and that, in America at least, "all men are born free and equal;" but, while all have a chance, "everyone must be the architect of his own fortune." It is this truth impressed, as it is in this volume, upon the youth of our country, with the opportunity for its application by the boys and girls, young men and young women alike, that is at once the glory of our American institutions, the rainbow of promise to every aspiring youth, and the hope of America's future greatness.

If the foreign accusation that Americans are natural hero worshipers be true, we should answer, it is well they should be so; for they have the grandest heroes and heroines that any nation can boast, and to read their lives is to kindle every latent ember of patriotism into a glowing blaze, and to awaken every noble sentiment of the human soul. Their influence has gone out like beacon-lights to all the world, and their names stand as synonyms of patriotism, exalted courage, freedom, wisdom, humanity, charity, love, and mercy. It is through them that the glory of America shines above that of all other lands foremost and uppermost in the vanguard of progress with "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people," founded upon principles and fostered by a citizenship which are a guarantee that it "shall not perish from the earth."

It is with a pleasant sense of satisfaction over a work well done, and of confidence in its hearty reception, that the publishers present this volume to the public. It has been prepared on a plan peculiarly its own. It embraces the greatest men and women of America from the days of George and Mary Washington to Admiral Dewey and Frances Willard, and it will be read with pleasure and profit by old and young alike.

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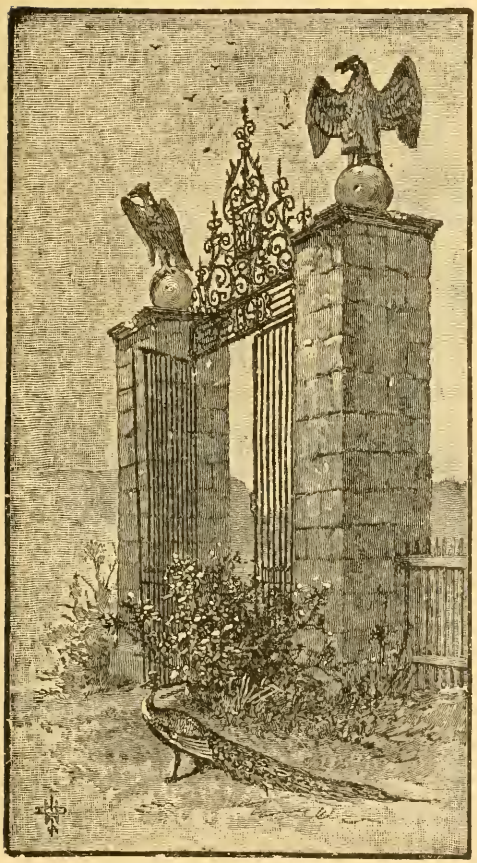
WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

FATHER AND FOUNDER OF THE REPUBLIC.



A VIRGINIA PLANTATION GATEWAY.

AMONG the multitude who in different lands and times have won fame in varying degrees, a few stand out so distinct so far above the rest, that they mark the eras of the world's progress. By them we measure our growth; by them we test our advance or decline. We no longer judge them, but rather judge ourselves by them, by the extent to which we can appreciate and understand them. An age in which they are honored is glorious; a generation by which they are not esteemed is contemptible. Among the few thus truly great is WASHINGTON. A thousand times has the story of his noble life been told; yet never were men so eager to hear it as now. His character has endured every test; his fame is secure. "It will be the duty of the historian in all ages," says Lord Brougham, "to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man; . . . and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

Two centuries ago Virginia was almost an unexplored wilderness; but the climate, the soil, the rivers, bays, mountains, valleys, all combined to render it one of the most attractive spots upon our globe. Two young brothers, Lawrence and John Washington, were lured by these attractions to abandon their home in England, and seek their fortunes in this new world. They were both

gentlemen. Lawrence was a fine scholar, a graduate of Oxford; John was an accomplished man of business.

The two brothers had purchased a large tract of land about fifty miles above the mouth of the Potomac, and on its western banks. John built him a house, and married Anne Pope. Augustine, his second son, inherited the paternal homestead. Augustine's first wife, Jane Butler, as lovely in character as she was beautiful in person, died, leaving three little motherless children The disconsolate father, in the course of years, found another mother for his bereaved household.

He was singularly fortunate in his choice. Mary Ball was everything that husband or child could desire. She was beautiful in person, intelligent, accomplished, energetic and prudent, and a warm hearted Christian. Augustine and Mary were married on the 6th of March, 1730. On the 22d of February, 1732, they received into their arms their first-born child. Little did they dream, as they bore their babe to the baptismal font and called him *George Washington*, that that name was to become one of the most memorable in the annals of time.

BOYHOOD DAYS.

From earliest childhood George developed a very noble character. He had a vigorous constitution, a fine form, and great bodily strength. In childhood he was noted for frankness, fearlessness, and moral courage; and yet far removed from manifesting a quarrelsome spirit. He never tyrannized over others; and none were found to attempt to tyrannize over him.

After twelve happy years of union with Mary Ball, when George was but ten years of age, Augustine Washington died, leaving George and five other children fatherless. The mother was equal to the task thus imposed upon her. The confidence of her husband in her judgment and maternal love is indicated by the fact that he left the income of the entire property to her until her children should respectively come of age. Nobly she discharged the task. A nation's homage gathers around the memory of the mother of Washington. Life's severe discipline developed a character simple, sincere, grave, cheered with earnest and unostentatious piety. Her well-balanced mind gave her great influence over her son, which she retained until the hour of her death.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton tells the story that, when George Washington was in the meridian of his fame, a brilliant party was given in his honor at Fredericksburg, Va. When the church-bell rang the hour of nine, his mother rose and said, "Come, George, it is nine o'clock: it is time for us to go home." George, like a dutiful son, offered her his arm, and they retired. Mrs. Hamilton admits, however, that after Washington had seen his mother safely home he returned to the party.

At sixteen years of age George, then a man in character, and almost a man

in stature, left school. He excelled in mathematical studies, and had become familiar with the principles of geometry and trigonometry and of practical surveying. In was then his intention to become a civil engineer. At that time, in this new and rapidly-growing country, there was great demand for such services, and the employment was very lucrative. He had formed his character upon the right model. Everything he did he did well. If he wrote a letter, every word was as plain as print, with spelling, capitals, punctuation, all correct. His diagrams and tables were never scribbled off, but all executed with great beauty. These excellent habits, thus early formed, were retained through life.

Upon leaving school George went to spend a little time with his elder brother, Lawrence, at Mount Vernon. Then, as now, that was an enchanting spot. The house, situated upon a swell of land, commanded an extensive view of the Potomac and of the surrounding country. It was nearly one hundred miles above the home of George. Lord Fairfax, a man of large fortune and romantic tastes, had been lured by the charms of this delightful region to purchase a vast territory, which extended far away, over the Blue Mountains. It was a property embracing rivers and mountains, forests and prairies, and wealth unexplored. Lord Fairfax was charmed with young Washington, his frankness, his intelligence, his manliness, his gentlemanly bearing,—a boy in years, a man in maturity of wisdom and character; and he engaged this lad, then but one month over sixteen years of age, to explore and survey these pathless wilds, a large portion of which was then ranged only by wild beasts and savage men. It may be doubted whether a lad of his age ever before undertook a task so arduous. With a few attendants, the boy entered the wilderness. We have some extracts from the journal which he kept, which give us a vivid idea of the life he then led. Under date of March 15, 1748, he writes:—

"Worked hard till night, and then returned. After supper, we were lighted into a room; and I, not being so good a woodman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly, and went into the bed, as they call it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else, but only one threadbare blanket, with double its weight of vermin. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did. Had we not been very tired, I am sure we should not have slept much that night. I made a promise to sleep so no more in a bed, choosing rather to sleep in the open air before a fire."

On the 2d of April he writes, "A blowing, rainy night. Our straw, upon which we were lying, took fire; but I was luckily preserved by one of our men awaking when it was in a flame. We have run off four lots this day."

George returned from this tramp with all his energies consolidated by toil, peril, and hardship. Though but seventeen years of age, he was a responsible, self-reliant man. The State of Virginia now employed him as public surveyor.

WASHINGTON'S RECEPTION AT TRENTON

For three years he was engaged in these laborious duties, which introduced him to scenes of romance and adventure. Though he often, during these three years, visited his mother, his headquarters were with his brother at Mount Vernon, as this was much nearer. Lord Fairfax, who, it is said, was the victim of a love disappointment, had built him a substantial stone mansion in the valley beyond the Blue Ridge, where he was living in a sort of baronial splendor, and where George was an ever welcome guest.

MISSION TO THE FRENCH COMMANDER.

Having performed his duty as surveyor so well, he was chosen adjutant-general, with the rank of major, over a portion of the militia whose duty it was to repel the encroachments of the French and Indians. In the meantime, however, he was absent four months in Barbadoes with a sick brother. The next year, being then twenty-one years of age, he was sent as commissioner by Governor Dinwiddie to demand of the French commander why he had invaded the king's colonies. For seven hundred and fifty miles, more than half of the distance through an unbroken wilderness, he made his way, accompanied by only seven persons; and after forty-one days of toil, in the middle of December he reached his destination. Having concluded his mission, he set out in the dead of winter to retrace his dreary route. The horses after a while gave out, and the drivers were left to take care of them, while he and one companion pushed on alone, on foot, through the wilderness. Traveling in this manner, they came upon an Indian, who, under the pretence of acting as guide, led them off their route, and then shot at them. Sparing his life, contrary to the wishes of his friend, Washington soon got rid of him, and walked all night to escape pursuit. Coming to the Alleghany river, they found it only partly frozen over, and here the two friends lay down upon the bank in the cold snow, with nothing but their blankets over them, and thus, weary and hungry, passed the dreary night. The next morning they set to work with a single hatchet to build a raft. They worked all day long on the frail thing, and just after sunset succeeded in launching it on the turbulent stream. When nearly half across, huge fragments of floating ice came driving down the current, and, jamming against the crazy fabric, jerked them overboard, into ten feet of water. The two adventurers swam and waded to an island, where, amid frost and snow, wet to the skin, without a blanket to cover them or a spark of fire, with their clothes frozen stiff upon their backs, they passed the long, wintry night. They were now without the means of reaching either shore; but the biting cold that benumbed their limbs froze also the river, so that when morning dawned it was bridged over with ice between them and the shore. Escaping the shot of the Indian, the dangers of the forest, and death by cold, they at length, after an absence of eleven weeks, arrived safely at home.

Washington's journal of this tour was published in London, and attracted much attention, as it contained conclusive proof that the French would resist any attempts of the English to establish their settlements upon the Ohio. The Legislature of Virginia was in session at Williamsburg when Washington returned. Modestly, and unconscious that he would attract any attention, he went into the gallery to observe the proceedings. The Speaker chanced to see him, and, rising, proposed that

"The thanks of this house be given to Major Washington, who now sits in the gallery, for the gallant manner in which he has executed the important trust lately reposed in him by his excellency the governor."

Every member of the house rose to his feet; and Washington was greeted with a simultaneous and enthusiastic burst of applause. Embarrassed by the unexpected honor, and unaccustomed to public speaking, the young hero endeavored in vain to give utterance to his thanks. Out of this painful dilemma the eloquent Speaker helped him as generously as he had helped him into it. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, in his most courteous manner, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess." Nothing could be more elegant or skilful than this double stroke, which not only relieved Washington, but paid him at the same time the highest compliment that could be bestowed.

BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION.

Early in the spring of 1755 General Braddock, a self-conceited, stubborn man, landed in Virginia with two regiments of regular troops from Great Britain. Arrogant in the pride of his technical military education, he despised alike Frenchmen, Indians, and colonists. With his force, Braddock started on a march through the wilderness for the reduction of Fort Duquesne. Washington accompanied him as volunteer aid. In a straggling line four miles in length, this army of two thousand men, totally unacquainted with Indian warfare, and thoroughly despising such barbaric foes, commenced its march, with ponderous artillery and a cumbrous baggage-train, through the forest, for the distant junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela. Washington, who well knew the foe they were to encounter, was alarmed at this recklessness, and urged greater caution. The regular British general was not to be taught the art of war by a provincial colonel, who had never even seen the inside of a military school. Successfully they had threaded the wilderness, and on a beautiful summer's day they were exultingly marching along the banks of the Monongahela, when they entered a defile of picturesque beauty.

Suddenly, like the burst of thunder from the cloudless heavens, came the crash of musketry, and a tempest of lead swept through their ranks. Crash followed crash in quick succession, before, behind, on the right, on the left. No foe was to be seen; yet every bullet accomplished its mission. The ground was

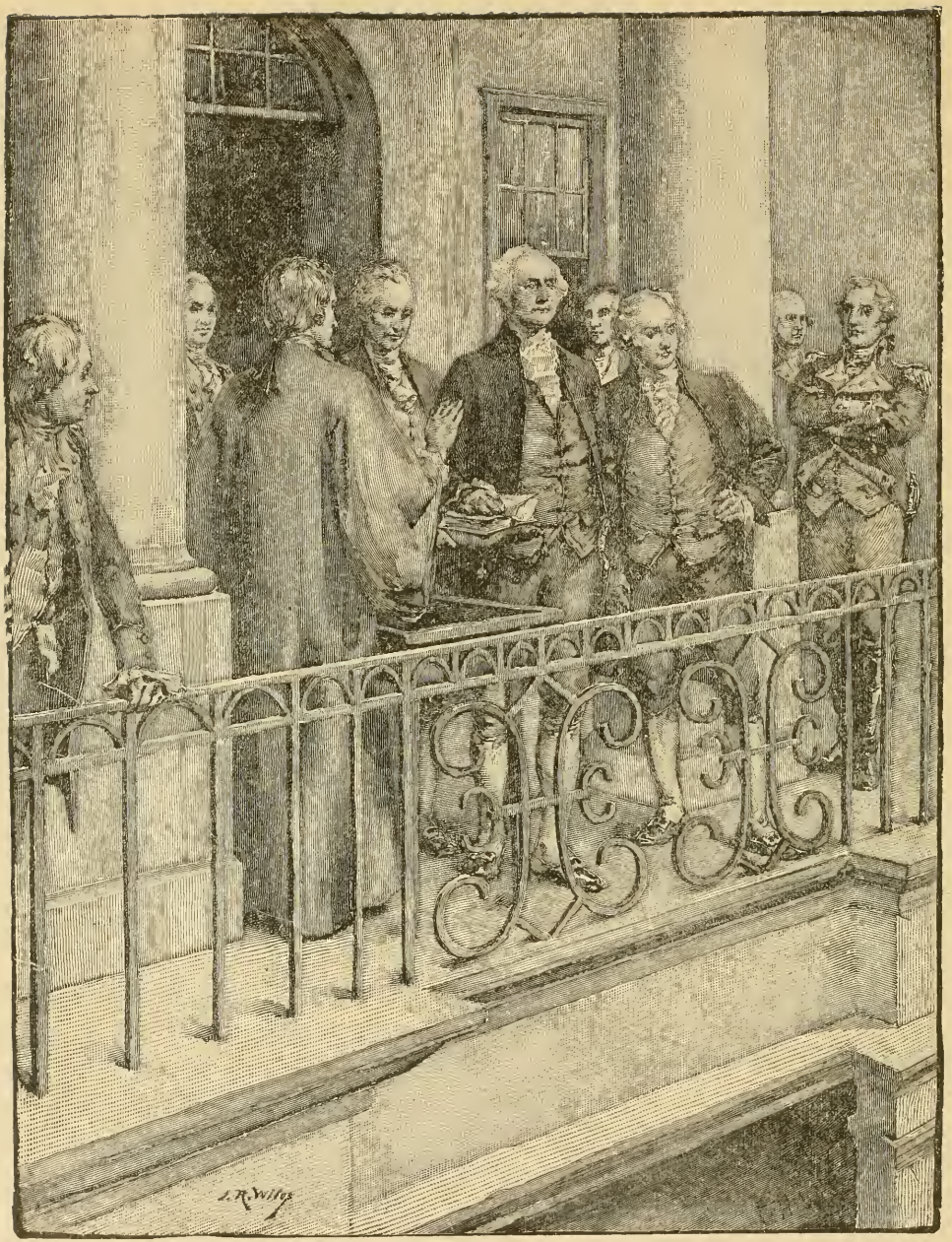
soon covered with the dead and wounded. Amazement and consternation ran through the ranks. An unseen foe was assailing them. Braddock stood his ground with bull-dog courage, until he fell, pierced by a bullet. When nearly half of the army were slain, the remnant broke in wild disorder and fled. The ambush was entirely successful. Six hundred of these unseen assailants were Indians. They made the forest ring with their derision in scorn of the folly of Braddock.

Washington, through this awful scene, which he had been constantly anticipating, was perfectly collected, and, with the coolest courage, did everything which human sagacity could do to retrieve the disaster. Two horses were shot beneath him, and four bullets passed through his coat. Eight hundred of Braddock's army, including most of the officers, were either dead or wounded. Washington rallied around him the few provincials, upon whom Braddock had looked with contempt. Each man instantly placed himself behind a tree, according to the necessities of forest warfare. As the Indians burst from their ambush, the unerring fire of the provincials checked them and drove them back. But for this the army would have been utterly destroyed. All Washington's endeavors to rally the British regulars were unavailing. Indignantly he writes, "They ran like sheep before the hounds." Panic-stricken, abandoning artillery and baggage, they continued their tumultuous retreat to the Atlantic coast. The provincials, in orderly march, protected them from pursuit. Braddock's defeat rang through the land as Washington's victory. The provincials, who, submitting to military authority, had allowed themselves to be led into this valley of death, proclaimed far and wide the precautions which Washington had urged, and the heroism with which he had rescued the remnant of the army.

The French made no attempt to pursue their advantage, but quietly retired to Fort Duquesne, there to await another assault, should the English decide to make one. A force of about seven hundred men was raised, and placed under the command of Washington, to protect the scattered villages and dwellings of this vast frontier. For three years Washington gave all his energies to this arduous enterprise. It would require a volume to record the awful scenes through which he passed during these three years.

In November, 1758, Fort Duquesne was wrested from the French, and the valley of the Ohio passed from their control forever. The Canadas soon after surrendered to Wolfe, and English supremacy was established upon this continent without a rival.

Washington was now twenty-six years of age. The beautiful estate of Mount Vernon had descended to him by inheritance. On the 6th of January, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a lady of great worth and beauty. Washington was already wealthy; and his wife brought with her, as her dower, a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars. After the tumultuous scenes of his



BARON STEUBEN. GOV. ARTHUR ST CLAIR. SEC'Y SAMUEL A. OTIS. ROGER SHERMAN. GOV. GEORGE CLINTON.
CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON. GEORGE WASHINGTON. GEN'L HENRY KNOX.

WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH AS PRESIDENT,

APRIL 30, 1789, ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT TREASURY BUILDING, WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Virginia gave us this imperial man,
Cast in the massive mould
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
. . . . . .
Mother of States and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a Country, giving him.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

youth, he retired with his bride and her two children to the lovely retreat of Mount Vernon, where he spent fifteen years of almost unalloyed happiness He enlarged the mansion, embellished the grounds, and by purchase made very considerable additions to his large estate.

OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION.

During these serene years of peace and prosperity an appalling storm was gathering, which soon burst with fearful desolation over all the colonies. The British ministry, denying the colonists the rights of British subjects, insisted upon exercising the despotic power of imposing taxes upon the colonists, while withholding the right of representation. All American remonstrances were thrown back with scorn. Troops were sent to enforce obedience to the man dates of the British Crown. The Americans sprang to arms, called a Congress, and chose George Washington commander-in-chief.

To the Congress which elected him he replied: "I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge. That is all I desire."

To his wife, the object of his most tender affection, he wrote that it was his greatest affliction to be separated from her, but that duty called, and he must obey. He said that he could not decline the appointment without dishonoring his name, and sinking himself even in her esteem.

On the 2d of July Washington arrived in Cambridge and took command of the army. The ceremony took place under the elm-tree which still stands immortalized by the event. General Gage was commander of the British forces. Twelve thousand British regulars were intrenched on Bunker's Hill and in the streets of Boston. About fifteen thousand provincial militia, wretchedly armed and without any discipline, occupied a line nearly twelve miles in extent, encircling, on the land side, Charlestown and Boston. The British war-ships held undisputed possession of the harbor.

At length, in March, 1776, after months of toil and surmounting difficulties more than can be enumerated, Washington was prepared for decisive action In a dark and stormy night he opened upon the foe in the city, from his encircling lines, as fierce a bombardment as his means would allow. Under cover of this roar of the batteries and the midnight storm, he dispatched a large force of picked troops, with the utmost secrecy, to take possession of the Heights of Dorchester. There, during the hours of the night, the soldiers worked with the utmost diligence in throwing up breastworks which would protect them from the broadsides of the English fleet. Having established his batteries upon those heights, he commanded the harbor

In the early dawn of the morning, the British Admiral saw, to his consternation, that a fort bristling with cannon had sprung up during the night almost over his head. He immediately opened upon the works the broadsides of all his ships; but the Americans, defiant of the storm of iron which fell around them, continued to pile their sand-bags and to ply their shovels, until they had thrown up ramparts so strong that no cannonade could injure them. The British fleet was now at the mercy of Washington's batteries. In a spirit almost of desperation, the Admiral ordered three thousand men in boats to land and take the heights at every hazard. But a great storm came to the aid of the colonists. The gale increased to such fury that not a boat could be launched. Before another day and night had passed the redoubt was made so strong that it could defy any attack.

It was the morning of the 17th of March, 1776. The storm had passed away. The blue sky overarched the beleaguered city and the encamping armies. Washington sat upon his horse, serene and majestic, and contemplated in silent triumph, from the Heights of Dorchester, the evacuation of Boston. The whole British army was crowded on board the ships. A fresh breeze from the west filled their sails; and the hostile armament, before the sun went down, had disappeared beyond the distant horizon. It was a glorious victory. Such another case, perhaps, history does not record. Washington, *without ammunition*, had maintained his post for six months within musket-shot of a powerful British army. During this time he had disbanded the small force of raw militia he at first had with him, and had recruited another army; and had then driven the enemy into his ships, and out into the sea.

The latter part of June, just before the Declaration of Independence, two large British fleets, one from Halifax and the other direct from England, met at the mouth of the Bay of New York, and, disembarking a powerful army, took possession of Staten Island. Washington had assembled all his available military force to resist their advances. The British Government regarded the leaders of the armies, and their supporters in Congress, as felons, doomed to the scaffold. They refused, consequently, to recognize any titles conferred by Congress.

By the middle of August the British had assembled, on Staten Island and at the mouth of the Hudson River, a force of nearly thirty thousand soldiers, with a numerous and well-equipped fleet. To oppose them Washington had about twelve thousand men, poorly armed, and quite unaccustomed to military discipline and the hardships of the camp. A few regiments of American troops, about five thousand in number, were gathered near Brooklyn. A few thousand more were stationed at other points on Long Island. The English landed without opposition, fifteen thousand strong, and made a combined assault upon the Americans. The battle was short, but bloody. The Americans, overpowered sullenly retired, leaving fifteen hundred of their number either dead or in the

hands of the English. A vastly superior force of well-trained British troops, flushed with victory, pressed upon the rear of the dispirited colonists. Their situation seemed desperate.

Again Providence came to our aid. The wind died away to a perfect calm so that the British fleet could not move. A dense fog was rolled in from the ocean. The Americans, familiar with every foot of the ground, improved the propitious moments. Boats were rapidly collected; and, in the few hours of that black night, nine thousand men, with nearly all their artillery and military stores, were safely landed in New York. The transportation was conducted so secretly that, though the Americans could hear the English at work with their pickaxes, the last boat had left the Long Island shore ere the retreat was suspected.

The American army was now in a deplorable condition. It had neither arms, ammunition, nor food. The soldiers were unpaid, almost mutinous, and in rags. There were thousands in the vicinity of New York who were in sympathy with the British. Nearly all the Government officials and their friends were on that side. A conspiracy was formed, in which a part of Washington's own guard was implicated, to seize him, and deliver him to that ignominious death to which the British Crown had doomed him.

Washington was equal to the crisis. He saw that the only hope was to be found in avoiding an engagement, and in wearing out the resources of the enemy in protracted campaigns. He slowly retired from New York to the Heights of Harlem, with sleepless vigilance watching every movement of the foe, that he might take advantage of the slightest indiscretion. Here he threw up breastworks, which the enemy did not venture to attack. The British troops ascended the Hudson and East River to assail Washington in his rear. A weary campaign of marches and counter-marches ensued, in which Washington, with scarcely a shadow of an army, sustained, in the midst of a constant succession of disasters, the apparently hopeless fortunes of his country. At one time General Reed in anguish exclaimed,—

"My God! General Washington, how long shall we fly?"

Serenely Washington replied, "We shall retreat, if necessary, over every river of our country, and then over the mountains, where I will make a last stand against our enemies."

THE NEW JERSEY CAMPAIGN.

Washington crossed the Hudson into the Jerseys. The British pursued him. With consummate skill, he baffled all the efforts of the foe. With an army reduced to a freezing, starving band of but three thousand men, he retreated to Trenton. The British pressed exultantly on, deeming the conflict ended and the Revolution crushed. It was December. The foe tracked the patriots by the blood of their lacerated feet on the frozen ground. With great difficulty Wash-

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE

(From the Painting by Leutze.)

ington succeeded in crossing the Delaware in boats, just as the British army arrived upon the banks of the stream. They needed but to cross the river to take possession of Philadelphia. The ice was so rapidly forming that they would soon be able to pass at any point without obstruction. The enemy, with apparently nothing to fear, relaxed his vigilance.

The night of December 25, 1776, was very dark and intensely cold. A storm of wind and snow raged violently. The British, considering the patriots utterly dispersed, and that a broad, icy river flowed between them and the retreating American bands, gathered around the firesides. In the darkness of that wintry night, and amidst the conflict of its elements, Washington re-embarked his troops to recross the Delaware. Forcing his boats through the floating blocks of ice, he succeeded, before daylight the next morning, in landing upon the opposite shore twenty-four hundred men and twenty pieces of cannon. The British were carelessly dispersed, not dreaming of danger. The Americans sprang upon the first body of the foe they met, and, after a short but bloody strife, scattered them, capturing a thousand prisoners and six cannon. The British retreated to Princeton, and Washington took possession of Trenton. Soon Lord Cornwallis, having received large reinforcements, marched upon Trenton, confident that General Washington could no longer escape them. At the close of a bleak winter day his army appeared before the lines which Washington had thrown up around Trenton. "To-morrow," he said, "at the break of day, I will attack them. The rising sun shall see the end of the rebellion."

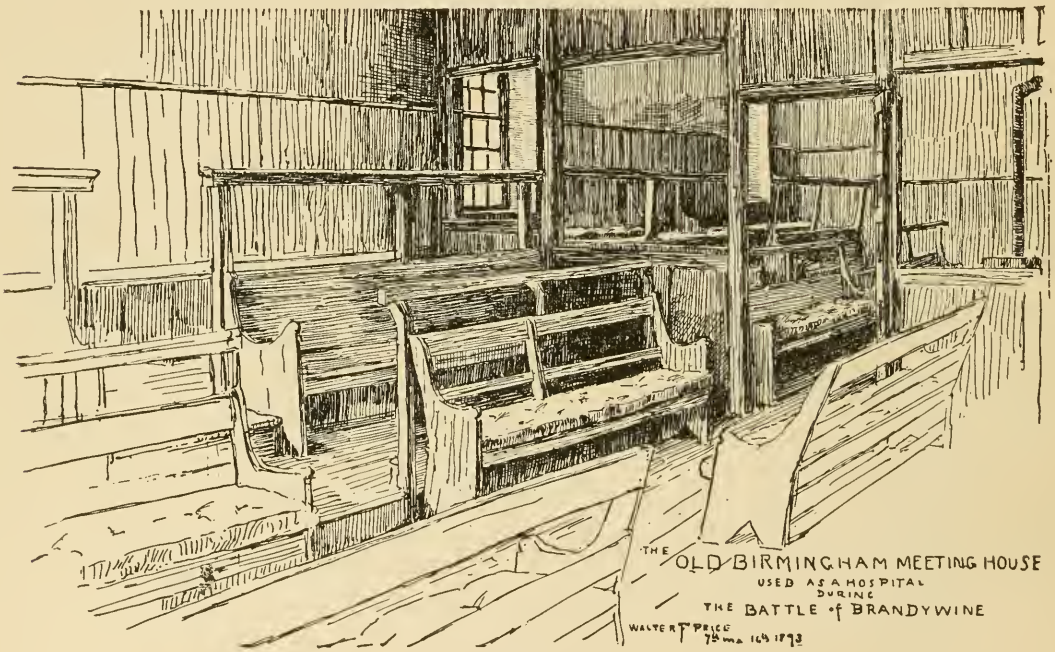
The sun rose the next morning, cold but cloudless. In the night the American army had vanished. Replenishing his camp-fires to deceive the enemy, at midnight, with the utmost precaution and precipitation, he evacuated his camp, and, by a circuitous route, fell upon the rear of the English at Princeton. A hundred and sixty of the British were shot down, and three hundred were taken prisoners.

Cheered by this success, Washington led his handful of troops to the Heights of Morristown. There he intrenched them for winter-quarters. He, however, sent out frequent detachments, which so harassed the enemy that, in a short time, New Jersey was delivered from their presence. The country was animated by these achievements, and Congress roused itself to new energies.

During the remainder of the winter vigorous efforts were made in preparation for the opening of the spring campaign. The different States sent troops to join the army at Morristown. The people of France, in sympathy with our cause, sent two vessels. The Marquis de Lafayette left his mansion of opulence, and his youthful bride, to peril his life in the cause of American independence. The British, harassed by Washington's sleepless vigilance, yet unable to compel him or to lure him into a general engagement, left New York in a fleet, with

eighteen thousand soldiers, to capture Philadelphia. They landed near Elkton at the head of Chesapeake Bay. Washington, with but eleven thousand men, marched to encounter them. The two armies met on the banks of the Brandywine. A bloody battle ensued. Lafayette was wounded. The Americans, overpowered, were compelled to retreat. Washington, after a short but severe engagement at Germantown, retired, and the British took possession of Philadelphia.

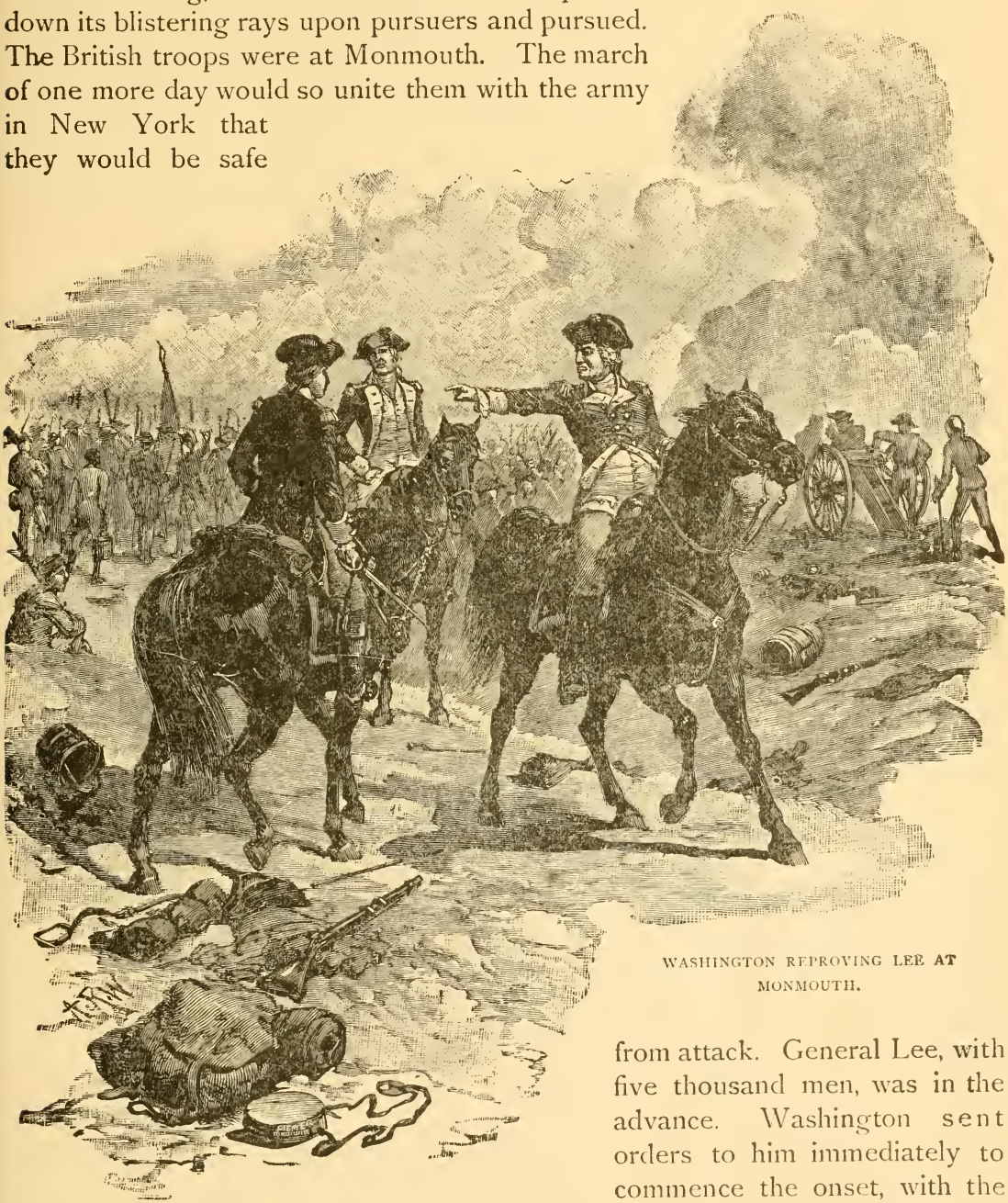
Congress precipitately adjourned to Lancaster, and thence to York. Winter again came. The British were comfortably housed in Philadelphia. Washington selected Valley Forge, about twenty miles from Philadelphia, as his winter-quarters. Eleven thousand men here passed the winter of 1777 and



1778. It was a period of great discouragement and suffering. The army was in a state of destitution, which Washington did not dare to proclaim abroad, lest the foe should rush upon him in his helplessness.

In this dark hour France came forward to our aid; recognizing our independence, entering into a friendly alliance with us, and sending both a fleet and an army to our support. The British army in New York and Philadelphia amounted to thirty thousand men. The whole American army did not exceed fifteen thousand. But the British, apprehensive that a French fleet might soon appear, and thus endanger the troops in Philadelphia, evacuated the city, and the troops commenced their march through New Jersey. The cold of winter had given place to the heat of summer.

Washington followed close in the rear of the foe, watching for a chance to strike. The 28th of June, 1778, was a day of intense heat. Not a breath of air was stirring, while an unclouded sun poured down its blistering rays upon pursuers and pursued. The British troops were at Monmouth. The march of one more day would so unite them with the army in New York that they would be safe



WASHINGTON REPROVING LEE AT MONMOUTH.

from attack. General Lee, with five thousand men, was in the advance. Washington sent orders to him immediately to commence the onset, with the assurance that he would hasten to his support. As Washington was pressing eagerly forward, to his inexpressible chagrin he met General Lee at the head of his troops, in full retreat. It

is said that Washington, with great vehemence of manner and utterance, cried out, "General Lee, what means this ill-timed prudence?" The retreating General threw back an angry retort. But it was no time for altercation. Washington turned to the men. They greeted him with cheers. At his command they wheeled about and charged the enemy. A sanguinary battle ensued, and the English were driven from the field. The colonists slept upon their arms, prepared to renew the battle in the morning. When the morning dawned, no foe was to be seen. The British had retreated in the night, leaving three hundred of their dead behind them. The Americans lost but sixty-nine.

DARK DAYS OF THE WAR.

Another cold and cheerless winter came. The British remained within their lines at New York. They sent agents, however, to the Six Nations of Indians, to arm them against our defenseless frontier. These fierce savages, accompanied by Tory bands, perpetrated horrors too dreadful for recital. The massacres of Cherry Valley and of Wyoming were among the most awful tragedies ever witnessed on this globe. The narrative of these fiendish deeds sent a thrill of horror through England as well as America. Four thousand men were sent by Washington into the wilderness, to arrest, if possible, these massacres. The savages and their allies were driven to Niagara, where they were received into an English fortress. General Clinton commenced a vigorous prosecution of a system of violence and plunder upon defenseless towns and farm-houses. The sky was reddened with wanton conflagration. Women and children were driven houseless into the fields. The flourishing towns of Fairfield and Norwalk, in Connecticut, were reduced to ashes.

While the enemy was thus ravaging that defenseless State, Washington planned an expedition against Stony Point, on the Hudson, which was held by the British. General Wayne conducted the enterprise, on the night of the 15th of July, with great gallantry and success. Sixty-three of the British were killed, five hundred and forty-three were taken prisoners, and all the military stores of the fortress captured. During this summer campaign the American army was never sufficiently strong to take the offensive. It was, however, incessantly employed striking blows upon the English wherever the eagle eye of Washington could discern an exposed spot.

The winter of 1779 set in early, and with unusual severity. The American army was in such a starving condition that Washington was compelled to make the utmost exertions to save his wasting band from annihilation. These long years of war and woe filled many even of the most sanguine hearts with despair. Not a few patriots deemed it madness for the colonies, impoverished as they were, any longer to contend against the richest and most powerful nation upon the globe. General Arnold, who was at this time in command at West Point,

saw no hope for his country. Believing the ship to be sinking, he turned traitor, and offered to sell his fortress to the English. The treason was detected, but the traitor escaped; and the lamented André, who had been lured into the position of a spy, became the necessary victim of Arnold's crime.

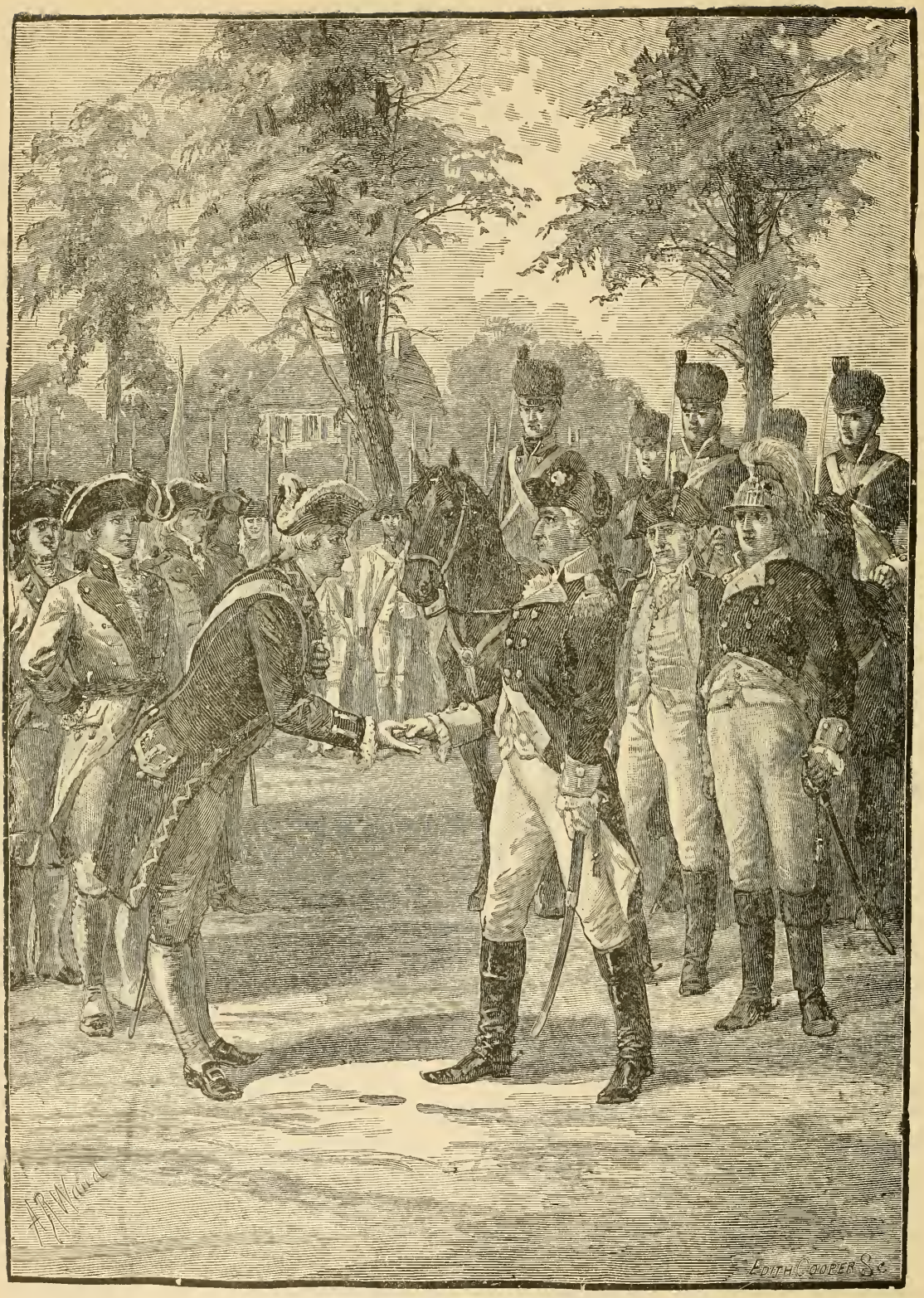
Lord Cornwallis was now, with a well-provided army and an assisting navy, overrunning the two Carolinas. General Greene was sent, with all the force which Washington could spare, to watch and harass the invaders, and to furnish the inhabitants with all the protection in his power. Lafayette was in the vicinity of New York, with his eagle eye fixed upon the foe, ready to pounce upon any detachment which presented the slightest exposure. Washington was everywhere, with patriotism which never flagged, with hope which never failed, cheering the army, animating the inhabitants, rousing Congress, and guiding with his well-balanced mind both military and civil legislation. Thus the dreary year of 1780 lingered away.

As the spring of 1781 opened, the war was renewed. The British directed their chief attention to the South, which was far weaker than the North. Richmond, in Virginia, was laid in ashes; and a general system of devastation and plunder prevailed. The enemy ascended the Chesapeake and the Potomac with armed vessels. They landed at Mount Vernon. The manager of the estate, to save the mansion from pillage and flames, furnished them with abundant supplies. Washington was much displeased. He wrote to his agent:—

"It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard that, in consequence of your non-compliance with their request, they had burned my house and laid the plantation in ruins. You ought to have considered yourself as my representative, and should have reflected on the bad example of communicating with the enemy, and making a voluntary offer of refreshments to them, with a view to prevent a conflagration."

Lord Cornwallis was now at Yorktown, in Virginia, but a few miles from Chesapeake Bay. There was no force in his vicinity seriously to annoy him. Washington resolved, in conjunction with our allies from France, to make a bold movement for his capture. An army of six thousand men, under Count Rochambeau, had been sent by France to aid the American cause. This army, with the French fleet, were most important aids to Washington. He succeeded in deceiving the English into the belief that he was making great preparations for the siege of New York. Thus they were prevented from rendering any aid to Yorktown.

By rapid marches from the neighborhood of New York Washington hastened to Virginia. Early in September Lord Cornwallis, as he arose one morning, was amazed to find himself surrounded by the bayonets and batteries of the Americans. At about the same hour the French fleet appeared, in invincible strength, before the harbor. Cornwallis was caught. There was no escape;



MEETING OF WASHINGTON AND ROCHAMBEAU.

there was no retreat. Neither by land nor by sea could he obtain any supplies Shot and shell soon began to fall thickly into his lines. Famine stared him in the face. After a few days of hopeless conflict, on the 19th of October, 1781, he was compelled to surrender. Seven thousand British veterans laid down their arms. One hundred and sixty pieces of cannon, with corresponding military stores, graced the triumph.

When the British soldiers were marching from their intrenchments to lay down their arms, Washington thus addressed his troops: "My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy. Let no shouting, no clamorous huzzaing, increase their mortification. Posterity will huzza for us."

This glorious capture roused renewed hope and vigor all over the country. The joyful tidings reached Philadelphia at midnight. A watchman traversed the streets, shouting at intervals, "Past twelve o'clock, and Cornwallis is taken!" Candles were lighted; windows thrown up; figures in night-robes and night-caps bent eagerly out to catch the thrilling sound; shouts were raised; citizens rushed into the streets, half clad,—they wept; they laughed. The news flew upon the wings of the wind, nobody can tell how, and the shout of an enfranchised people rose, like a roar of thunder, from our whole land. With such a victory, republican America would never again yield to the aristocratic government of England

Early in May, 1782, the British Cabinet opened negotiations for peace. Hostilities were, by each party, tacitly laid aside. Negotiations were protracted in Paris during the summer and the ensuing winter. Early in the following spring the joyful tidings arrived that a treaty of peace had been signed at Paris. The intelligence was communicated to the American army on the 19th of April, 1783,—just eight years from the day when the conflict was commenced on the Common at Lexington.

Late in November the British evacuated New York, entered their ships, and sailed for their distant island. Washington, marching from West Point, entered the city as our vanquished foes departed. America was free and independent. Washington was the savior of his country.

After an affecting farewell to the officers of the army, Washington set out for his Virginia home. At every town and village he was received with love and gratitude. At Annapolis he met the Continental Congress, where he was to resign his commission. It was the 23d of December, 1783. All the members of Congress, and a large concourse of spectators, were present. His address closed with the following words:—

"Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

The next day he returned to Mount Vernon, where he expected to spend the remainder of his days as a private citizen. This, however, could not be. The wisdom and ability of which he had given such abundant proof was soon required once more in his country's service.

The great problem which now engrossed all minds was the consolidation of the thirteen States into a nation. To this subject Washington, who had suffered so intensely from the inefficiency of the Continental Congress, devoted his most anxious attention. A convention was called in the year 1787. Washington was a delegate from Virginia, and was unanimously chosen to preside over its deliberations. The result was the present Constitution of the United States; which created a nation from the people of all the States, with supreme powers for all the purposes of a general government, and leaving with the States those questions of local law in which the integrity of the nation was not involved. The Constitution of the United States is, in the judgment of the millions of the American people, the most sagacious document which has ever emanated from uninspired minds. It has created the strongest government upon this globe. It has made the United States of America what they now are. The world must look at the fruit, and wonder and admire.

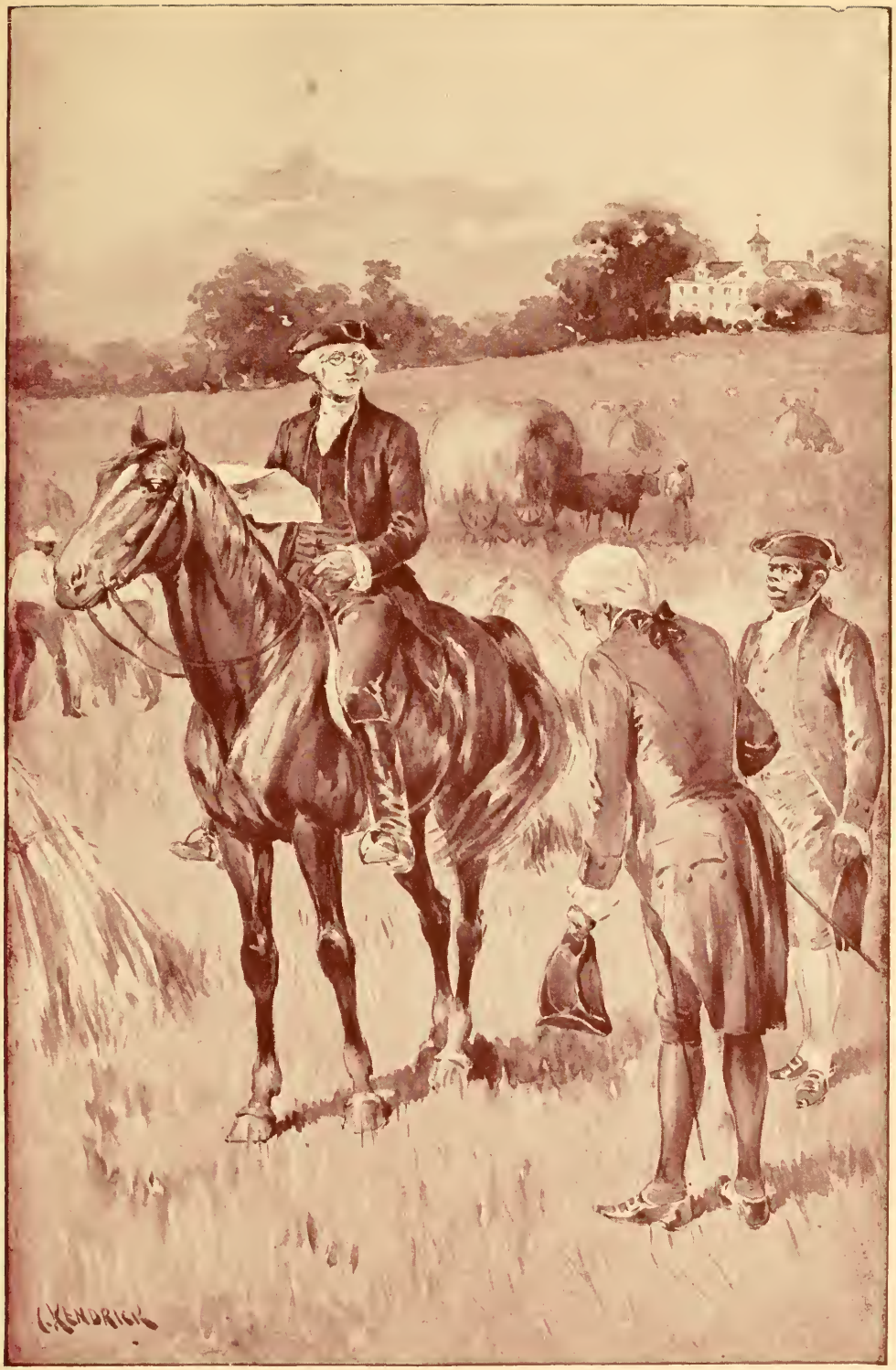
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE NEW NATION.

Upon the adoption of the Constitution all eyes were turned to Washington as chief magistrate. By the unanimous voice of the Electors he was chosen the first President of the United States. There was probably scarcely a dissentient voice in the nation. New York was then the seat of government. As Washington left Mount Vernon for the metropolis to assume these new duties of toil and care, we find recorded in his journal:—

"About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity; and, with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hopes of answering its expectations."

On his journey to New York Washington was met and escorted by crowds of people, who made his progress a march of triumph. At Trenton a beautiful arch, decorated with flowers, spanned the road, commemorating his victory over the Hessians in 1776. His path was strewn with flowers, and troops of children sang songs of welcome.

Washington was inaugurated President of the United States on the 30th of April, 1789. He remained in the presidential chair two terms of four years each. At the close of his administration, in the year 1796, he again retired to the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon. Soon after his return he wrote a letter to a friend, in which he described the manner in which he passed his time. He rose with the sun, and first made preparations for the business of the day.



"I AM READY FOR ANY SERVICE THAT I CAN GIVE MY COUNTRY"

In 1798 our Government was about to declare war against France. Congress appointed Washington commander-in-chief of the American Army. The Secretary of War carried the commission in person to Mt. Vernon. The old hero, sitting on his horse in the harvest field, accepted in the above patriotic words

"By the time I have accomplished these matters," he adds, "breakfast is ready. This being over, I mount my horse, and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss to see strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect to me. And how different is this from having a few friends at the social board! The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candle-light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that, as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing-table, and acknowledge the letters I have received. Having given you this history of a day, it will serve for a year."

The following anecdotes have been related, illustrative of President Washington's habits of punctuality. Whenever he assigned to meet Congress at noon, he seldom failed of passing the door of the hall when the clock struck twelve. His dining-hour was at four o'clock, when he always sat down to his table, whether his guests were assembled or not, merely allowing five minutes for the variation of time-pieces. To those who came late, he remarked, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here: my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has."

Captain Pease had a beautiful span of horses, which he wished to sell to the President. The President appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them at his stable. The Captain arrived with his span at quarter past five. He was told by the groom that the President was there at five o'clock, but was then gone to attend to other engagements. The President's time was wholly occupied for several days, so that Captain Pease had to remain a whole week in Philadelphia before he could get another opportunity to exhibit his span.

Washington, having inherited a large landed estate in Virginia, was, as a matter of course, a slaveholder. The whole number which he held at the time of his death was one hundred and twenty-four. The system met his strong disapproval. In 1786 he wrote to Robert Morris, saying, "There is no man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery."

Long before this he had recorded his resolve: "I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase; it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law."

Mrs. Washington, immediately after her husband's death, learning from his will that the only obstacle to the immediate emancipation of the slaves was her right of dower, immediately relinquished that right, and the slaves were at once emancipated.

The 12th of December, 1799, was chill and damp. Washington, however, took his usual round on horseback to his farms, and returned late in the after-

noon, wet with sleet, and shivering with cold. Though the snow was clinging to his hair behind when he came in, he sat down to dinner without changing his dress. The next day three inches of snow whitened the ground, and the sky was clouded. Washington, feeling that he had taken cold, remained by the fireside during the morning. As it cleared up in the afternoon, he went out to

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.

superintend some work upon the lawn. He was then hoarse, and the hoarseness increased as night came on. He, however, took no remedy for it, saying, "I never take anything to carry off a cold. Let it go as it came."

He passed the evening as usual, reading the papers, answering letters, and conversing with his family. About two o'clock the next morning, Saturday, the

14th, he awoke in an ague-chill, and was seriously unwell. At sunrise his physician, Dr. Craig, who resided at Alexandria, was sent for. In the meantime he was bled by one of his overseers, but with no relief, as he rapidly grew worse. Dr. Craig reached Mount Vernon at eleven o'clock, and immediately bled his patient again, but without effect. Two consulting physicians arrived during the day; and, as the difficulty in breathing and swallowing rapidly increased, venesection was again attempted. It is evident that Washington then considered his case doubtful. He examined his will, and destroyed some papers which he did not wish to have preserved.

His sufferings from inflammation of the throat and struggling for breath, as the afternoon wore away, became quite severe. Still, he retained his mental faculties unimpaired, and spoke briefly of his approaching death and burial. About four o'clock in the afternoon he said to Dr. Craig, "I die hard; but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it: my breath cannot last long." About six o'clock, his physician asked him if he would sit up in his bed. He held out his hands, and was raised up on his pillow, when he said, "I feel that I am going. I thank you for your attentions. You had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly. I cannot last long."

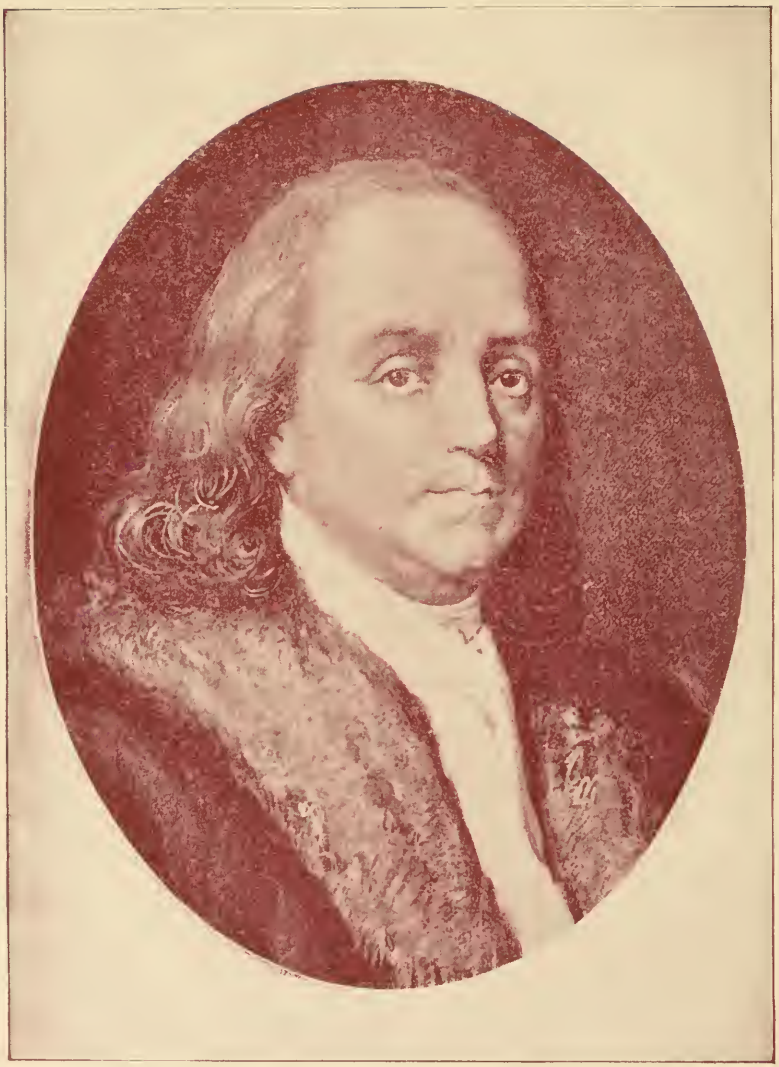
He then sank back upon his pillow, and made several unavailing attempts to speak intelligibly. About ten o'clock he said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault until three days after I am dead. Do you understand me?" To the reply, "Yes, sir," he remarked, "It is well." These were the last words he uttered. Soon after this he gently expired, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

At the moment of his death Mrs. Washington sat in silent grief at the foot of his bed. "Is he gone?" she asked, in a firm and collected voice. The physician, unable to speak, gave a silent signal of assent. "'Tis well," she added, in the same untremulous utterance. "All is now over. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

On the 18th his remains were deposited in the tomb at Mount Vernon, where they still repose; and his name and memory live on immortal, forever enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

THE INVENTOR, PHILOSOPHER, AND STATESMAN.

"NO ONE," says a well-known writer, "ever started from a lower point than the poor apprentice of Boston; no one ever raised himself higher by his own unaided forces than the inventor of the lightning-rod. Better than the biographies of Plutarch, this life, so long and so well filled, is a source of perpetual instruction to all men. Every one can there find counsel and example."

Franklin's autobiography is one of the most fascinating books in the language. It has the charm of style common to all of his writings; and no one who has opportunity should miss reading this unrivaled book. It was undertaken at first for the edification of the members of his own family, and afterward continued at the pressing request of friends in London and Paris. His autobiography, however, covers only the first fifty years of his life.

For three hundred years at least Franklin's family lived in the village of Ecton, in Northamptonshire, England, the eldest son, who inherited the property, being always brought up to the trade of a smith. Franklin himself "was the youngest son of the youngest son for five generations back." Franklin's father, Josiah, took his wife and three children to New England in 1682, where he practiced the trade of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. Franklin was born in 1706, and was the youngest of seventeen children.

Benjamin being the youngest of ten sons, his father intended him for the Church, and sent him to school when eight years of age. Although he made very rapid progress in the school, his father concluded he could not afford a college education. At the age of ten young Benjamin was taken home to assist in cutting the wicks of candles, and otherwise to make himself useful.

Until twelve years of age Benjamin continued in his father's business, but as he manifested a great dislike for it, his parents set about finding some trade more congenial to his tastes. With this view his father took him to see various artificers at their work, that he might observe the tastes of the boy. This

experience was very valuable to him, as it taught him to do many little jobs for himself. During this time Benjamin spent most of his pocket-money in purchasing books, some of which he sold when he had read them, in order to buy others. He read through most of the books in his father's very limited library.

At length Franklin's fondness for books caused his father to decide to make him a printer. His brother James had already entered that business, and had set up in Boston. He signed his indentures when only twelve years old, apprenticing himself to his brother until the age of twenty-one.

Meeting with a book on vegetarianism, Franklin determined to give the system a trial. This led to some inconvenience in his brother's housekeeping, so Franklin proposed to board himself if his brother would give him half the sum he paid for his board. Out of this he was able to save a considerable amount for the purpose of buying books. Moreover, the time required for his meals was now so short that the dinner-hour afforded considerable leisure for reading.

In 1720 or 1721 James Franklin began to print the *New England Courant.* To this paper, which he helped to compose and print, Benjamin became an anonymous contributor. The members of the staff spoke highly of his contributions, but when the authorship became known, James conceived a jealousy of his younger brother, which led to their separation. An article in the paper having offended the Assembly, James was imprisoned for a month, and forbidden to print the paper. He then secretly freed Benjamin from his indentures, in order that the paper might be published in his name. At length, a disagreement arising Benjamin took advantage of the canceling of his indentures to quit his brother's service. As he could get no employment in Boston, he obtained a passage to New York, whence he was recommended to go to Philadelphia, which he reached after a very troublesome journey. His whole stock of cash then consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling's worth of coppers. His first appearance in Philadelphia, about eight o'clock on a Sunday morning, was certainly striking. A youth between seventeen and eighteen years of age, dressed in his working clothes, which were dirty through his journey, with his pockets stuffed out with stockings and shirts, his aspect was not calculated to command respect.

"I walked up the street," he writes, "gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, on Second street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness, nor the name of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny-worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and having no

room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market street as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut street and part of Walnut street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled out with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go further."

FRANKLIN IN PHILADELPHIA.

In Philadelphia Franklin obtained an introduction to a printer, named Keimer, who had set up business with an old press which he appeared not to know how to use, and one pair of cases of English type. Here Franklin obtained employment when the business on hand would permit, and he put the press in order and worked it. Keimer obtained lodging for him at the house of Mr. Read, and, by industry and economical living, Franklin soon found himself in easy circumstances. Sir William Keith, the Governor of Pennsylvania, hearing of Franklin, called upon him, and promised to obtain for him the Government printing if he would set up for himself. Josiah Franklin thought his son too young to take the responsibility of a business, whereon the Governor, stating that he was determined to have a good printer there, promised to find the means of equipping the printing-office himself, and suggested Franklin's making a journey to England to purchase the plant. He promised letters of introduction to various persons in England, as well as a letter of credit. These were to be sent on board the ship, and Franklin, having gone on board, awaited the letters. When the Governor's despatches came, they were all put into a bag together, and the captain promised to let Franklin have his letters before landing. On opening the bag off Plymouth, there were no letters of the kind promised, and Franklin was left, without introductions and almost without money, to make his own way in the world. In London he learned that Governor Keith was well known as a man in whom no dependence could be placed, and as to his giving a letter of credit, "he had no credit to give."

A friend of Franklin's, named Ralph, accompanied him from America, and the two took lodgings together. Franklin immediately obtained employment at a printing-office, but Ralph, who knew no trade but aimed at literature, was unable to get any work. He could not obtain employment, even as a copying clerk so for some time the wages which Franklin earned had to support the two.

Among Franklin's fellow-passengers from Philadelphia to England was an American merchant, a Mr. Denham. This gentleman always remained a firm friend to Franklin, who, during his stay in London, sought his advice when any

important questions arose. When Mr. Denham returned to Philadelphia, he offered Franklin an appointment as clerk, which was afterward to develop into a commission agency. The offer was accepted, and the two returned to Philadelphia in October, 1726. Here he found that Miss Read, to whom he had become engaged before leaving for England and to whom he had written only once during his absence, had married. Shortly after starting in business, Mr. Denham died, and thus left Franklin to commence life again for himself. Keimer had by this time obtained a fairly extensive establishment, and employed a

PENN'S RESIDENCE IN SECOND STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT STREET.

number of hands, but none of them of much value; and he made overtures to Franklin to take the management of his printing-office. Franklin set the printing-house in order, started type-founding, made the ink, and, when necessary, executed engravings.

While working for Keimer, Franklin formed a club, called the Junto, which was destined to exert considerable influence on American politics. It was essentially a debating society, the subject for each evening's discussion being proposed at the preceding meeting. The Club lasted for about forty years, and became

the nucleus of the American Philosophical Society, of which Franklin was the first president.

On leaving Keimer's, Franklin went into partnership with one of his fellow-workmen, Hugh Meredith, whose father found the necessary capital, and a printing-office was started which soon excelled its two rivals in Philadelphia. Franklin's industry attracted the attention of the townsfolk, and inspired the merchants with confidence in the prospects of the new concern.

"In order to secure my credit and character as a tradesman, I took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary. I drest plainly; I was seen at no places of idle diversion. I never went out a-fishing or shooting; a book, indeed, sometimes debauch'd me from my work, but that was seldom, snug, and gave no scandal; and, to show that I was not above my business, I sometimes brought home the paper I purchas'd at the stores thro' the streets on a wheelbarrow. Thus being esteem'd an industrious, thriving young man, and paying duly for what I bought, the merchants who imported stationery solicited my custom; others proposed supplying me with books, and I went on swimmingly. In the meantime, Keimer's credit declining daily, he was at last forc'd to sell his printing-house to satisfy his creditors."

On September 1, 1730, Franklin married his former *fiancée*, whose previous husband had left her and was reported to have died in the West Indies. The marriage was a very happy one. Industry and frugality reigned in the household of the young printer. Mrs. Franklin not only managed the house, but assisted in the business, folding and stitching pamphlets, and in other ways making herself useful.

PUBLIC SERVICE AND RESPONSIBILITY.

In 1732 appeared the first copy of "Poor Richard's Almanack." This was published by Franklin for about twenty-five years in succession, and attained a world-wide fame. Besides the usual astronomical information, it contained a collection of entertaining anecdotes, verses, jests, etc., while the "little spaces that occurred between the remarkable events in the calendar" were filled with proverbial sayings, inculcating industry and frugality as helps to virtue. These sayings were collected and prefixed to the almanack of 1757, whence they were copied into the American newspapers, and afterward reprinted as a broad-sheet in England and in France.

In 1736 Franklin was chosen Clerk to the General Assembly, an office to which he was annually re-elected until he became a member of the Assembly about 1750. There was one member who, on the second occasion of his election, made a long speech against him. Franklin determined to secure the friendship of this member. Accordingly, he wrote to him to request the loan of a very scarce and curious book which was in his library. The book was lent

and returned in about a week, with a note of thanks. The member ever after manifested a readiness to serve Franklin, and they became great friends—"Another instance of the truth of an old maxim I had learned, which says, '*He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged.*' And it shows how much more profitable it is to prudently remove, than to resent, return, and continue inimical proceedings."

Spain, having been for some years at war with England, was joined at length by France. This threatened danger to the American colonies. Franklin published a pamphlet entitled "Plain Truth," setting forth the unarmed condition of the colonies, and recommending the formation of a volunteer force for defensive purposes. The pamphlet excited much attention. The provision of war material was a difficulty with the Assembly, which consisted largely of Quakers, who, though privately willing that the country should be put in a state of defense, hesitated to vote in opposition to their peace principles. Hence, when the Government of New England asked a grant of gunpowder from Pennsylvania, the Assembly voted £3000 "for the purchasing of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*." When it was proposed to devote £60 toward the erection of a battery below the town, Franklin suggested that it should be proposed that a fire-engine be purchased with the money, and that the committee should "buy a great gun, which is certainly a *fire-engine*."

The "Pennsylvania fireplace" was invented in 1742. A patent was offered to Franklin by the Governor of Pennsylvania, but he declined it on the principle "*that, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad of an opportunity to serve others by any invention of ours; and this we should do freely and generously.*"

Having practically retired from business, Franklin intended to devote himself to philosophical studies, having commenced his electrical researches some time before in conjunction with the other members of the Library Company. Public business, however, crowded upon him. He was elected a member of the Assembly, a councillor, and afterward an alderman of the city, and by the Governor was made a justice of the peace. As a member of the Assembly, he was largely concerned in providing the means for the erection of a hospital, and in arranging for the paving and cleansing of the streets of the city. In 1753 he was appointed, in conjunction with Mr. Hunter, Postmaster-General of America. The post-office of the colonies had previously been conducted at a loss. In a few years, under Franklin's management, it not only paid the stipends of himself and Mr. Hunter, but yielded a considerable revenue to the Crown.

In 1754 war with France appeared to be again imminent, and a Congress of Commissioners from the several colonies was arranged for. Of course, Franklin was one of the representatives of Pennsylvania, and was also one of the members who independently drew up a plan for the union of all the colonies

under one government, for defensive and other general purposes, and his was the plan finally approved by Congress for the union, though it was not accepted by the Assemblies or by the English Government, being regarded by the former as having too much of the *prerogative* in it, by the latter as being too *democratic*. Franklin wrote respecting this scheme: "The different and contrary reasons of dislike to my plan makes me suspect that it was really the true medium; and I am still of opinion that it would have been happy for both sides the water if it had been adopted. The colonies, so united, would have been sufficiently strong to have defended themselves; there would then have been no need of troops from England; of course, the subsequent pretense for taxing America, and the bloody contest it occasioned, would have been avoided."

In the following year General Braddock started on his famous expedition against Fort Duquesne. Franklin's services were called for in providing horses and wagons from the Pennsylvania farmers; and in the disastrous defeat which Braddock suffered, and in the long years of the French and Indian war which followed, Franklin took a prominent part in devising means of protection for the Colonies. When at last the war was ended by the victory and death of Wolfe on the heights of Quebec, Franklin's attention was turned to the relations of the Colonies to the mother country, which were becoming daily more strained by the oppressions of the British Parliament.

FRANKLIN SENT TO ENGLAND.

In 1757 Franklin was sent by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to London, to present a remonstrance against the conduct of the Governor, who refused to assent to bills for raising revenue for the king unless the proprietary estates were exempted from taxation. When Franklin reached London he took up his abode with Mrs. Margaret Stevenson. For Mrs. Stevenson and her daughter Mary, then a young lady of eighteen, he acquired a sincere affection, which continued throughout their lives. Miss Stevenson spent much of her time with an aunt in the country, and some of Franklin's letters to her respecting the conduct of her "higher education" are among the most interesting of his writings. In coming to England, Franklin brought with him his son William, who entered on the study of law. To his wife and daughter Franklin frequently sent presents, and his letters to Mrs. Franklin give a pretty full account of all his doings while in England. During his visit he received the honorary degrees of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and LL.D. from that of Edinburgh. In August, 1762, he started again for America, and reached Philadelphia on November 1, after an absence of five years. His son William had shortly before been appointed Governor of New Jersey. From this time William Franklin became very much the servant of the proprietaries and of the English government, but no offer of patronage produced any effect on the father.

THE SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN

Franklin's stay in America was of short duration. While there he was mainly instrumental in quelling an insurrection in Pennsylvania, and was engaged in long and tedious efforts to compose the incessant disputes between the Assembly and the proprietary governors. As soon as the Assembly was convened, it determined to send Franklin to England, to take charge of a petition for a change of government. The merchants subscribed £1100 toward his expenses in a few hours, and in twelve days he was on his journey, being accompanied to the ship by a cavalcade of three hundred of his friends. Arrived in London, he at once took up his old lodgings with Mrs. Stevenson. He was a master of satire, equaled only by Swift, and during the quarrels which preceded the War of Independence, as well as during the war, he made good use of his powers.

One of Franklin's chief objects in coming to England was to prevent the passing of the Stamp Act. The colonists urged that they had always been liberal in their votes, whenever money was required by the Crown, and that Parliament had no right to tax America so long as the colonists were unrepresented in Parliament. "Had Mr. Grenville, instead of that act, applied to the King in Council for requisitional letters, I am sure he would have obtained more money from the colonies by their voluntary grants than he himself expected from the sale of stamps. But he chose compulsion rather than persuasion, and would not receive from their good-will what he thought he could obtain without it." The Stamp Act was passed, stamps were printed, distributors were appointed, but the colonists would have nothing to do with the stamps. The distributors were compelled to resign their commissions, and the captains of vessels were forbidden to land the stamped paper. The cost of printing and distributing amounted to £12,000; the whole return was about £1500, and that mainly from Canada and the West Indies.

In 1767 Franklin visited Paris. Though Parliament had repealed the Stamp Act, it nevertheless insisted on its right to tax the colonies. The Duty Act was scarcely less objectionable than its predecessors. On Franklin's return from the continent, he heard of the retaliatory measures of the Boston people, who had assembled in town-meetings, formally resolved to encourage home manufactures, to abandon superfluities, and, after a certain time, to give up the use of some articles of foreign manufacture.

A quantity of tea sent by the East India Company to Boston was destroyed by the people. The British Government then blockaded the port. This soon led to open hostilities. Franklin worked hard to effect a reconciliation. He drew up a scheme, setting forth the conditions under which he conceived a reconciliation might be brought about, and discussed it fully with Mr. Daniel Barclay and Dr. Fothergill. This scheme was shown to Lord Howe, and afterward brought before the Ministry, but was rejected. All his negotiations were fruitless. At

last he addressed a memorial to the Earl of Dartmouth, Secretary of State, complaining of the blockade of Boston, which had then continued for nine months, and had "during every week of its continuance done damage to that town equal to what was suffered there by the India Company;" and claiming reparation for such injury beyond the value of the tea which had been destroyed. This memorial was returned to Franklin by Mr. Walpole, and Franklin shortly afterward returned to Philadelphia.

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

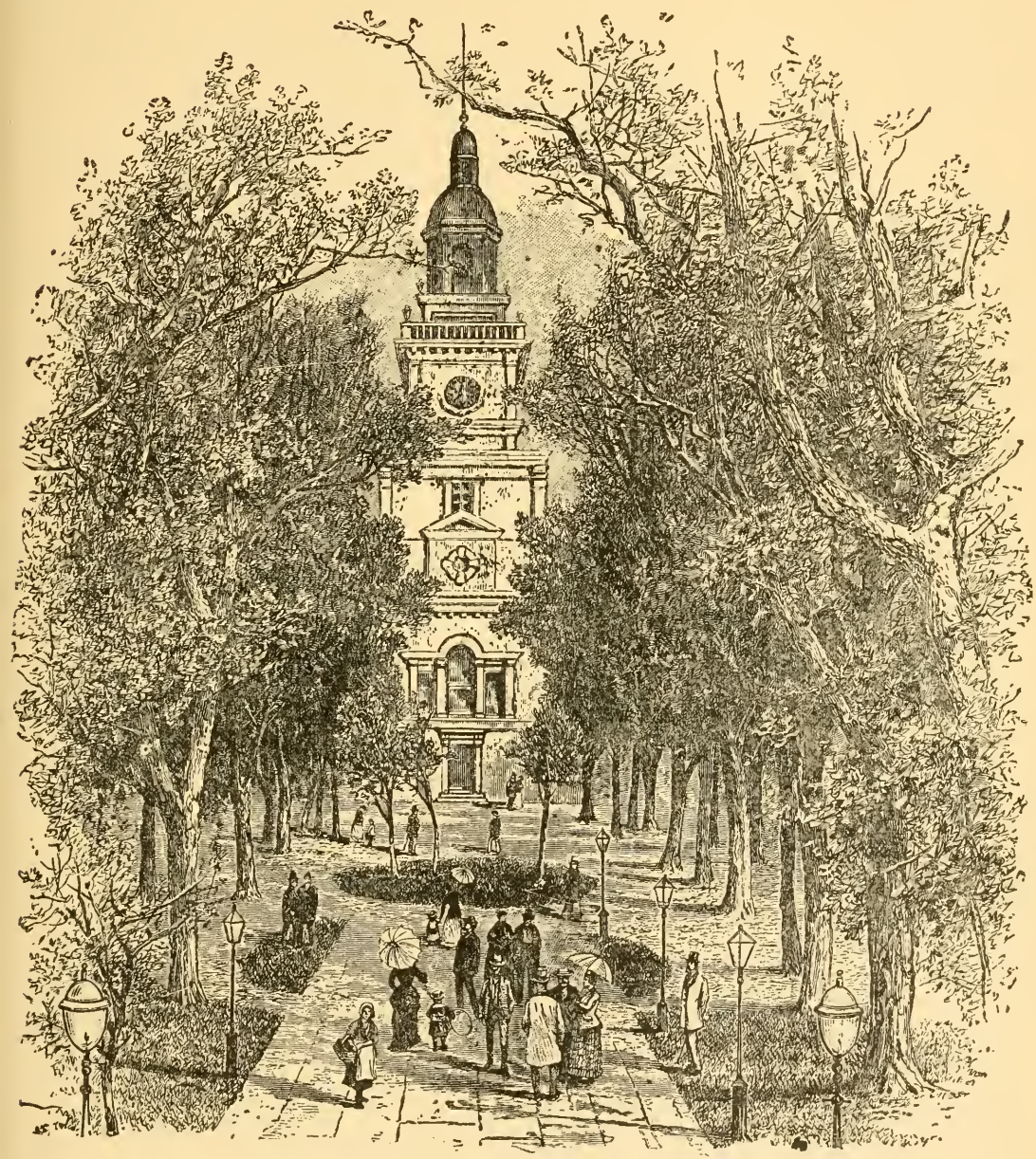
Before Franklin reached America, the War of Independence, though not formally declared, had fairly begun. He was appointed a member of the second Continental Congress, and one of a committee to confer with General Washington respecting the Continental Army. On October 3, 1775, he wrote to Priestley:—

"Tell our dear good friend, Dr. Price, who sometimes has his doubts and despondencies about our firmness, that America is determined and unanimous; a very few Tories and placemen excepted, who will probably soon export themselves. Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed a hundred and fifty Yankees this campaign, which is £20,000 a head; and at Bunker's Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost again by our taking the post on Ploughed Hill. During the same time sixty thousand children have been born in America. From these *data* his mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all and conquer our whole territory."

On the 4th of July Franklin took part in the signing of the Declaration of Independence. When the document was about to be signed, Mr. Hancock remarked, "We must be unanimous; there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together." Franklin replied, "Yes, we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

In the autumn of 1776 Franklin was unanimously chosen a Special Commissioner to the French Court. He took with him his two grandsons, William Temple Franklin and Benjamin Franklin Bache, and leaving Marcus Hook on October 28th, crossed the Atlantic in a sloop of sixteen guns. In Paris he met with an enthusiastic reception. M. de Chaumont placed at his disposal his house at Passy, about a mile from Paris. Here he resided for nine years, being a constant visitor at the French Court, and certainly one of the most conspicuous figures in Paris. He was obliged to serve in many capacities, and was very much burdened with work. Not only were there his duties as Commissioner at the French Court, but he was also made Admiralty Judge and Financial Agent, so that all financial negotiations, either with the French Government or contractors, had to pass through his hands. Perhaps the most unpleasant part of his work was his continued applications to the French Court for monetary

advances. The French Government warmly espoused the cause of the Americans, and to the utmost of its ability assisted them with money, material, and men.



REAR VIEW OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

At first the British Government, regarding the Americans as rebels, did not treat their prisoners as prisoners of war, but threatened to try them for high treason. Their sufferings in the English prisons were very great. Mr. David Hartley did much to relieve them, and Franklin transmitted money for the pur-

pose. When a treaty had been formed between France and the United States, and fortune began to turn in favor of the united armies, the American prisoners received better treatment from the English Government, and exchanges took place freely.

In a letter to Mr. Hartley, Franklin showed something of the feelings of the Americans with respect to the English at that time:—

"You may have heard that accounts upon oath have been taken in America, by order of Congress, of the British barbarities committed there. It is expected of me to make a school-book of them, and to have thirty-five prints designed here by good artists, and engraved, each expressing one or more of the horrid facts, in order to impress the minds of children and posterity with a deep sense of your bloody and insatiable malice and wickedness. Every kindness I hear of done by an Englishman to an American prisoner makes me resolve not to proceed in the work."

Franklin always advocated freedom of commerce, even in time of war. He was of opinion that the merchant, the agriculturist, and the fisherman were benefactors to mankind. He condemned privateering in every form, and endeavored to bring about an agreement between all the civilized powers against the fitting out of privateers. He held that no merchantman should be interfered with unless carrying war material. He greatly lamented the horrors of the war, but preferred anything to a dishonorable peace. To Priestley he wrote:—

"Perhaps as you grow older you may . . . repent of having murdered in mephitic air so many honest, harmless mice, and wish that, to prevent mischief, you had used boys and girls instead of them. In what light we are viewed by superior beings may be gathered from a piece of late West India news, which possibly has not yet reached you. A young angel of distinction, being sent down to this world on some business for the first time, had an old courier-spirit assigned him as a guide. They arrived over the seas of Martinico, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When, through the clouds of smoke, he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction the crews yet alive were thus with so much eagerness dealing round to one another,—he turned angrily to his guide, and said, 'You blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertook to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell!' 'No, sir,' says the guide, 'I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense and more of what men (vainly) call humanity.'"

Franklin maintained that it would be far cheaper for a nation to extend its possessions by purchase from other nations than to pay the cost of war for the sake of conquest.

At last, after two years' negotiations, a definitive treaty of peace was signed between Great Britain and the United States, Franklin being one of the Commissioners for the latter, and Mr. Hartley for the former, and therewith terminated the seven years' War of Independence. Franklin celebrated the surrender of the armies of Burgoyne and Cornwallis by a medal, on which the infant Hercules appears strangling two serpents.

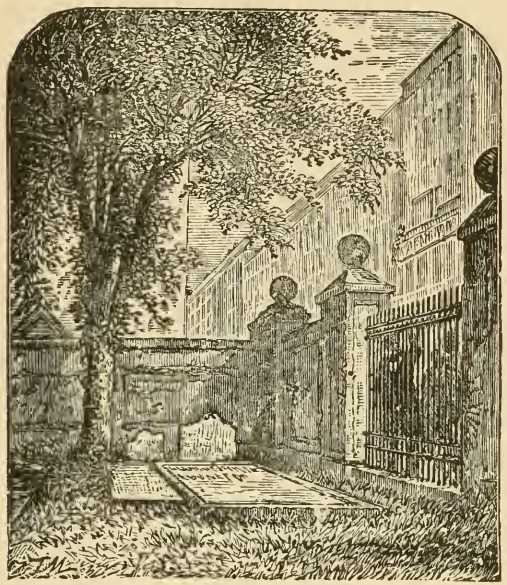
RETURN TO AMERICA.

On May 2, 1785, Franklin received from Congress permission to return to America. He was then in his eightieth year. On July 12th he left Passy for Havre, whence he crossed to Southampton, and there saw for the last time his old friend, the Bishop of St. Asaph, and his family. He reached his home in Philadelphia early in September, and the day after his arrival he received a congratulatory address from the Assembly of Pennsylvania. In the following month he was elected President of the State, and was twice re-elected to the same office, it being contrary to the Constitution for any President to be elected for more than three years in succession.

The following extract from a letter, written most probably to Thomas Paine, is worthy of the attention of some writers :—

"I have read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence that takes cognizance of, guards and guides, and may favor particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear His displeasure, or to pray for His protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. But were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life without the assistance afforded by religion ; you having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother.

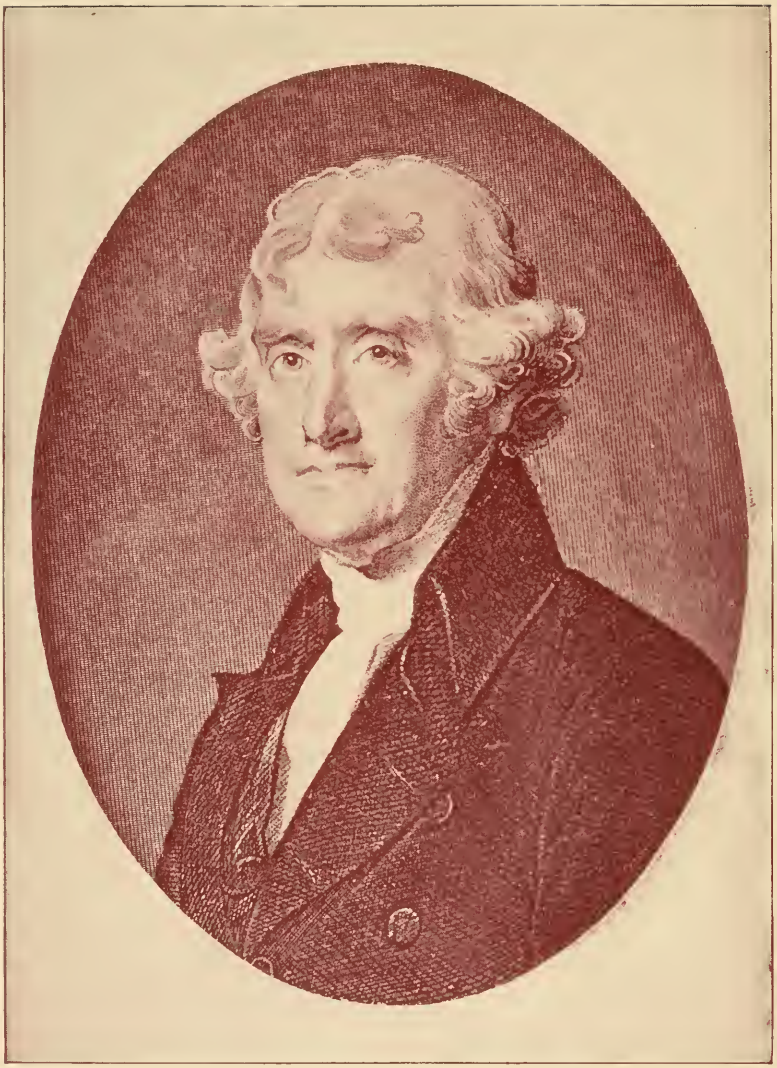
"I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification by the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be *if without* it? I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore add no *professions* to it; but subscribe simply yours."



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

During the last few years of his life Franklin suffered from a painful disease, which confined him to his bed and seriously interfered with his literary work, preventing him from completing his biography. During this time he was cared for by his daughter, Mrs. Bache, who resided in the same house with him. He died on April 17, 1790, the immediate cause of death being an affection of the lungs. He was buried beside his wife in the cemetery of Christ Church, Philadelphia, the marble slab upon the grave bearing no other inscription than the name and date of death. In his early days (1728) he had written the following epitaph for himself:—

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING),
LIES HERE, FOOD FOR WORMS.
BUT THE WORK SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW AND MORE ELEGANT EDITION,
REVISED AND CORRECTED
BY
THE AUTHOR.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON,

THE PIONEER OF DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

THE LIBERTY BELL, AS EXHIBITED AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century the people of the United States may be said to have been divided into two classes,—those who thought Thomas Jefferson the greatest and wisest of living men, and those who believed him the worst and most dangerous. The French Revolution, that great uprising of the masses against the oppressions of despotic power, had then divided public opinion throughout the whole civilized world. Jefferson was at the head of the party which sympathized with the common people, and advocated their cause. The opposite party, shocked and horrified at the excesses committed by the revolutionists in France, looked upon everything democratic with indescribable fear and aversion. These extremes of opinion make it difficult, even at this day, to get a fair and moderate opinion of Jefferson. He is either a fiend incarnate or an angel of light. But whether the principles for which he stood be approved or condemned, their success at least cannot be denied. Jefferson was the pioneer of democracy, the apostle of the sovereignty of the common people, which

from his time to the present has become every year more firmly rooted in American politics; and whether it be for good or ill, it is for this that he will be remembered in the centuries yet to come.

Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743, near the site of the present town of Charlottesville, Virginia. His father, Peter Jefferson, owned a plantation of fourteen hundred acres called Shadwell, from the name of the parish in London where his wife was born. His home was literally hewn out of the wilderness. There were but few white settlers within many miles of the mansion which consisted of a spacious story and a half cottage-house. A wide hall and four large rooms occupied the lower floor. Above these there were good chambers and a spacious garret. Two huge outside chimneys contributed to the picturesque aspect of the mansion. It was delightfully situated upon a gentle swell of land on the slopes of the Blue Ridge, and commanded a sublime prospect of far-reaching mountains and forests.

Thomas was naturally of a serious, pensive, reflective turn of mind. From the time he was five years of age he was kept diligently at school under the best teachers. He was a general favorite with both teachers and scholars. In the year 1760 he entered William and Mary College. Williamsburg was then the seat of the colonial court, and the abode of fashion and splendor. Young Jefferson lived in college somewhat expensively, keeping horses, and much caressed by gay society. Still he was earnestly devoted to his studies and irreproachable in his morals.

In 1767 he entered upon the practice of the law. His thoroughly disciplined mind, ample stores of knowledge, and polished address, were rapidly raising him to distinction, when the outbreak of the Revolution introduced him to loftier spheres of responsibility. He had been but a short time admitted to the bar ere he was chosen by his fellow-citizens to a seat in the Legislature of Virginia. This was in 1769. Jefferson was then the largest slaveholder in the house. It is a remarkable evidence of his foresight, his moral courage, and the love of liberty which inspired him, that he introduced a bill empowering slaveholders to manumit their slaves if they wished to do so. Slavery caught the alarm. The proposition was rejected by an overwhelming vote.

In 1772 he married Mrs. Martha Skelton, a very beautiful, wealthy, and highly accomplished young widow. She brought to him, as her munificent dowry, forty thousand acres of land, and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. He thus became one of the largest slaveholders in Virginia; and yet he labored with all his energies for the abolition of slavery; declaring the institution to be a curse to the master, a curse to the slave, and an offense in the sight of God.

In 1775 Jefferson was chosen a member of the Continental Congress, and in June of that year he left Williamsburg to take his seat in the Congress at Philadelphia. He was the youngest member in the body but one. His

reputation as a writer had preceded him, and he immediately took a conspicuous stand, though he seldom spoke. The native suavity of Jefferson, his modesty, and the frankness and force with which he expressed his views captivated even his opponents. It is said that he had not an enemy in Congress.

WRITING THE GREAT DECLARATION.

When the time came for drafting the "Declaration of Independence," that great task was committed to Jefferson. Franklin and Adams suggested a few changes before it was submitted to Congress. The Declaration passed a fiery ordeal of criticism. For three days the debate continued. Mr. Jefferson opened not his lips. John Adams was the great champion of the Declaration on the floor. One may search all the ages to find a more solemn, momentous event than the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It was accompanied with prayer to Almighty God. Silence pervaded the room as one after another affixed his name to that document, which brought down upon him the implacable hate of the mightiest power upon the globe, and which doomed him inevitably to the scaffold, should the feeble colonies fail in the unequal struggle.

In 1779, Mr. Jefferson was chosen governor of Virginia. He was then thirty-six years of age. The British were now preparing to strike their heaviest blows upon the South. Georgia had fallen helpless into the hands of the foe; South Carolina was invaded, and Charleston threatened. At one time the British officer Tarleton, sent a secret expedition to Monticello to capture the governor. Scarcely five minutes elapsed after the hurried escape of Mr. Jefferson and his family ere his mansion was in the possession of the British troops. A detachment of the army of Cornwallis, in their march north from the Carolinas, seized also another plantation which he owned on the James river. The foe destroyed all his crops, burnt his barns and fences, drove off the cattle, seized the serviceable horses, cut the throats of the colts, and left the whole plantation a smouldering, blackened waste. Twenty-seven slaves were also carried off. "Had he carried off the slaves," says Jefferson with characteristic magnanimity, "to give them freedom, he would have done right."

The English ministry were now getting tired of the war. The opposition in Parliament had succeeded in carrying a resolution on the 4th of March, 1782, "That all those who should advise, or by any means attempt, the further prosecution of offensive war in America, should be considered as enemies of their king and country." This popular decision overcame the obstinacy of the king, and he was compelled to make overtures for peace.

Mr. Jefferson had wonderful power of winning men to his opinions, while he scrupulously avoided all controversy. The following extract from a letter to his grandson brings clearly to light this trait in his character:—

"In stating prudential rules for our government in society, I must not omit

the important one of never entering into dispute or argument with another. I never yet saw an instance of one of two disputants convincing the other by argument; I have seen many, of their getting warm, becoming rude, and shooting one another. Conviction is the effect of our own dispassionate reasoning,

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

either in solitude or weighing within ourselves dispassionately what we hear from others, standing uncommitted in argument ourselves. It was one of the rules, which, above all others, made Dr. Franklin the most amiable of men in society, 'never to contradict anybody.'"

In May, 1784, Congress appointed Mr. Jefferson to act as minister with Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin in negotiating treaties of commerce with foreign nations. Leaving two daughters with their aunt, he took his eldest daughter Martha with him and sailed for Europe. After a delightful voyage he reached Paris on the 6th of August. Here he placed his daughter at school, and, meeting his colleagues at Passy, engaged vigorously with them in accomplishing the object of his mision. Dr. Franklin, now aged and infirm, obtained permission to return home from his embassy to France. His genial character, combined with his illustrious merit, had won the love of the French people; and he was unboundedly popular with both peasant and prince. Such attentions were lavished upon him in his journey from Paris to the coast, that it was almost an ovation. It was, indeed, a delicate matter to step into the position which had been occupied by one so enthusiastically admired. Few men could have done this so gracefully as did Jefferson.

"You replace Monsieur Franklin, I hear," said the celebrated French minister, the Count de Vergennes. "I *succeed* him," was the prompt reply: "no man can *replace* him."

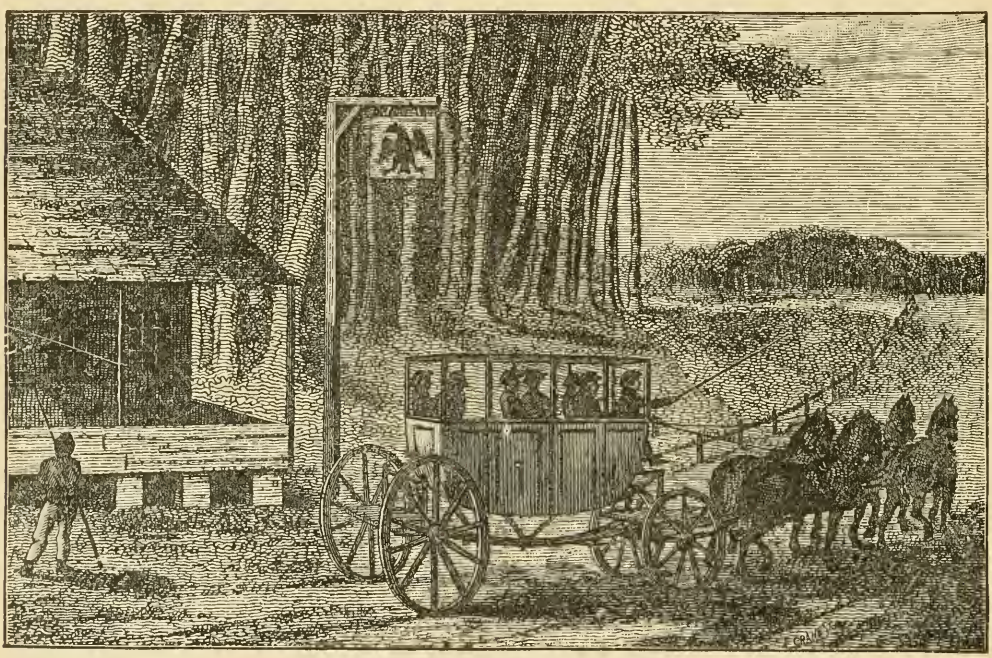
SECRETARY OF STATE.

In September, 1789, Jefferson returned with his daughter to America. Immediately upon his return from France, Washington wrote to him in the most flattering terms, urging upon him a seat in his cabinet as Secretary of State. After some conference he accepted the appointment. His eldest daughter, Martha, was married on the 23d of February, 1790, to Colonel Thomas M. Randolph. A few days after the wedding, on the 1st of March, Mr. Jefferson set out for New York, which was then the seat of government. He went by way of Richmond and Alexandria. The roads were horrible. At the latter place he took a stage, sending his carriage round by water, and leading his horses. Through snow and mud, their speed seldom exceeded three or four miles an hour by day, and one mile an hour by night. A fortnight, of great fatigue, was consumed in the journey. Occasionally Jefferson relieved the monotony of the dreary ride by mounting his led saddle-horse. At Philadelphia he called upon his friend Benjamin Franklin, then in his last illness.

The American Revolution did not originate in hostility to a monarchical form of government, but in resisting the oppressions which that government was inflicting upon the American people. Consequently, many persons, who were most active in the Revolution, would have been very willing to see an independent monarchy established here. But Mr. Jefferson had seen so much of the pernicious influence of kings and courts in Europe that he had become an intense republican. Upon his arrival in New York he was much surprised at the freedom with which many persons advocated a monarchical government. He writes,—

"I cannot describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversation filled me. Politics were the chief topic; and a preference of a kingly over a republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite; and I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate on the republican side of the question, unless among the guests there chanced to be some member of that party from the legislative houses."

President Washington watched with great anxiety the rising storm, and did all he could to quell its fury. His cabinet was divided. General Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, was leader of the so-called Federal party. Mr.



STAGE-COACH OF JEFFERSON'S TIME.

Jefferson, Secretary of State, was leader of the Republican party. On the 30th of September, 1792, as he was going from Monticello to the seat of government, he stopped, as usual, at Mount Vernon, and spent a night with President Washington. Mr. Jefferson makes the following record in his note-book of this interview, which shows conclusively that President Washington did not agree with Mr. Jefferson in his belief that there was a strong monarchical party in this country:—

"The President," he writes, "expressed his concern at the difference which he found to subsist between the Secretary of the Treasury and myself, of which, he said, he had not been aware. He knew, indeed, that there was a marked difference in our political sentiments; but he had never suspected it had gone

on far in producing a personal difference, and he wished he could be the mediator to put an end to it; that he thought it important to preserve the check of my opinions in the administration, in order to keep things in their proper channel, and prevent them from going too far; *that, as to the idea of transforming this government into a monarchy, he did not believe there were ten men in the United States, whose opinions were worth attention, who entertained such a thought.*"

Some important financial measures which were proposed by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jefferson violently opposed. They were, however, sustained by the cabinet, adopted by both houses of the legislature, and approved by the President. The enemies of Mr. Jefferson now pressed him with the charge of indelicacy in holding office under a government whose leading measures he opposed. Bitter was the warfare waged between the two hostile secretaries. Hamilton accused Jefferson of lauding the constitution in public, while in private he had admitted that it contained those imperfections *of want of power* which Hamilton laid to its charge.

The President seems to have been in accord with Mr. Jefferson in his views of the importance of maintaining cordial relations with France. Both England and Spain were then making encroachments upon us, very menacing in their aspect. The President, in a conversation with Mr. Jefferson, on the 27th of December, 1792, urged the necessity of making sure of the alliance with France in the event of a rupture with either of these powers. "There is no nation," said he, "on whom we can rely at all times, but France." This had long been one of the fundamental principles of Mr. Jefferson's policy. Upon the election of President Washington to his second term of office, Mr. Jefferson wished to retire from the Cabinet. Dissatisfaction with the measures of the government was doubtless a leading cause. At the earnest solicitation, however, of the President, he consented to remain in his position, which was daily becoming more uncomfortable, until the last of July, when he again sent in his resignation. But still again President Washington so earnestly entreated him to remain, that, very reluctantly, he consented to continue in office until the close of the year.

Every day the political horizon was growing more stormy. All Europe was in the blaze of war. England, the most powerful monarchy on the globe, was straining every nerve to crush the French Revolution. The haughty course which the British government pursued toward the United States had exasperated even the placid Washington. He wrote to General Hamilton on the 31st of August, 1794:—

"By these high-handed measures of that government, and the outrageous and insulting conduct of its officers, it would seem next to impossible to keep peace between the United States and Great Britain."

Even John Adams became aroused. Two years after, he wrote, in reference to the cool treatment which his son, John Quincy Adams, had received in

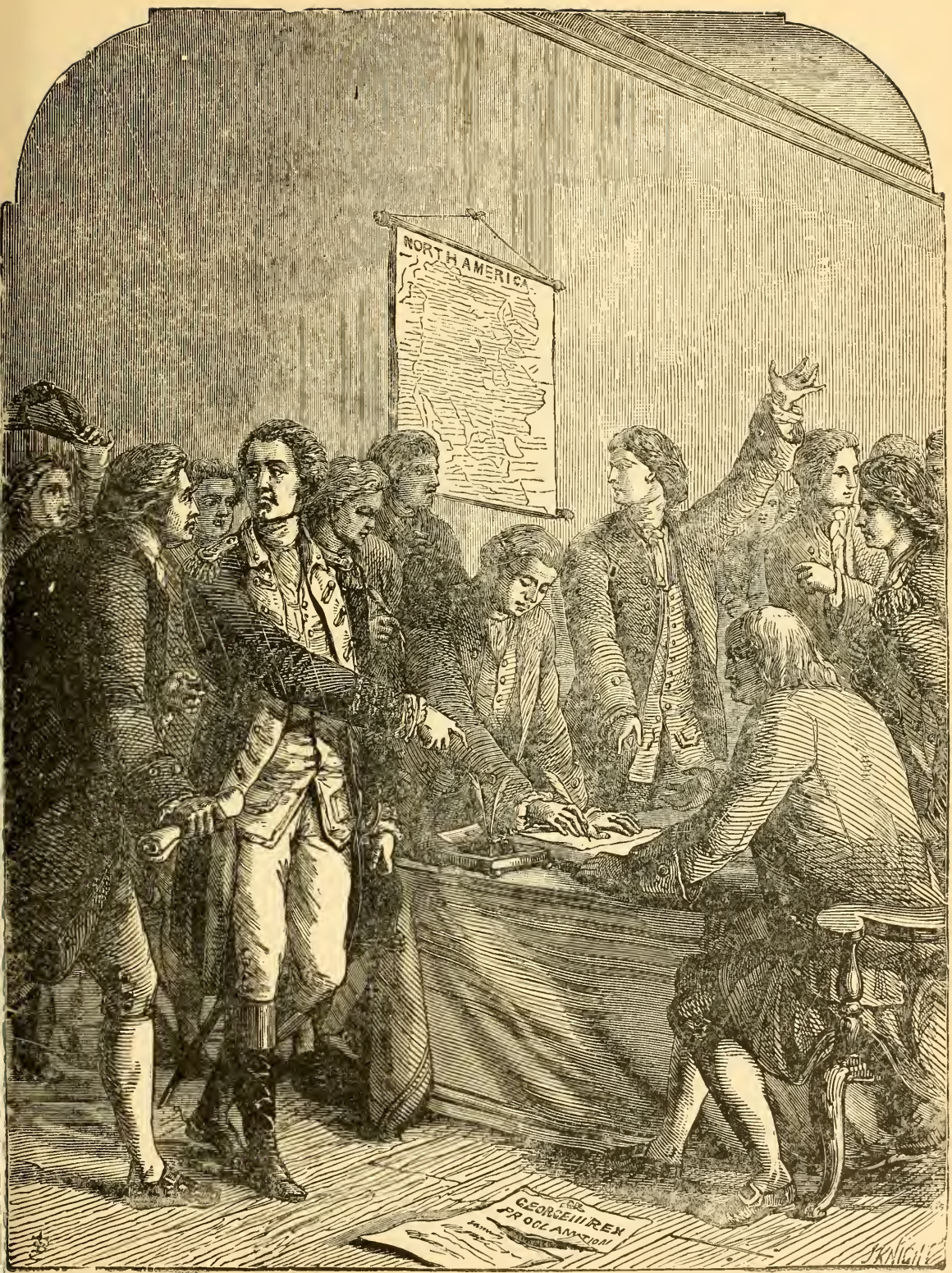
England: "I am glad of it; for I would not have my son go as far as Mr. Jay, and affirm the friendly disposition of that country to this. I know better. I know their jealousy, envy, hatred, and revenge, covered under pretended contempt." Jefferson's slumbering energies were electrified; he wrote fiery letters, and by his conversational eloquence moved all who approached him.

A new presidential election came on. John Adams was the Federal candiate; Thomas Jefferson the Republican. It does not appear that Mr. Jefferson was at all solicitous of being elected. Indeed, he wrote to Mr. Madison, "There is nothing I so anxiously hope as that my name may come out either second or third; as the last would leave me at home the whole of the year, and the other two-thirds of it." Alluding to the possibility that "the representatives may be divided," he makes the remarkable declaration, of the sincerity of which no one who knows the man can doubt, "This is a difficulty from which the Constitution has provided no issue. It is both my duty and inclination, therefore, to relieve the embarrassment, should it happen; and, in that case I pray you, and authorize you fully, to solicit on my behalf that Mr. Adams may be preferred. He has always been my senior from the commencement of our public life; and, the expression of the public will being equal, this circumstance ought to give him the preference."

As the result of the election, Mr. Adams became President, and Mr. Jefferson, Vice-President. This rendered it necessary for him to leave Monticello for a few months each year to attend the sessions of Congress. His numerous letters to his children show how weary he had become of party strife, with what reluctance he left his home, with what joy he returned to it.

In June, 1800, Congress moved from Philadelphia to Washington. The new seat of government, literally hewn out of the wilderness, was a dreary place. Though for twelve years workmen had been employed in that lonely, uninhabited, out-of-the-way spot, in putting up the public buildings, there was nothing as yet finished; and vast piles of stone and brick and mortar were scattered at great distances from each other, with swamps or sand-banks intervening.

Mrs. John Adams, who had seen the residences of royalty in Europe,—Buckingham Palace, Versailles, and the Tuileries,—gives an amusing account of their entrance upon the splendors of the "White House." In trying to find Washington from Baltimore, they got lost in the woods. After driving for some time, bewildered in forest paths, they chanced to come upon a black man, whom they hired to guide them through the forest. "The house," she writes, "is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend, and keep the apartments in proper order. The fires we are obliged to keep, to secure us from daily agues, are another very cheering comfort; but, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it?"



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

The four years of Mr. Jefferson's Vice-Presidency passed joylessly away, while the storm of partisan strife between Federalist and Republican was ever growing hotter. General Hamilton, who was a great power in those days, became as much alienated from Mr. Adams as from Jefferson. There was a split in the Federal party. A new presidential election came on. Mr. Jefferson was chosen President; and Aaron Burr, Vice-President.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESIDENT.

The news of the election of Jefferson was received in most parts of the Union with the liveliest demonstrations of joy. He was the leader of the successful and rapidly increasing party. His friends were found in every city and village in our land. They had been taught to believe that the triumph of the opposite party would be the triumph of aristocratic privilege and of civil and religious despotism. On the other hand, many of the Federalists turned pale when the tidings reached them that Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States. Both the pulpit and the press had taught them that he was the incarnation of all evil,—an infidel, an atheist, a scoffer at all things sacred; a leveler, a revolutionist, an advocate of mob government.

Jefferson was exceedingly simple in his tastes, having a morbid dislike of all that court etiquette which had disgusted him so much in Europe. Washington rode to the halls of Congress in state, drawn by six cream-colored horses. Jefferson, on the morning of his inauguration, rode on horseback to the Capitol in a dress of plain cloth, without guard or servant, dismounted without assistance, and fastened the bridle of his horse to the fence. It may be that Mr. Jefferson had allowed his mind to become so thoroughly imbued with the conviction that our government was drifting towards monarchy and aristocracy, that he felt bound to set the example of extreme democratic simplicity.

The political principles of the Jeffersonian party now swept the country, and Mr. Jefferson swayed an influence which was never exceeded by Washington himself. Louisiana, under which name was then included the whole territory west of the Mississippi to the Pacific, was purchased of France, under his administration, in the year 1803, for fifteen millions of dollars.

He was now smitten by another domestic grief. In the year 1804 his beautiful daughter Maria, whom he so tenderly loved, sank into the grave, leaving her babe behind her. His eldest daughter, Martha, speaking of her father's suffering under this terrible grief, says,—

"I found him with the Bible in his hands. He who has been so often and so harshly accused of unbelief,—he, in his hour of intense affliction, sought and found consolation in the sacred volume. The comforter was there for his true heart and devout spirit, even though his faith might not be what the world calls orthodox."

Another presidential election came in 1804. Mr. Jefferson was reëlected President with wonderful unanimity; and George Clinton, Vice-President. Jefferson was sixty-two years of age, when, on the 4th of March, 1805, he entered upon his second term of office. Our relations with England were daily becoming more complicated, from the British demand of the right to stop any of our ships, whether belonging to either the commercial or naval marine, and to take from them any sailors whom they felt disposed to claim as British subjects. The course England pursued rendered it certain that war could not be avoided. Mr. Jefferson humanely did everything in his power to prevent the Indians from

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE—A TYPICAL VIRGINIA COURT HOUSE.

taking any part in it whatever. The British, on the contrary, were endeavoring to rouse them to deluge the frontiers in blood. Strange as it may now seem, the measures of government to redress these wrongs were virulently opposed. But notwithstanding the strength and influence of the opposition to Mr. Jefferson's administration, he was sustained by the general voice of the nation.

In the year 1808 Mr. Jefferson closed his second term of office, and James Madison succeeded him as President of the United States. In the following terms the retiring President expresses to a friend his feelings upon surrendering the cares of office :—

"Within a few days I retire to my family, my books, and farms; and, having gained the harbor myself, I shall look on my friends, still buffeting the storm, with anxiety indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power. Nature intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science by rendering them my supreme delight; but the enormities of the times in which I have lived have forced me to take a part in resisting them, and to commit myself on the boisterous ocean of political passions. I thank God for the opportunity of retiring from them without censure, and carrying with me the most consoling proofs of public approbation."

HOME LIFE AND HOSPITALITY.

Jefferson's subsequent life at Monticello was very similar to that of Washington at Mount Vernon. His mornings he devoted to his numerous correspondence; from breakfast to dinner he was in the shops and over the farms; from dinner to dark he devoted to recreation and friends; from dark to early bedtime he read. He was particularly interested in young men, advising them as to their course of reading. Several came and took up their residence in the neighboring town of Charlottesville, that they might avail themselves of his library, which was ever open for their use.

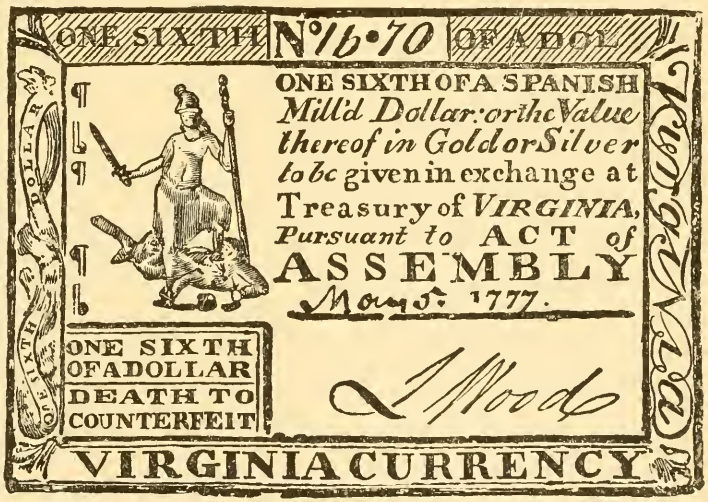
Toward the latter part of his life, from a series of misfortunes, Mr. Jefferson became deeply involved in debt, so that it was necessary for him to sell a large portion of his estate. He was always profuse in his hospitality. Whole families came in their coaches with their horses,—fathers and mothers, boys and girls, babies and nurses,—and remained three or even six months. One family of six persons came from Europe, and made a visit of ten months. After a short tour they returned; and remained six months longer. Every day brought its contingent of guests. Such hospitality would speedily consume a larger fortune than Mr. Jefferson possessed. His daughter, Mrs. Randolph, was the presiding lady of this immense establishment. The domestic service required thirty-seven house servants. Mrs. Randolph, upon being asked what was the greatest number of guests she had ever entertained any one night, replied, "she believed fifty."

In the winter Mr. Jefferson had some little repose from the crowd of visitors. He then enjoyed, in the highest possible degree, all that is endearing in domestic life. It is impossible to describe the love with which he was cherished by his grandchildren. One of them writes, in a letter overflowing with the gushing of a loving heart, "My Bible came from him, my Shakespeare, my first writing-table, my first handsome writing-desk, my first Leghorn hat, my first silk dress: what, in short, of all my treasures did *not* come from him? My sisters, according to their wants and tastes, were equally thought of, equally provided for. Our grandfather seemed to read our hearts, to see our individual

wishes, to be our good genius, to wave the fairy wand to brighten our young lives by his goodness and his gifts."

Another writes: "I cannot describe the feelings of veneration, admiration, and love that existed in my heart toward him. I looked on him as being too great and good for my comprehension; and yet I felt no fear to approach him, and be taught by him some of the childish sports I delighted in. Not one of us, in our wildest moods, ever placed a foot on one of the garden-beds, for that would violate one of his rules; and yet I never heard him utter a harsh word to one of us, or speak in a raised tone of voice, or use a threat."

In 1812 a perfect reconciliation took place between Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson; the latter very handsomely and magnanimously making the first advances. This friendship, which was kept up by a constant interchange of letters, continued unabated until their death,—on the same day, and almost at the same hour.



In a letter dated March 21, 1819, he writes to Dr. Vine Utley, "I never go to bed without an hour or half an hour's previous reading of something moral whereon to ruminate in the intervals of sleep." The book from which he oftenest read was a collection which he had made by cutting such passages from the Evangelists as came directly from the lips of the Saviour. These he arranged in a blank-book. Jefferson writes to a friend: "A more beautiful or precious morsel of ethics I have never seen: it is a document in proof that I am a *real Christian;* that is to say, a disciple of the doctrines of Jesus." This book Mr. Jefferson prepared evidently with great care. It is a very full compend of the teachings of our Saviour. It was entitled "The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth." He also prepared a second volume, which he had bound in morocco, in a handsome octave volume, and which he labeled on the back, "Morals of Jesus." It is a little remarkable that Mr. Jefferson should have made these collections so secretly that none of the members of his family knew even of the existence of the books until after his death.

The year 1826 opened gloomily upon Mr. Jefferson. He was very infirm, and embarrassed by debts, from which he could see but little hope of extrication. The indorsement for a friend had placed upon him an additional twenty

thousand dollars of debt. He applied to the Legislature for permission to dispose of a large portion of his property by lottery, hoping thus to realize a sum sufficient to pay his debts, and to leave enough to give him a competence for his few remaining days. Though opposed to all gambling, he argued, in support of his petition, that lotteries were not immoral. He wrote to a friend, that, if the Legislature would grant him the indulgence he solicited, "I can save the house of Monticello and a farm adjoining to end my days in, and bury my bones; if not, I must sell house and all here, and carry my family to Bedford, where I have not even a log hut to put my head into."

To Mr. Jefferson's great gratification, the lottery bill finally passed. But, all over the country, friends, who appreciated the priceless value of the services which he had rendered our nation, began to send to him tokens of their love. The mayor of New York, Philip Hone, sent him, collected from a few friends, eight thousand five hundred dollars; from Philadelphia, five thousand dollars were sent; from Baltimore, three thousand dollars; and one or two thousand more were sent from other sources. These testimonials, like sunshine breaking through the clouds, dispelled the gloom which had been so deeply gathering around his declining day. Very rapidly he was now sinking. His steps became so feeble that with difficulty he could totter about the house.

There was something peculiarly gentle and touching in his whole demeanor. His good-night kiss, his loving embrace, his childlike simplicity and tenderness, often brought tears to the eyes of those whose privilege it was to minister to his wants. It was evident that he was conscious that the hour of his departure was at hand. He was exceedingly careful to avoid making any trouble, and was far more watchful for the comfort of those around him than for his own. His passage was very slow down into the vale of death. To one who expressed the opinion that he seemed a little better, he replied,—

"Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude about the result. I am like an old watch, with a pinion worn out here and a wheel there, until it can go no longer."

On Monday evening, the 3d of July, he awoke about ten o'clock from troubled sleep, and, thinking it morning, remarked, "This is the 4th of July." Immediately he sank away again into slumber. As the night passed slowly away, all saw that he was sinking in death. There was silence in the death-chamber. The mysterious separation of the soul from the body was painlessly taking place. About noon, July 4th, 1826, the last breath left the body, and the great statesman and patriot was no more.

ANDREW JACKSON,

THE HERO OF THE WAR OF 1812, AND POPULAR PRESIDENT.

SOME men are remembered for what they *do;* others for what they *are.* To the latter class belongs Andrew Jackson. No American has left a more distinct impress of himself on the popular mind; no man of his time is so well known, and so vividly remembered. He may be loved or hated, but he cannot be forgotten. And this is not because he was twice President, nor because he threatened to hang the South Carolina nullifiers, nor because he made war on the United States Bank, nor because he introduced the spoils system. It is because he was Andrew Jackson.

No greater contrast could be found than that between his administration and the preceding one of John Quincy Adams. Adams was the model official. His ambition was to make his administration a perfect machine. Under it the people prospered; the public business was admirably done; the country grew and expanded. But amid all this his personality was almost completely sunk. Few ever thought of John Quincy Adams. When Jackson became President, this was reversed. Good men were turned out and bad men were put in. The public business was sacrificed to personal and party advantage. The rights and powers of other branches of the government were usurped, and tyranny of the grossest kind came to be a matter of course. Amid all this the single figure was Andrew Jackson. He was the person whom every one saw, of whom all thought and talked; and it is safe to say that no other President, down to the time of Lincoln, is so well remembered by the common people.

Jackson was born in the northwestern corner of South Carolina, in 1767. His father, an Irishman of Scotch descent, who had only two years before come to this country, died before his birth, leaving his mother almost utterly destitute, with the care of a large family. Nothing could exceed the trials and hardships of his youth. When he was only thirteen, the British ravaged South Carolina, killed his oldest brother, Hugh, and captured Andrew and his brother Robert, carrying them off with others to Camden, forty miles distant from their home. The captives were not allowed food or even water on the way; they were thrown into a wretched prison-pen, without beds, medical attendance, or any means of dressing their wounds. They were kept on miserable food, and, to crown all, smallpox broke out among them. Dying and dead lay on the ground together.

Their mother came to the rescue of her boys; she obtained their exchange, took them home, and nursed them; but Robert died in two days, and Mrs. Jackson herself fell a victim to the disease. Thus at fourteen years of age Jackson was left alone in the world, without father, mother, or brother, and without a dollar to call his own.

Before Andrew had fully recovered his strength, he entered a shop to learn the trade of a saddler; but he became a wild, reckless, lawless boy. He drank, gambled, fought cocks, and was regarded as about the worst character that could anywhere be found. Soon he began to think of a profession, and decided to study law. With a very slender purse, and on the back of a fine horse, he set out for Salisbury, N. C., a distance of about seventy-five miles, where he entered the law office of Mr. McCay.

At the age of twenty Jackson was a tall young man, standing six feet and an inch in his stockings. He was very slender, but remarkably dignified and graceful in his manners, an exquisite horseman, and developing, amidst his profanity and numerous vices, a vein of rare magnanimity. His temper was fiery in the extreme; but it was said that no man knew better than Andrew Jackson when to get angry, and when not. He was fond of all rough adventures, wild riding, camping out; loved a horse passionately; and, though sagacious and prudent, was bold in facing danger. The experience through which he had passed in the Revolution had made him a very stanch republican.

LIFE IN THE WILDS OF TENNESSEE.

The whole of that region which we now call Tennessee was then almost an unexplored wilderness. It was ranged by bands of Indians, who had been so outraged by vagabonds among the whites that they had become bitterly hostile. There was a small settlement of pioneers, five hundred miles west of the summit of the Alleghanies, near the present site of Nashville, on the banks of the Cumberland. Andrew Jackson was appointed public prosecutor for the remote district of Nashville. It was an office of little honor, small emolument, and great

peril. Few men could be found to accept it. Early in the spring of 1788 Jackson joined a party of emigrants, who rendezvoused at Morgantown, the last frontier settlement in North Carolina. They were all mounted on horse back, with their baggage on pack-horses. In double file, the long cavalcade crossed the mountains by an Indian trail, which had widened into a road.

Late in October, 1788, this long train of emigrants reached Nashville. They took with them the exciting news that the new Constitution had been accepted by a majority of the States, and that George Washington would undoubtedly be elected the first President. It was estimated that then, in this outpost of civilization, there were scattered, in log huts clustered along the

A FAMILIAR KENTUCKY SCENE IN JACKSON'S YOUTH.

banks of the Cumberland, about five thousand souls. The Indians were so active in their hostilities that it was not safe for any one to live far from the stockade. Every man took his rifle with him to the field. Children could not go out to gather berries unless accompanied by a guard.

Nashville had its aristocracy. Mrs. Donelson belonged to one of the first families. She was the widow of Colonel John Donelson, and lived in a cabin of hewn logs, the most commodious dwelling in the place. She had a beautiful, mirth-loving daughter, who had married a very uncongenial Kentuckian, Lewis Robards, of whom but little that is good can be said. She and her husband lived with her widowed mother, and Andrew Jackson was received into the

family as a boarder. It was an attractive home for him. Of the gay and lively Mrs. Robards it is said that she was then the best story-teller, the best dancer, the sprightliest companion, the most dashing horsewoman, in the western country.

And now Andrew Jackson commenced vigorously the practice of law. It was an important part of his business to collect debts. It required nerve. Many desperate men carried pistols and knives. During the first seven years of his residence in those wilds, he traversed the almost pathless forest between Nashville and Jonesborough, a distance of two hundred miles, twenty-two times. Hostile Indians were constantly on the watch, and a man was liable at any moment to be shot down in his own field. Andrew Jackson was just the man for this service,—a wild, rough, daring backwoodsman. Daily he was making hairbreadth escapes. He seemed to bear a charmed life. Boldly, alone or with few companions, he traversed the forests, encountering all perils, and triumphing over all.

Mrs. Robards and her husband lived unhappily together. Before Jackson's arrival, he had once, from his jealous disposition, separated from her. Andrew Jackson was an exceedingly polite, gallant, fascinating man. Captain Robards became jealous of Jackson, and treated Mrs. Robards with great cruelty. Jackson decided, in consequence, to leave the house, and took board in another place. Soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Robards separated. The affair caused Andrew Jackson great uneasiness; for though he knew that the parties had separated once before, and though conscious of innocence, he found himself to de the unfortunate cause of the present scandal.

Captain Robards applied to the Legislature of Virginia for a bill of divorce. It was granted by an act of the Legislature, *provided that the Supreme Court should adjudge that there was cause for such divorce.* Robards laid aside this act and did nothing for two years. Virginia was far away. The transmission of intelligence was very slow. It was announced in Nashville that Robards had obtained a divorce. This was universally believed. Influenced by this belief, Andrew Jackson and Rachel Robards were married in the fall of 1791.

Two years after this, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson learned, to their great surprise, that Robards had then only just obtained a divorce. Thus Mr. Jackson had, in reality, been married for two years to another man's wife, though neither he nor Mrs. Jackson had been guilty of the slightest intentional wrong. To remedy the irregularity as far as possible, a new license was obtained, and the marriage ceremony was again performed.

It proved to be a marriage of rare felicity. Probably there never was a more affectionate union. However rough Mr. Jackson might have been abroad, he was always gentle and tender at home; and through all the vicissitudes of their lives, he treated Mrs. Jackson with the most chivalric attentions. He was

always very sensitive upon the question of his marriage. No one could breathe a word which reflected a suspicion upon the purity of this affair but at the risk of a bullet through his brain.

OLD-FASHIONED POLITICS.

In January, 1796, the territory of Tennessee then containing nearly eighty thousand inhabitants, the people met in convention at Knoxville to frame a constitution. Five were sent from each of the eleven counties. Andrew Jackson was one of the delegates from Davidson County. They met in a shabby building in a grove outside of the city. It was fitted up for the occasion at an expense of twelve dollars and sixty-two cents. The members were entitled to two dollars and a half a day. They voted to receive but a dollar and a half, that the other dollar might go to the payment of secretary, printer, door-keeper, etc. A constitution was formed, which was regarded as very democratic; and in June, 1796, Tennessee became the sixteenth State in the Union. The new State was entitled to but one member in the national House of Representatives. Andrew Jackson was chosen that member. Mounting his horse, he rode to Philadelphia, where Congress then held its sessions,—a distance of eight hundred miles.

A vacancy chanced soon after to occur in the Senate, and Andrew Jackson was chosen United States Senator by the State of Tennessee. John Adams was then President; Thomas Jefferson, Vice-President. Many years after, when Mr. Jefferson had retired from the presidential chair, and Andrew Jackson was candidate for the presidency, Daniel Webster spent some days at the home of the sage of Monticello. He represents Mr. Jefferson as saying:—

"I feel much alarmed at the prospect of seeing General Jackson President. He is one of the most unfit men I know of for such a place. He has very little respect for law or constitutions, and is, in fact, merely an able military chief. His passions are terrible. When I was president of the Senate he was senator; and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, and as often choke with rage. His passions are no doubt cooler now. He has been much tried since I knew him; but he is a dangerous man."

In 1798 Mr. Jackson returned to Tennessee and resigned his seat in the Senate. Soon after he was chosen judge of the Supreme Court of that State, with a salary of six hundred dollars. This office he held for six years. It is said that his decisions, though sometimes ungrammatical, were generally right.

Judge Jackson did not enjoy his seat upon the bench, and renounced the dignity in the summer of 1804. About this time he decided to try his fortune through trade. He purchased a stock of goods in Philadelphia, sent them to

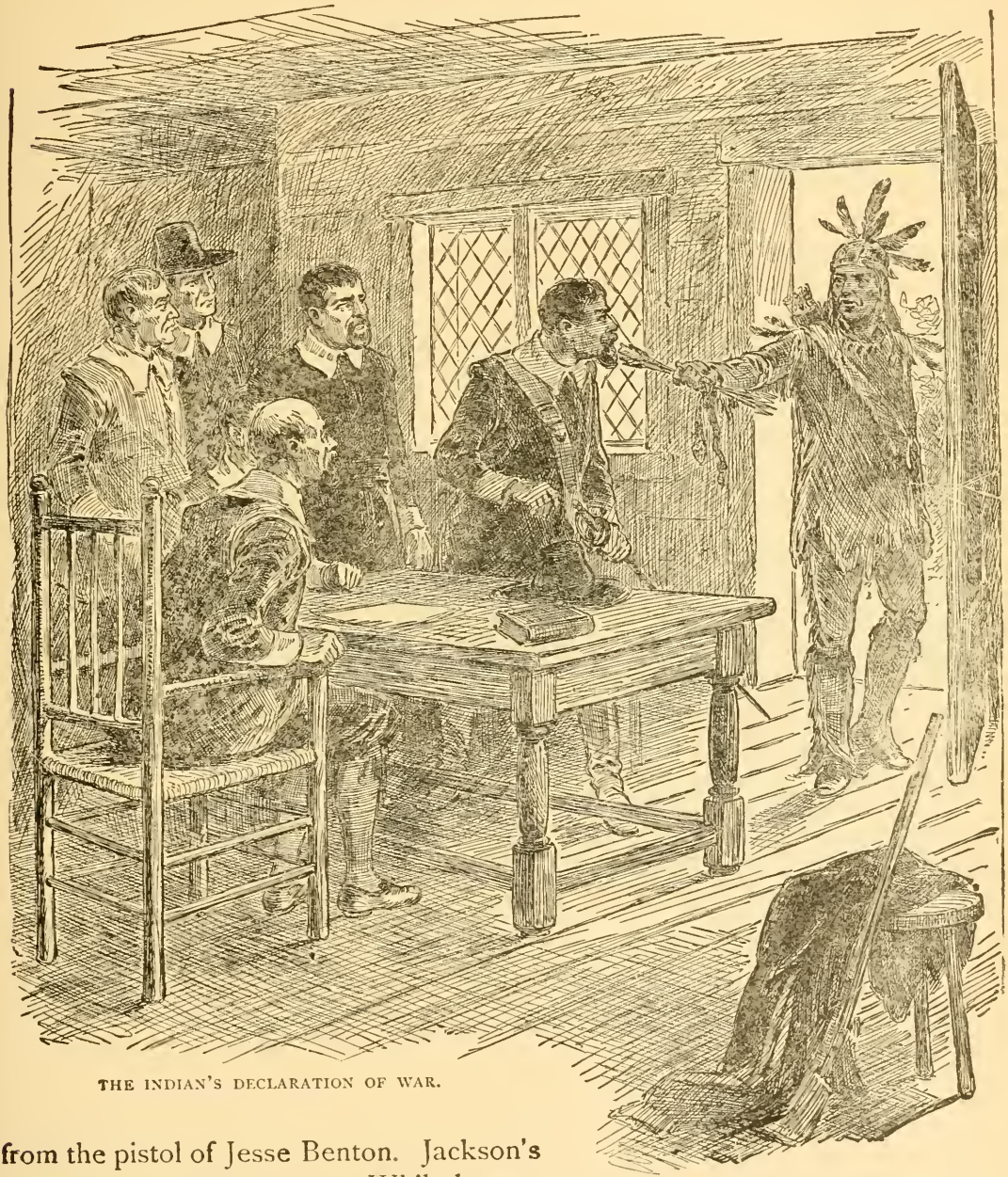
Pittsburgh by wagon, down the Ohio to Louisville in flat-boats, thence by wagons or pack-horses to Nashville, where he opened a store. He lived about thirteen miles from Nashville, on a tract of land of several thousand acres, mostly uncultivated. He used a small block-house for his store, from a narrow window of which he sold goods to the Indians.

In Jackson's early life he fought numerous duels, and took part in brawls almost without number. One of the most notorious of his duels was one with Charles Dickenson, who was also a lawyer, and a dealer in country produce. Jackson challenged him and insisted upon an immediate fight. The meeting was appointed at seven o'clock in the morning of Friday, May 30, 1806. Dickenson had a young and beautiful wife and an infant child, and was said to have been a very amiable man. They met in a grove. Dickenson got the first fire. His ball broke a rib, and glanced, leaving a bad but not dangerous wound. Jackson then took deliberate aim. Dickenson, appalled by the certain death which awaited him, recoiled a step or two. "Back to the *mark*, sir!" shouted Jackson's second. The unhappy man took his stand. Again Jackson raised his pistol with calm, determined aim, and pulled the trigger. The pistol did not go off. He examined it, and found that it had stopped at half-cock. Readjusting it, he again took cool, careful aim, and fired. Dickenson reeled and fell. The ball had passed through his body, just above the hips. Jackson and his party retired, leaving the dying man in the hands of his friends. All day long he suffered agony, and in the evening died. The next day his frantic wife, hurrying to his relief, met a wagon conveying back to Nashville his remains. Dickenson was a great favorite in Nashville, and his untimely death excited profound sympathy. For a time this affair greatly injured General Jackson's popularity. If he ever felt any remorse, he never revealed it.

General Jackson now withdrew from commercial pursuits, which he had not found very profitable, and devoted himself to the culture of his plantation. His home was a very happy one. Mrs. Jackson was an excellent manager, and one of the most cheerful and entertaining of companions. She had a strong mind, much intelligence, but very little culture. They had no children, but adopted a son of one of Mrs. Jackson's sisters. This boy became the pride, the joy, the hope of the general's life. Soon after, he received another little nephew into his family, whom he nurtured and educated. It is said that this wonderfully irascible man was never even *impatient* with wife, children, or servants.

A young friend of Jackson, by the name of William Carroll, challenged Jesse Benton, a younger brother of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, to a duel. Jackson, then forty-six years of age, somewhat reluctantly acted as second to Carroll. Both parties were wounded, young Benton quite severely. This roused the indignation of Colonel Thomas H. Benton, who had conferred some

signal favors on Jackson, and he vowed vengeance. Meeting the Benton brothers soon after at a Nashville hotel, a bloody affray followed, in which Jackson's arm and shoulder were horribly shattered by two balls and a slug



THE INDIAN'S DECLARATION OF WAR.

from the pistol of Jesse Benton. Jackson's wounds were very severe. While he was lingering, haggard and wan, upon a bed of suffering, news came that the Indians, who had combined under Tecumseh, from Florida to the Lakes, to exterminate the white settlers, were committing the most awful ravages. Decisive action

became necessary. General Jackson, with his fractured bones just beginning to heal, his arm in a sling, and unable to mount his horse without assistance, gave his amazing energies to the raising of an army to rendezvous at Fayetteville, on the borders of Alabama, on the 4th of October, 1813.

FIGHTING THE INDIANS.

The Creek Indians had established a strong fort on one of the bends of the Tallapoosa River, near the centre of Alabama, about fifty miles below Fort Strother. With an army of two thousand men, General Jackson traversed the pathless wilderness in a march of eleven days. He reached their fort, called Tohopeca, or Horseshoe, on the 27th of March, 1814. The bend of the river inclosed nearly one hundred acres of tangled forest and wild ravine. Across the narrow neck the Indians had constructed a formidable breastwork of logs and brush. Here nine hundred warriors, with an ample supply of arms and ammunition, were assembled.

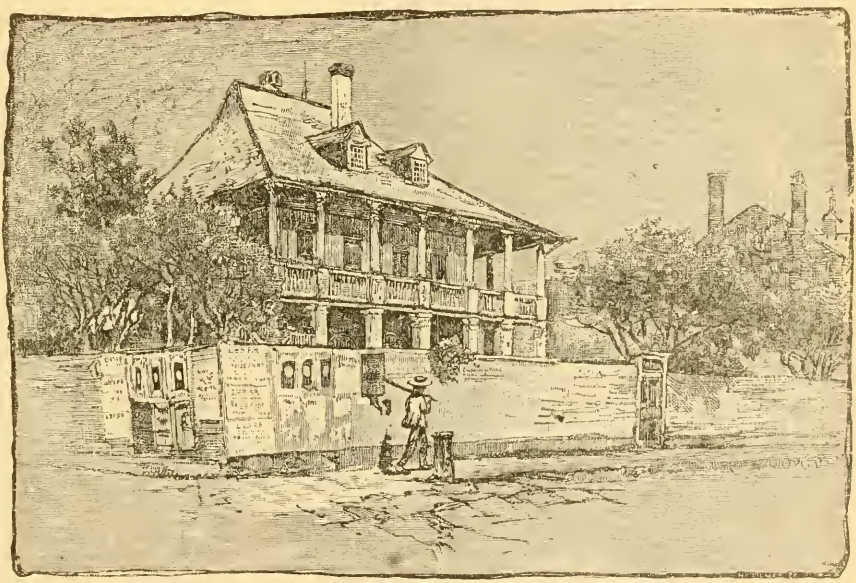
The fort was stormed. The fight was utterly desperate. Not an Indian would accept of quarter. When bleeding and dying, they would fight those who endeavored to spare their lives. From ten in the morning until dark the battle raged. The carnage was awful and revolting. Some threw themselves into the river; but the unerring bullet struck their heads as they swam. Nearly every one of the nine hundred warriors was killed. A few probably, in the night, swam the river and escaped. This ended the war. The power of the Creeks was broken forever. This bold plunge into the wilderness, with its terrific slaughter, so appalled the savages, that the haggard remnants of the bands came to the camp, begging for peace.

This closing of the Creek war enabled us to concentrate our militia upon the British, who were the allies of the Indians. Immediately, on the 31st of May, Jackson was appointed major-general in the army of the United States. This gave him an income of between six and seven thousand dollars a year, and made him, for those times, a rich man. No man of less resolute will than General Jackson could have conducted this Indian campaign to so successful an issue. Through the whole Indian campaign he suffered terribly from the wounds and debility occasioned by his senseless feud with Colonel Benton. He was pale and haggard and pain-worn, often enduring the extreme of agony. Not many men, suffering as he did, would have been out of the sick chamber.

Immediately upon the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, the British Cabinet decided to strike America a crushing blow. It was their plan to take New Orleans, lay all our seaport towns in ashes, annihilate our navy, and, by holding the Atlantic, the Mississippi, and the Lakes, to imprison us in our forests. The British were at Pensacola and Appalachicola, dispensing arms to the Indians in that region, and preparing for their grand naval and land expedition to New Orleans. Most

of the hostile Indians, flying from the tremendous blows which General Jackson had dealt them, had also taken refuge in Florida. Jackson, far away in the wilderness, was left to act almost without instructions. He decided to take the responsibility, and assumed the independence of a sovereign.

The whole South and West were fully aroused to meet and repel the foe. By the 1st of November General Jackson had in Mobile an army of four thousand men. He resolved to march upon Pensacola, where the Spaniards were sheltering our foes, and, as he expressed it, "rout out the English." He advanced upon Pensacola, stormed the town, took possession of every fort, and drove the British fleet out to sea. Garrisoning Mobile, he moved his troops to New Orleans, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. General Jackson himself was so feeble that he could ride but seventeen miles a day. He reached New Orleans the 1st of December. New Orleans at that time contained about twenty thousand inhabitants. Every available man in the place and country near was brought into service.



THE OLD MARIGNY HOUSE, A RELIC OF THE WAR OF 1812.

A British fleet of sixty ships, many of them of the first class, and which had obtained renown in the naval conflicts of Trafalgar and the Nile, was assembled in a spacious bay on the western end of the Island of Jamaica. This fleet, which carried a thousand cannon, was manned by nearly nine thousand soldiers and marines, and transported a land force of ten thousand veteran soldiers, fresh from the wars of Europe, and flushed with victory over Napoleon. The fleet entered Lake Borgne, a shallow bay opening into the Gulf of Mexico near New Orleans, on the 10th of December, 1814. There were five small cutters in the lake, which were soon overpowered by the immense force of the foe. Unaware how feeble was General Jackson's force, they did not deem it prudent to move upon the city until they had greatly increased their numbers. This delay probably saved New Orleans.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 23d, General Jackson learned that the foe, marching from Lake Borgne, were within a few miles of the city. He immediately collected his motley force of young farmers and mechanics, about two thousand in number, and marched to meet them. He fell upon them impetuously in a night attack, checked their progress, and drove them back toward their landing-place. The British, surprised by the fury of the assault, waited for reinforcements, which came up in large numbers during the night.

THE GREAT VICTORY AT NEW ORLEANS.

Pakenham, on the 28th, pushed his veteran battalions forward on a reconnoissance, and to sweep, if possible, over General Jackson's unfinished breastwork. It was a brilliant morning. Jackson, an old borrowed telescope in his hand, was on the watch. The solid columns of red-coats came on, in military array, as beautiful as awe-inspiring. The artillery led, heralding the advance with a shower of Congreve rockets, round shot, and shell. The muskets of the infantry flashed like mirrors in the light of the morning sun. The Britons were in high glee. It was absurd to suppose that a few thousand raw militia could resist the veterans who had conquered the armies of Napoleon.

General Jackson had not quite three thousand men behind his breastwork; but every one had imbibed the spirit of his chieftain. There were eight thousand veteran soldiers marching upon them. For a few hours there were the tumult, the horror, the carnage of a battle; and then the British host seemed to have melted away. With shattered ranks, leaving their dead behind them, a second time they retreated. A third attack, on January 1st, had the same result.

On Friday, the 6th, General Jackson became assured that the enemy was preparing to attack him on both sides of the river. At half an hour before dawn, Sunday morning, January 8, 1815, a rocket from the hostile lines gave the signal for the attack. In two solid columns, the British advanced upon our ramparts, which were bristling with infantry and artillery, and behind which General Jackson had now collected an army of about four thousand men, all inspired with the zeal of their commander.

Our men were well protected. With bare bosoms, the British marched upon the embankment, from which there was poured forth an incessant storm of bullets, balls, and shells, which no flesh and blood could stand. It was one of the most awful scenes of slaughter which was ever witnessed. Every bullet accomplished its mission, spending its force in the bodies of those who were insanely driven forward to inevitable death. Two hundred men were cut down by one discharge of a thirty-two pounder, loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, and poured into the head of a column at the distance of but a few yards

Regiments vanished, a British officer said, "as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up." The American line looked like a row of fiery furnaces. General Jackson walked slowly along his ranks, cheering his men, and saying:—

"Stand to your guns! Don't waste your ammunition! See that every shot tells! Let us finish the business to-day!"

Two hours passed, and the work was done,—effectually done. As the smoke lifted, the whole proud array had disappeared. The ground was so

AN INDIAN FIGHT IN FLORIDA.

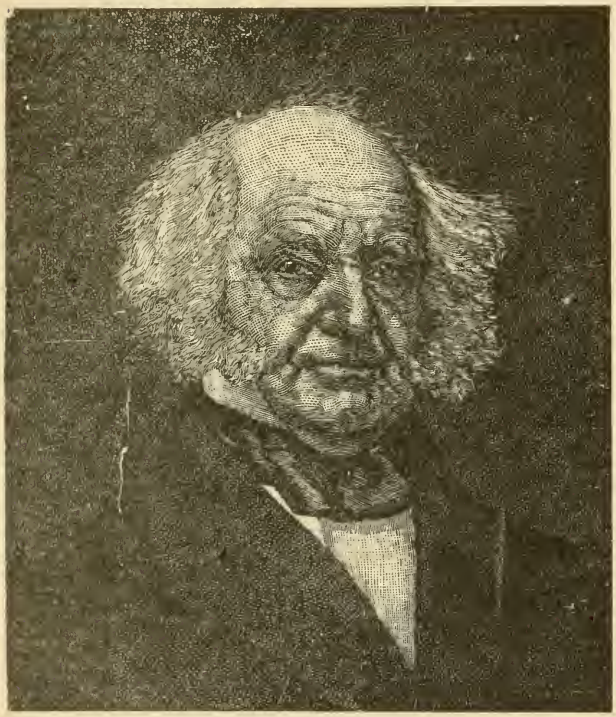
covered with the dying and the dead, that, for a quarter of a mile in front, one might walk upon their bodies; and, far away in the distance, the retreating lines of the foe were to be seen. On both sides of the river the enemy was repulsed.

The British had about nine thousand in the engagement, and we but about four thousand. Their loss in killed and wounded was two thousand six hundred, while ours was but thirteen. Thus ended the great battle of New Orleans.

In those days intelligence traveled so slowly that it was not until the 4th of

February that tidings of the victory reached Washington. The whole country blazed with illuminations, and rang with rejoicings. Ten days after this, news of the Treaty of Ghent was received, signed before the battle took place.

Jackson now returned to Nashville, and honors were poured on him without number. He still retained his command of the southern division of the army. The Seminole Indians in Florida were committing outrages upon our frontiers. General Jackson gathered an army of over two thousand men, and, regardless of treaties, marched into Florida, punished the Indians severely, attacked a Spanish post, shot by court-martial a Scotchman, and hung an Englishman accused of inciting the Indians to insurrection. His energy, and disregard of treaties and the forms of law, were denounced by one party and commended by another. He was, however, sustained by Congress and the President; and, after the purchase of Florida from Spain, General Jackson was appointed governor of the newly acquired territory.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.

SENATOR AND PRESIDENT.

For some reason he soon became tired of his office, and, resigning it, again retired to his farm and his humble home in Tennessee. His name soon began to be brought forward as that of a candidate for the presidency of the United States. In the autumn of 1823 he was elected, by the Tennessee Legislature, United States Senator. In the stormy electoral canvass of 1824, which resulted in the choice of John Quincy Adams by the House of Representatives, General Jackson received a larger number of electoral votes than either of his competitors. The Democratic party now with great unanimity fixed upon him to succeed Mr. Adams. In the campaign of 1828 he was triumphantly elected President of the United States. In 1829, just before he assumed the reins of government, he met with the most terrible affliction of his life in the death of his wife, whom he had loved with devotion which has perhaps never been surpassed. From the shock of her death he never recovered.

He ever afterward appeared like a changed man. He became subdued in spirit, and, except when his terrible temper had been greatly aroused, seldom used profane language. It is said that every night afterward, until his own death, he read a prayer from his wife's prayer-book, with her miniature likeness before him.

His administration was one of the most memorable in the annals of our country; applauded by one party, condemned by the other. No man had more bitter enemies or warmer friends. It is, however, undeniable that many of the acts of his administration, which were at the time most unsparingly denounced, are now generally commended. With all his glaring faults, he was a sincere patriot, honestly seeking the good of his country. With the masses of the people, Andrew Jackson was the most popular President, with possibly the exceptions of Washington and Lincoln, who ever occupied the chair. At the expiration of his two terms of office, he retired, in 1837, to the "Hermitage," his Tennessee home, resigning his office at Washington to his friend and supporter, Martin Van Buren.

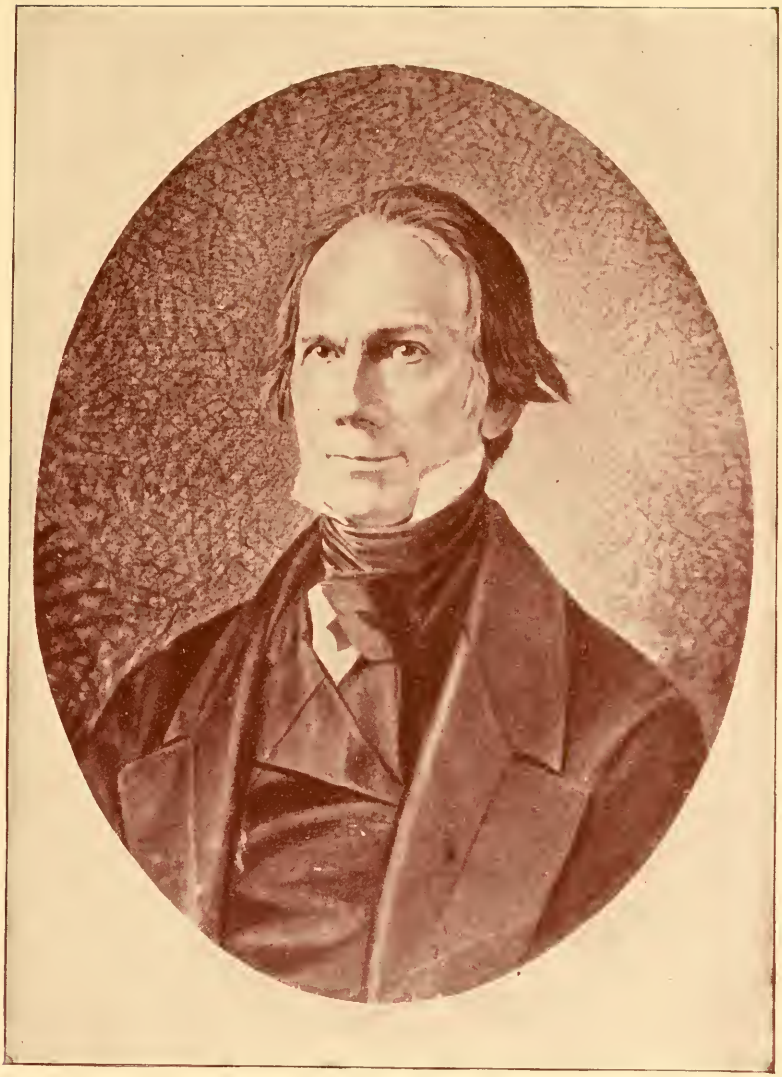
His sufferings from sickness during the last years of his life were dreadful, but he bore them with the greatest fortitude, never uttering a complaining word. On Sunday morning, June 8th, 1845, it was seen that his last hour had come. He assembled all his family around him, and, in the most affecting manner, took leave of each one. "He then," writes one who was present, "delivered one of the most impressive lectures on the subject of religion that I have ever heard. He spoke for nearly half an hour, and apparently with the power of inspiration." Soon after this he suddenly, and without a struggle, ceased to breathe. Two days after he was placed in a grave by the side of his wife. He had often said, "Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there."

HENRY CLAY

POPULAR HERO, PATRIOT, AND STATESMAN

WITH the close of the great civil war in 1865 disappeared from our politics the great problem which for half a century had absorbed the attention and tasked the abilities of American statesmen. Throughout that period there was always one overshadowing subject. Whatever other questions of domestic policy came up,—tariff, currency, internal improvements, State rights,—they were always subordinate to the main question, how to preserve the Union and slavery together. Some, like Calhoun, were ready to abandon the Union to save slavery; others, like Garrison, were ready to abandon the Union to destroy slavery; but between these extremes stood a great body of able and patriotic statesmen, who loved and prized the Union above all else, and who, to save it, would make any sacrifice, would join in any compromise. At the head of these, for more than fifty years, towered the great figure of Henry Clay.

Not often does a man whose life is spent in purely civil affairs become such a popular hero and idol as did Clay—especially when it is his fate never to reach the highest place in the people's gift. "Was there ever," says Parton, "a public man, not at the head of a state, so beloved as he? Who ever heard such cheers, so hearty, distinct and ringing, as those which his name evoked? Men shed tears at his defeat, and women went to bed sick from pure sympathy with his disappointment. He could not travel during the last thirty years of his life, but only make *progresses*. When he left home the public seized him and bore him along over the land, the committee of one State passing him on to the committee of another, and the hurrahs of one town dying away as those of the next caught his ear." One evidence of his popularity is the great number of children named in his honor. An English woman traveling in America during the Presidential canvass of 1844 writes that at least three-fourths of all the boy babies born in that year must have been named for Henry Clay. "Even now, more than thirty years after his death," says Carl Schurz, writing in 1886, "we may hear old men, who knew him in the days of his strength, speak of him



HENRY CLAY.

with an enthusiasm and affection so warm and fresh as to convince us that the recollection of having followed his leadership is among the dearest treasures of their memory."

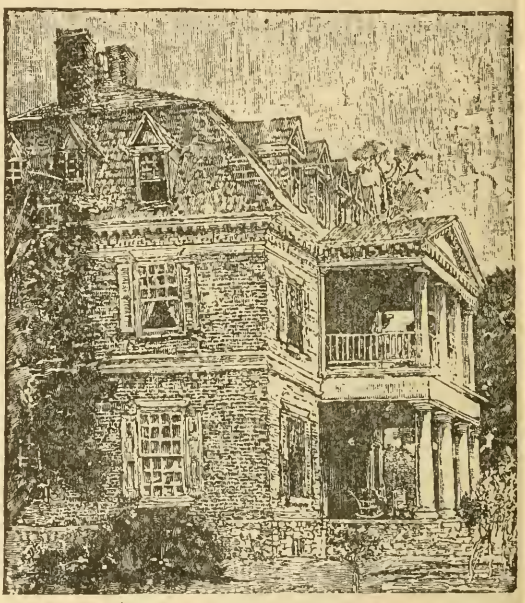
Henry Clay was born in Hanover county, near Richmond, Virginia, in one of the darkest days of the Revolution,—the year of 1777 ; the year of the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, before yet the glad news of Burgoyne's surrender had come to cheer the hearts of the struggling colonists. His father, a poor Baptist preacher, died when Henry was four years old, leaving a wife and seven children. There is a story that while his body was lying in the house, a party of British cavalry made a raid through the neighborhood, and left on Mrs. Clay's table a handful of silver to pay for some property they had taken ; but that as soon as they were gone, even in her poverty and grief the spirited woman swept the money from the table and threw it in the fireplace.

Clay's boyhood was that of the typical "self-made man,"—a time of hard labor, poverty, and small opportunities. "We catch our first glimpse of the boy when he sat in a little log school-house, without windows or floor, one of a humming score of shoeless boys, where a good-natured, irritable, drinking English schoolmaster taught him to read, write, and cipher as far as Practice. This was the only school he ever attended, and that was all he learned at it. His widowed mother with her seven young children, her little farm, and two or three slaves, could do no more for him. Next, we see him a tall, awkward, slender stripling of thirteen, still barefoot, clad in homespun butternut of his mother's making, tilling her fields, and going to mill with his bag of corn strapped upon the family pony." At fourteen, in the year 1791, a place was found for him in a Richmond drug store, where he served as errand boy and youngest clerk for one year.

At this time occurred an event which decided his future. His mother having married again, her husband had influence enough to obtain for the youth a clerkship in the office of the Court of Chancery. The young gentlemen employed in that office long remembered the entrance among them of their new comrade. He was fifteen at the time, but very tall for his age, very slender, very awkward, and far from handsome. His good mother had arrayed him in a full suit of pepper-and-salt "figinny," an old Virginia fabric of silk and cotton His shirt and shirt-collar were stiffly starched, and his coat-tail stood out boldly behind him. The dandy clerks of Richmond exchanged glances as this gawky figure entered and took his place at a desk to begin work.

As he grew older, the raw and awkward stripling became a young man whose every movement had a winning or commanding grace. Handsome he never was ; but his ruddy face and abundant light hair, the grandeur of his forehead, and the speaking intelligence of his countenance, more than atoned for the irregularity of his features. But of all the physical gifts bestowed by nature

upon this favored child, the most unique and admirable was his voice. There was a depth of tone in it, a volume, a compass, a rich and tender harmony, which invested all he said with majesty. Parton writes that he heard it last when Clay was an old man, past seventy; and all he said was a few words of acknowledgment to a group of ladies in the largest hall in Philadelphia. "He spoke only in the ordinary tone of conversation; but his voice filled the room as the organ fills a great cathedral, and the ladies stood spellbound as the swelling cadences rolled about the vast apartment. We have heard much of Whitefield's piercing voice and Patrick Henry's silvery tones, but we cannot believe that either of those natural orators possessed an organ superior to Clay's majestic bass. No one who ever heard him speak will find it difficult to believe what tradition reports, that he was the peerless star of the Richmond Debating Society in 1795."



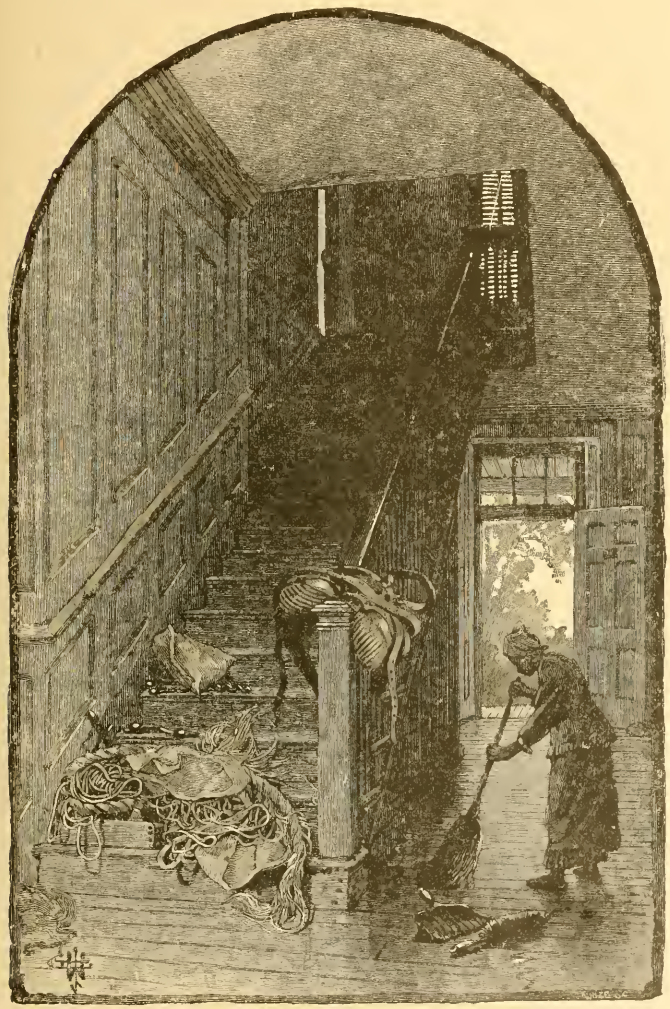
AN OLD VIRGINIA MANSION.

But he soon discovered that these gifts would not get him a paying practice as an attorney in Richmond so quickly as he desired; and as his mother and step-father had removed to Kentucky in 1792, he resolved to follow them to the western wilds, and there "grow up with the country." He was in his twenty-first year when he left Richmond, with his license to practice as an attorney, but with little else, in his pocket.

A tall, plain, poor, friendless youth was young Henry Clay, when he set up in Lexington, and announced himself a candidate for practice as an attorney. He had not even the means of paying his board. "I remember," he said, in a speech in 1842, "how comfortable I thought I should be if I could make £100, Virginia money, per year; and with what delight I received my first fifteen-shilling fee. My hopes were more than realized. I immediately rushed into a lucrative practice."

Less than two years after his arrival at Lexington, in April, 1799, Clay had achieved a position sufficiently secure to ask for and to obtain the hand of Lucretia Hart, the daughter of a man of high character and prominent standing in the State. She was a very estimable woman, and a most devoted wife to him. His prosperity increased rapidly; so that soon he was able to purchase Ashland, an estate of some six hundred acres, near Lexington, which afterward became famous as Henry Clay's home.

During the first thirteen years of Henry Clay's active life as a politician, he appears only as the eloquent champion of the policy of Mr. Jefferson, whom he esteemed the first and best of living men. After defending him on the stump and aiding him in the Kentucky Legislature, he was sent in 1806, when scarcely thirty, to fill for one term a seat in the Senate of the United States, made vacant by the resignation of one of the Kentucky Senators. Returning home at the end of the session, he re-entered the Kentucky Legislature. In support of President Jefferson's policy of non-intercourse with the warring nations of Europe, who were preying upon American commerce, Mr. Clay proposed that members of the Legislature should bind themselves to wear nothing that was not of American manufacture. A Federalist member, ignorant of the fact that the refusal of the people to use foreign imports had caused the repeal of the Stamp Act, and would have postponed the Revolution but for the accident at Lexington, denounced Mr. Clay's proposition as the act of a demagogue. Clay challenged this ill-informed gentleman, and a duel resulted, in which two shots were exchanged, and both antagonists were slightly wounded. Elected again to the Senate for an unexpired term, he re-appeared in that body in 1809, and sat during two sessions.



AN OLD VIRGINIA MANSION—INTERIOR.

Mr. Clay's public life proper began in November, 1811, as a member of the House of Representatives. He was immediately elected speaker by the war party, by the decisive majority of thirty-one. He was then thirty-four years of age.

It is agreed that to Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives, more than to any other individual, we owe the war of 1812. When the House hesitated, it was he who, descending from the chair, spoke so as to re-assure it. When President Madison faltered, it was the stimulus of Clay's resistless presence that put heart into him again. Clay it was whose clarion notes rang out over departing regiments, and kindled within them the martial fire; and it was Clay's speeches which the soldiers loved to read by the camp-fire. When the war was going all wrong in the first year, President Madison wished to appoint Clay commander-in-chief of the land forces; but, said Gallatin, "What shall we do without him in the House of Representatives?"

In 1814, Clay was sent with four other commissioners to Ghent, in Belgium, to arrange the terms of a peace with England. A single anecdote will illustrate the impression he everywhere produced. An octogenarian British earl, who had retired from public life because of his years, but who still cherished a natural interest in public men and measures, being struck by the impression made in the aristocratic circles of London by the American commissioners, then on their way home from Ghent, requested a friend to bring them to see him at his house, to which his growing infirmities confined him. The visit was promptly and cheerfully paid, and the obliging friend afterwards inquired of the old lord as to the impression the Americans had made upon him. "Ah!" said the veteran, with the "light of other days" gleaming from his eyes, "I liked them all, but I liked the Kentucky man best." It was so everywhere.

From 1815, when he returned from Europe, until 1825, when he became Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams, Clay was Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was confessedly the best presiding officer that any deliberative body in America has ever known, and none was ever more severely tried. The intensity and bitterness of party feeling during the earlier portion of his speakership cannot now be realized except by the few who remember those days. On the floor of the house, Mr. Clay was often impetuous in discussion, and delighted to relieve the tedium of debate, and modify the bitterness of antagonism, by a sportive jest or lively repartee. On one occasion, General Smythe of Virginia, who often afflicted the house by the dryness and verbosity of his harangues, had paused in the middle of a speech, which seemed likely to endure forever, to send to the library for a book from which he wished to note a passage. Fixing his eye on Mr. Clay, he observed the Kentuckian writhing in his seat, as if his patience had already been exhausted. "You, sir," remarked Smythe, addressing him, "speak for the present generation; but I speak for posterity." "Yes," said Clay, "and you seem resolved to speak until the arrival of your audience."

Only once in the course of his long representative career was Clay obliged to canvass for his election, and he was never defeated, nor ever could be, before

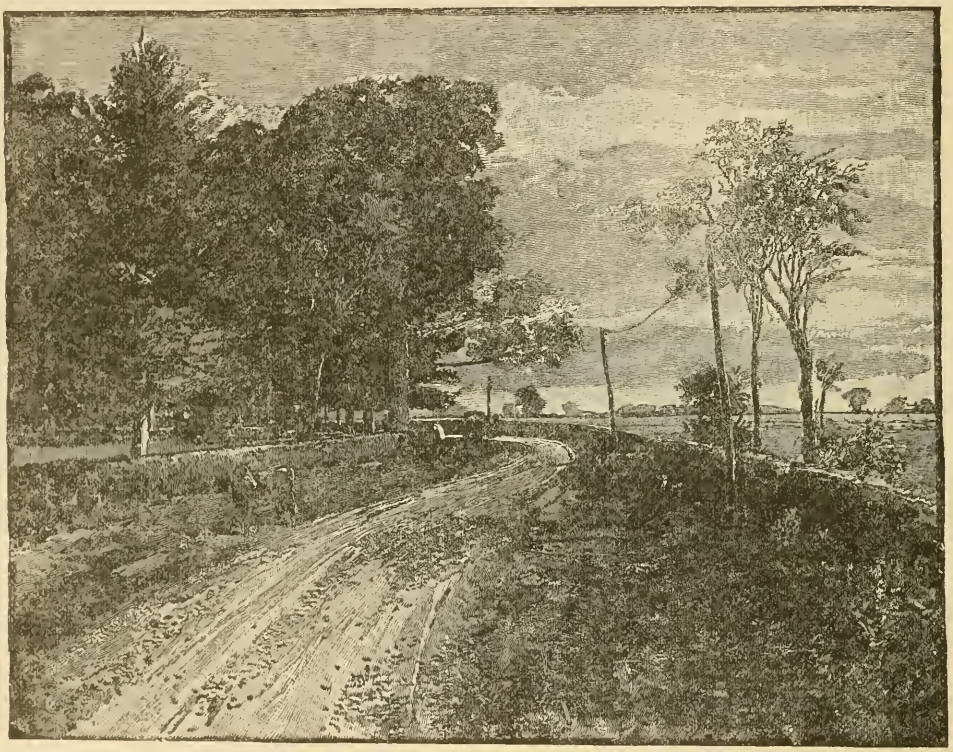
a public that he could personally meet and address. The one searching ordeal to which he was subjected, followed the passage of the "Compensation Act" of 1816, whereby Congress substituted for its per diem rate a fixed salary of $1500 to each member. This act excited great hostility especially in the West, then very poor.

While canvassing the district, Mr. Clay encountered an old hunter, who had always before been his warm friend, but was now opposed to his re-election on account of the Compensation Bill. "Have you a good rifle, my friend?" asked Mr. Clay. "Yes." "Did it ever flash?" "Once only," he replied "What did you do with it,—throw it away?" "No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down the game." "Have I ever flashed, but upon the Compensation Bill?" "No!" "Will you throw me away?" "No, no!" exclaimed the hunter with enthusiasm, nearly overpowered by his feelings; "I will pick the flint, and try you again!" He was ever afterward a warm supporter of Mr. Clay.

THE FAMOUS "MISSOURI COMPROMISE."

In March, 1818, a petition for the admission of Missouri into the Union was presented in Congress; and then began that long and bitter struggle over slavery, which, after convulsing the country for nearly half a century, was finally ended on the banks of the Appomattox, in 1865. "No sooner had the debate begun," says Schurz, "than it became clear that the philosophical anti-slavery sentiment of the revolutionary period had entirely ceased to have any influence upon current thought in the South. The abolition of the foreign slave trade had not, as had been hoped, prepared the way for the abolition of slavery or weakened the slave interest in any sense. On the contrary, slavery had been immensely strengthened by an economic development making it more profitable than it ever had been before. The invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney, in 1793, had made the culture of cotton a very productive source of wealth. In 1800 the exportation of cotton from the United States was 19,000,000 pounds, valued at $5,700,000. In 1820 the value of the cotton export was nearly $20,000,000, almost all of it the product of slave labor. The value of slaves may be said to have at least trebled in twenty years. The breeding of slaves became a profitable industry. Under such circumstances the slaveholders arrived at the conclusion that slavery was by no means so wicked and hurtful an institution as their revolutionary fathers had thought it to be. The anti-slavery professions of the revolutionary time became to them an awkward reminiscence, which they would have been glad to wipe from their own and other people's memories On the other hand, in the Northern States there was no such change of feeling. Slavery was still, in the nature of things, believed to be a wrong and a sore The change of sentiment in the South had not yet produced its reflex in the North. The slavery question had not become a subject of difference of opinion

and of controversy among the Northern people. As they had abolished slavery in their States, so they took it for granted that it ought to disappear, and would disappear in time, everywhere else. Slavery had indeed, now and then, asserted itself in the discussions of Congress as a distinct interest, but not in such a way as to arouse much alarm in the free States. The amendment to the Missouri Bill, providing for a restriction with regard to slavery, came therefore in a perfectly natural way from that Northern sentiment which remained still faithful to the traditions of the revolutionary period. And it was a great surprise to most Northern people that so natural a proposition should be so fiercely resisted on



TURNPIKE IN THE BLUE GRASS REGION OF KENTUCKY.

the part of the South. It was the sudden revelation of a change of feeling in the South which the North had not observed in its progress. 'The discussion of this Missouri question has betrayed the secret of their souls,' wrote John Quincy Adams. The slaveholders watched with apprehension the steady growth of the free States in population, wealth, and power. In 1790 the population of the two sections had been nearly even. In 1820 there was a difference of over 600,000 in favor of the North in a total of less than ten millions. In 1790 the representation of the two sections in Congress had been about evenly balanced, In 1820 the census promised to give the North a preponderance of

more than thirty votes in the House of Representatives. As the slaveholders had no longer the ultimate extinction, but now the perpetuation, of slavery in view, the question of sectional power became one of first importance to them, and with it the necessity of having more slave States for the purpose of maintaining the political equilibrium, at least in the Senate. A struggle for more slave States was to them a struggle for life. This was the true significance of the Missouri question."

The famous "Missouri Compromise," by which the ominous dispute of 1820 was at last settled, included the admission of one free State (Maine) and one slave State (Missouri) at the same time;—a precedent which it was understood would be thereafter followed; and it was enacted that no other slave State should be formed out of any of the Louisiana or "Northwest territory" north of latitude 36° 30′, which was the southern boundary line of Missouri. The assent of opposing parties to this arrangement was secured largely by the patriotic efforts of Clay, who, says Schurz, "did not confine himself to speeches, . . . but went from man to man, expostulating, beseeching, persuading, in his most winning way. . . . His success added greatly to his reputation and gave new strength to his influence." The result, says John Quincy Adams, was "to bring into full display the talents and resources and influence of Mr. Clay." He was praised as "the great pacificator,"—a character which was confirmed by the deeds of his later life.

During his long term in the House of Representatives, Clay had the misfortune to incur the hatred of General Jackson,—a hatred which, once roused, was implacable. The only ground for Jackson's ill-will was found in proper criticisms by Clay of his public acts; but to Jackson no criticism was proper; and from that time forward hatred of Clay became one of Jackson's leading motives, actually determining his course in many of the most important acts of his public life. In 1825 it led to an attack which profoundly affected the political history of the time, as well as the career of Henry Clay.

The presidential election of 1824 gave no one of the candidates a majority of the electoral votes. Jackson had 99 votes, Adams 84, Crawford 41, and Clay 37. Under the Constitution this result made it necessary for the House of Representatives to choose the President from among the three candidates having the largest number of votes. Clay was Speaker of the House; and as his influence at this time was very great, it was at once perceived that he had it practically within his power to decide the choice; and the friends of both Jackson and Crawford began to pay assiduous court to him. He however promptly declared his intention of using his influence to secure the choice of Adams; whereupon the Jackson party, a few days before the election, publicly accused him of having sold his influence to Adams under a "corrupt bargain," by which Clay was to be given the Secretaryship of State in payment for making Adams

President. Adams was Clay's natural choice, and it was altogether fitting and proper that Clay should take the first place in the cabinet; but the charge, with ingenious malice, was made *before* the election; and when the event proved as predicted, the confirmation of what seemed a prophecy was almost irresistible, and it had a tremendous and most damaging effect. For years the cry of "bargain and sale" was never allowed to drop. History has shown that no charge was ever more completely unfounded. It appears to have been a deliberately concocted slander; yet, in spite of every defense, the injury to Clay's reputation and subsequent career was very great.

In 1829, Jackson succeeded to the Presidency, and for a short season Clay returned to private life in his beautiful Kentucky home; but he was not long to remain there; in 1831 he was again elected to the Senate, where he remained until 1842. They were stormy years. In South Carolina the opposition to the protective tariff had led to the promulgation of the famous "nullification" theory,—the doctrine that any State had the power to declare a law of the United States null and void. Jackson, whose anger was thoroughly aroused, dealt with the revolt in summary fashion; threatening that if any resistance to the government was attempted, he would instantly have the leaders arrested and brought to trial for treason. Nevertheless, to allay the discontent of the South, Clay devised his Compromise Tariff of 1833, under which the duties were gradually reduced, until they reached a minimum of twenty per cent. In 1832 he allowed himself, very unwisely, to be a candidate for the presidency, Jackson's re-election being a foregone conclusion. In 1836 he declined a nomination, and Van Buren was elected. Then followed the panic of 1837, which insured the defeat of the party in power, and the election of the Whig candidate at the following presidential election; but the popularity of General Jackson had convinced the party managers that success demanded a military hero as a candidate; and accordingly General Harrison, "the hero of Tippecanoe," was elected, after the famous "Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign" of 1840. This slight was deeply mortifying to Clay, who had counted with confidence upon being the candidate of the party. "I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties," he truly remarked: "always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I, or any one else, would be sure of an election."

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1844.

In 1844, however, Clay's opportunity came at last. He was so obviously the Whig candidate that there was no opposition. The convention met at Baltimore in May, and he was nominated by acclamation, with a shout that shook the building. Everything appeared to indicate success, and his supporters regarded his triumphant election as certain.

But into the politics of the time had come a new factor—the "Liberty party." This had been hitherto considered unimportant; but the proposed annexation of Texas, which had become a prominent question, was opposed by many in the North who had hitherto voted with the Whig party. Clay was a slaveholder, and though he had opposed the extension of slavery, his record was not satisfactory to those who disapproved of the annexation of Texas. By letters and speeches he endeavored to conciliate them; but he was between two fires; he did not succeed in securing their adherence, while his efforts to do so lost him the support of many with whom annexation was popular. Then, too, his old enemy, Jackson, from his seclusion at the "Hermitage," wrote letters reviving the old "bargain and corruption" story of 1825. By an audacious fraud, his opponents posed in Pennsylvania as the friends of protection, and the cry of "Polk, Dallas and the tariff of 1842!" was made to do duty against him. As the campaign progressed, the more clear-sighted among his friends, in spite of his immense popularity, began to feel somewhat less certain of the result. But while the managers noticed the adverse current, the masses of the Whig party firmly expected success to the very last. It seemed impossible to them that Henry Clay could be defeated by James K. Polk. Everything depended on New York. The returns from the interior of the State came in slowly. There seemed to be still a possibility that heavy Whig majorities in the western counties might overcome the large Democratic vote in the eastern. The suspense was painful. People did not go to bed, watching for the mails. When at last the decisive news went forth which left no doubt of the result, the Whigs broke out in a wail of agony all over the land. "It was," says Nathan Sargent, "as if the first-born of every family had been stricken down." The descriptions we have of the grief manifested are almost incredible. Tears flowed in abundance from the eyes of men and women. In the cities and villages the business places were almost deserted for a day or two, people gathering together in

JAMES K. POLK.

L. of C.

groups to discuss in low tones what had happened. Neither did the victorious Democrats indulge in the usual demonstrations of triumph. There was a feeling as if a great wrong had been done. The Whigs were fairly stunned by their defeat. Many despaired of the republic, sincerely believing that the experiment of popular government had failed forever. Almost all agreed that the great statesmen of the country would thenceforth always remain excluded from the presidency, and that the highest office would be the prize only of second-rate politicians.

During the autumn and early part of the winter of 1844–5 Clay remained at Ashland, receiving and answering a flood of letters from all parts of the United States, and even from Europe, which conveyed to him expressions of condolence and sympathy. Private cares had meanwhile gathered, in addition to his public disappointments. He had for some time been laboring under great pecuniary embarrassment, owing partly to the drafts which are always made upon the purse of a prominent public man, partly to the business failure of one of his sons. Aside from other pressing debts, there was a heavy mortgage resting on Ashland, and, as an old man of sixty-seven, Clay found himself forced to consider whether, in order to satisfy his creditors, it would not be necessary to part with his beloved home. Relief came to him suddenly, and in an unexpected form. When offering a payment to the bank at Lexington, the president informed him that sums of money had arrived from different parts of the country to pay off Henry Clay's debts, and that all the notes and the mortgage were canceled. Clay was deeply moved. "Who did this?" he asked the banker. All the answer he received was that the givers were unknown, but they were presumably "not his enemies." Clay doubted whether he should accept the gift, and consulted some of his friends. They reminded him of the many persons of historic renown who had not refused tokens of admiration and gratitude from their countrymen; and added that, as he could not discover the unknown givers, he could not return the gift; and, as the gift appeared in the shape of a discharged obligation, he could not force the renewal of the debt. At last he consented to accept, and thus was Ashland saved to him.

THE COMPROMISE OF 1850.

The last and greatest public work of Clay's life was the famous Compromise of 1850, which, as has often been said, postponed for ten years the great Civil War. In 1849 he was unanimously elected United States Senator by the Kentucky Legislature, in spite of the well-known fact that his views on the slavery question were distasteful to a large number of his constituents. The truth is that they saw that a storm was gathering, and relied on Clay's wisdom and patriotism to meet the emergency. The sentiment against slavery was increasing. The free States were outstripping the slave States in wealth and popula-

tion. It was evident that slavery must have more territory or die. Shut out of the Northwest by the Missouri Compromise, it was supposed that a great field for its extension had been gained in Texas and the territory acquired from Mexico. But now California, a part of this territory which had been counted upon for slavery, was populated by a sudden rush of Northern immigration, attracted by the discovery of gold; and a State government was organized, with a constitution excluding slavery. Thus, instead of adding to the area of slavery, the Mexican territory seemed likely to increase the strength of freedom. The South was both alarmed and exasperated. Threats of disunion were freely made. It was evident that prompt measures must be taken to allay the prevail-

RESIDENCE OF A SOUTHERN PLANTER.

ing excitement, if disruption was to be avoided. In such an emergency it was natural that all eyes should turn to the "great pacificator," Henry Clay.

When, at the session of 1849–'50, he appeared in the Senate, to assist, if possible, in removing the slavery question from politics, Clay was an infirm and serious, but not sad, old man of seventy-two. He never lost his cheerfulness or faith, but he felt deeply for his distracted country. During that memorable session of Congress he spoke seventy times. Often extremely sick and feeble, scarcely able, with the assistance of a friend's arm, to climb the steps of the Capitol, he was never absent on the days when the Compromise was to be debated. On the morning on which he began his great speech, he was accom-

panied by a clerical friend, to whom he said, on reaching the long flight of steps leading to the Capitol, "Will you lend me your arm, my friend? for I find myself quite weak and exhausted this morning." Every few steps he was obliged to stop and take breath. "Had you not better defer your speech?" asked the clergyman. "My dear friend," said the dying orator, "I consider our country in danger; and if I can be the means, in any measure, of averting that danger, my health or life is of little consequence." When he rose to speak, it was but too evident that he was unfit for the task he had undertaken. But as he kindled with his subject, his cough left him, and his bent form resumed all its wonted erectness and majesty. He may, in the prime of his strength, have spoken with more energy, but never with so much pathos or grandeur. His speech lasted two days; and, though he lived two years longer, he never recovered from the effects of the effort. The thermometer in the Senate chamber marked nearly 100°. Toward the close of the second day, his friends repeatedly proposed an adjournment; but he would not desist until he had given complete utterance to his feelings. He said afterward that he was not sure, if he gave way to an adjournment, that he should ever be able to resume.

Never was Clay's devotion to the Union displayed in such thrilling and pathetic forms as in the course of this long debate. On one occasion allusion was made to a South Carolina hot-head, who had publicly proposed to raise the flag of disunion. When Clay retorted by saying, that, if Mr. Rhett had really meant that proposition, and should follow it up by corresponding acts, he would be a *traitor*, and added, "and I hope he will meet a traitor's fate," thunders of applause broke from the crowded galleries. When the chairman succeeded in restoring silence, Mr. Clay made that celebrated declaration which was so frequently quoted in 1861: "If Kentucky to-morrow shall unfurl the banner of resistance unjustly, I will never fight under that banner. I owe paramount allegiance to the whole Union, a subordinate one to my own State." Again: "The Senator speaks of Virginia being my country. This Union, sir, is my country; the thirty States are my country; Kentucky is my country, and Virginia, no more than any State in the Union." And yet again: "There are those who think that the Union must be preserved by an exclusive reliance upon love and reason. That is not my opinion. I have some confidence in this instrumentality; but, depend upon it, no human government can exist without the power of applying force, and the actual application of it in extreme cases."

"Who can estimate," says Parton, "the influence of these clear and emphatic utterances ten years after? The crowded galleries, the numberless newspaper reports, the quickly succeeding death of the great orator, all aided to give them currency and effect. We shall never know how many wavering minds they aided to decide in 1861. Not that Mr. Clay really believed the conflict would occur: he was mercifully permitted to die in the conviction that the

Compromise of 1850 had removed all immediate danger, and greatly lessened that of the future. Far indeed was he from foreseeing that the ambition of Stephen A. Douglas, a man born in New England, calling himself a disciple of Andrew Jackson, would within five years destroy all compromises, and render all future compromise impossible, by procuring the repeal of the first,—the Missouri Compromise of 1821?"

"Whatever Clay's weaknesses of character and errors in statesmanship may have been," says Schurz, "almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country, a glowing national spirit, a lofty patriotism. Whether he thundered against British tyranny on the seas, or urged the recognition of the South American sister republics, or attacked the high-handed conduct of the military chieftain in the Florida war, or advocated protection and internal improvements, or assailed the one-man power and spoils politics in the person of Andrew Jackson, or entreated for compromise and conciliation regarding the tariff or slavery; whether what he advocated was wise or unwise, right or wrong,—there was always ringing through his words a fervid plea for his country, a zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the Republic, or an anxious warning lest the Union, and with it the greatness and glory of the American people, be put in jeopardy. It was a just judgment which he pronounced upon himself when he wrote: "If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of the Union will furnish him the key."

DANIEL WEBSTER,

THE DEFENDER OF NATIONAL UNION.

N THE hall of the United States Senate, on January 26, 1830, occurred one of the most memorable scenes in the annals of Congress. It was then that Daniel Webster made his famous "Reply to Hayne,"—that renowned speech which has been declared the greatest oration ever made in Congress, and which, in its far-reaching effect upon the public mind, did so much to shape the future destiny of the American Union. That speech was Webster's crowning work, and the event of his life by which he will be best known to posterity.

Nothing in our history is more striking than the contrast between the Union of the time of Washington and the Union of the time of Lincoln. It was not merely that in the intervening seventy-two years the republic had grown great and powerful; it was that the popular sentiment toward the Union was transformed. The old feeling of distrust and jealousy had given place to a passionate attachment. It was as though a puny, sickly, feeble child, not expected by its parents even to live, had come to be their strong defense and support, their joy and pride. A weak league of States had become a strong nation; and when in 1861 it was attacked, millions of men were ready to fight for its defense. What brought about this great change? What was it that stirred this larger patriotism, that gave shape and purpose to the growing feeling of national pride and unity? It was in a great degree the work of Daniel Webster. It was he who maintained and advocated the theory that the Federal Constitution created, not a league, but a nation,—that it welded the people into organic union, supreme and perpetual; who set forth in splendid completeness the picture of a great nation, inseparably united, commanding the first allegiance and loyalty of every citizen; and who so fostered and strengthened the sentiment of union that when the great struggle came, it had grown too strong to be overthrown.

Daniel Webster was born in the year 1782,—soon after the surrender of Cornwallis, but before the treaty of peace had formally ended the War of the

Revolution. His father was one of the brave men who fought at Lexington; and like most of the patriots of that day, had a large family to support and educate on his rocky New Hampshire farm. Daniel was the youngest of ten children, and, like the rest, was early put to work. He was intensely fond of books. When at work in his father's saw-mill, he would set a log, and while the saw was going through it, would devour a book. There was a small circulating library in the village, and Daniel read everything it contained, committing most of the contents to memory. His talents as a reader were known in the neighborhood, and the passing teamsters, while they watered their horses, delighted to get "Webster's boy," with his delicate look and great dark eyes, to come out beneath the shade of the trees and read the Bible to them with all the force of his childish eloquence.

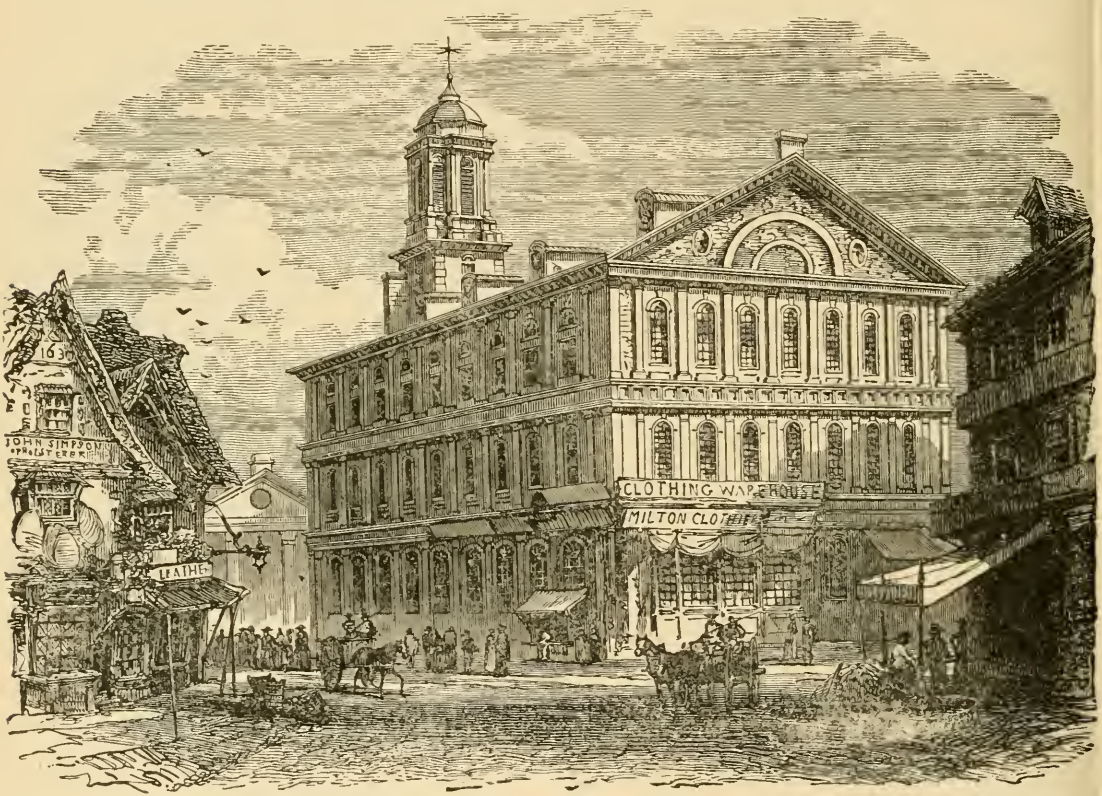
Daniel's abilities as a boy in many ways gave promise of his future greatness. His powers of memory were, all through life, most extraordinary. His teacher used to tell of one of the facts of his schoolboy days. "On a Saturday, I remember," says the ancient pedagogue, "I held up a handsome new jack-knife to the scholars, and said that the boy who would commit to memory the greatest number of verses in the Bible by Monday morning should have it. Many of the boys did well; but when it came to Daniel's turn to recite, I found that he had committed so much, that, after hearing him repeat some sixty or seventy verses, I was obliged to give up,—he telling me that there were *several chapters* yet to recite, that he had learned. Daniel got that jack-knife."

The story of the sacrifices made by the whole family in order that the boys might be educated, bears touching witness to the family affection and unity. When fourteen, Daniel was sent to Phillips Exeter Academy, and in the following year he entered Dartmouth College. By teaching school in vacation he made his way through college, and also managed to aid his brother Ezekiel. He was the foremost man in his class, maintaining this position throughout the whole course. In 1801 he began to study law in Salisbury, New Hampshire. In 1804, to perfect his legal knowledge, he went to Boston, and was admitted to the bar in 1805.

WEBSTER'S MAGNIFICENT APPEARANCE.

No sketch of Daniel Webster is complete or adequate which omits to describe his extraordinary personal appearance and presence. "We can but half understand his eloquence and its influence," says Mr. Lodge, "if we do not carefully study his physical attributes, his temperament and disposition. In face, form, and voice, nature did her utmost for Daniel Webster. He seemed to every one to be a giant; that, at least, is the word we most commonly find applied to him; and there is no better proof of his wonderful impressiveness than this fact, for he was not a man of extraordinary stature. He was five feet ten inches in height, and, in health, weighed a little less than two hundred pounds. These

are the proportions of a large man, but there is nothing remarkable about them. We must look elsewhere than to mere size to discover why men spoke of Webster as a giant. He had a swarthy complexion and straight black hair. His head was very large; at the same time it was of noble shape, with a broad and lofty brow, and his features were finely cut and full of massive strength. His eyes were extraordinary. They were very large and deep-set, and, when he began to rouse himself to action, shone with the deep light of a forge-fire, getting ever more glowing as excitement rose. His voice was in harmony with



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, WHICH WEBSTER CALLED "THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY."

his appearance. It was low and musical in conversation; in debate it was high but full, ringing out in moments of excitement like a clarion, and then sinking to deep notes with the solemn richness of organ-tones, while the words were accompanied by a manner in which grace and dignity mingled in complete accord."

That indefinable quality which we call personal magnetism, the power of impressing by one's personality every human being who comes near, was at its height in Mr. Webster. He never, for instance, punished his children, but when they did wrong he would send for them and look at them silently. The look

whether of sorrow or anger, was punishment and rebuke enough. It was the same with other children.

Daniel Webster had surpassing abilities in three great spheres,—those of the lawyer, the orator, and the statesman. As a lawyer his most famous arguments are those in the Dartmouth College case, the White murder case, and the "steamboat case," as it was called. A part of his speech in the murder case is still printed in school readers, and declaimed on examination days. The Dartmouth College case is one of the most famous in American litigation. While very intricate, it may be generally described as a suit to annul the charter of the college on the ground that it had failed to carry out the purposes expressed in the will of its founder. After trial in the State courts, it was appealed to the United States Supreme Court, before which Mr. Webster made his great argument in 1818. Mr. C. A. Goodrich, who was present, has given the following description of the scene:—

The Supreme Court of the United States held its session, that winter, in a mean apartment of moderate size—the Capitol not having been built after its destruction in 1814. The audience, when the case came on, was therefore small, consisting chiefly of legal men, the *élite* of the profession throughout the country. Mr. Webster entered upon his argument in the calm tone of easy and dignified conversation. His matter was so completely at his command that he scarcely looked at his brief, but went on for more than four hours with a statement so luminous and a chain of reasoning so easy to be understood, and yet approaching so nearly to absolute demonstration, that he seemed to carry with him every man in his audience, without the slightest effort or weariness on either side. It was hardly eloquence, in the strict sense of the term; it was pure reason. Now and then, for a sentence or two, his eye flashed and his voice swelled into a bolder note, as he uttered some emphatic thought; but he instantly fell back into the tone of earnest conversation, which ran throughout the great body of his speech.

A single circumstance will show the clearness and absorbing power of his argument. I had observed that Judge Story, at the opening of the case, had prepared himself, pen in hand, as if to take copious minutes. Hour after hour I saw him fixed in the same attitude, but, so far as I could perceive, with not a note on his paper. The argument closed, and I could not discover that he had taken a single note. Others around me remarked the same thing; and it was among the *on dits* of Washington, that a friend spoke to him of the fact with surprise, when the judge remarked: "Everything was so clear, and so easy to remember, that not a note seemed necessary, and, in fact, I thought little or nothing about my notes."

The argument ended. Mr. Webster stood for some moments silent before the court, while every eye was fixed intently upon him. At length, addressing the Chief Justice, Marshall, he proceeded thus:

"This, sir, is my case! It is the case, not merely of that humble institution, it is the case of every college in our land. It is more. It is the case of every eleemosynary institution throughout our country; of all those great charities founded by the piety of our ancestors to alleviate human misery, and scatter blessings along the pathway of life. It is more! It is, in some sense, the case of every man among us who has property of which he may be stripped; for the question is simply this: Shall our State Legislatures be allowed to take that which is not their own, to turn it from its original use, and apply it to such ends and purposes as they, in their discretion, shall see fit.

"Sir, you may destroy this little institution; it is weak; it is in your hands! I know it is one of the lesser lights in the literary horizon of our country. You may put it out. But if you do

so, you must carry through your work! You must extinguish, one after another, all those great lights of science which, for more than a century, have thrown their radiance over our land.

"It is, sir, as I have said, a small college. And yet, there are those who love it——"

Here the feelings which he had thus far succeeded in keeping down broke forth. His lips quivered; his firm cheeks trembled with emotion; his eyes were filled with tears; his voice choked, and he seemed struggling to the utmost simply to gain that mastery over himself which might save him from an unmanly burst of feeling. I will not attempt to give you the few broken words of tenderness in which he went on to speak of his attachment to the college. The whole seemed to be mingled throughout with the recollections of father, mother, brother, and all the trials and privations through which he had made his way into life. Every one saw that it was wholly unpremeditated, a pressure on his heart which sought relief in words and tears.

The court-room, during these two or three minutes, presented an extraordinary spectacle. Chief Justice Marshall, with his tall, gaunt figure bent over as if to catch the slightest whisper, the deep furrows of his cheeks expanded with emotion, and eyes suffused with tears; Mr. Justice Washington at his side, with his small and emaciated frame, and countenance more like marble than I ever saw on any human being, leaning forward with an eager, troubled look; and the remainder of the court, at the two extremities, pressing, as it were, toward a single point, while the audience below were wrapping themselves round in closer folds beneath the bench to catch each look, and every movement of the speaker's face. If a painter could give us the scene on canvas—those forms and countenances, and Daniel Webster as he then stood in the midst, it would be one of the most touching pictures in the history of eloquence. One thing it taught me, that the pathetic depends not merely on the words uttered, but still more on the estimate we put upon him who utters them. There was not one among the strong-minded men of that assembly who could think it unmanly to weep, when he saw standing before him the man who had made such an argument, melted into the tenderness of a child.

Mr. Webster had now recovered his composure, and fixing his eye on the Chief Justice, said, in that deep tone with which he sometimes thrilled the heart of an audience:—

"Sir, I know not how others may feel" (glancing at the opponents of the college before him), "but, for myself, when I see my Alma Mater surrounded, like Cæsar in the Senate-house, by those who are reiterating stab upon stab, I would not, for this right hand, have her turn to me and say, '*Et tu quoque, mi fili!* And thou too, my son!'"

He sat down. There was a death-like stillness throughout the room for some moments; every one seemed to be slowly recovering himself, and coming gradually back to his ordinary range of thought and feeling.

As an orator, Mr. Webster's most famous speeches are the Plymouth Rock address, in 1820, on the two hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims; the Bunker Hill Monument address, in 1825; and his speeches in the Senate on January 30th, 1830, in reply to Hayne, and March 7th, 1850, on Clay's Compromise Bill.

Of the Plymouth Rock oration a glimpse is given in a letter written at the time to a friend by Mr. George Ticknor. He writes:—

"*Friday Evening.* I have run away from a great levee there is down-stairs, thronging in admiration round Mr. Webster, to tell you a little word about his oration. Yet I do not dare to trust myself about it, and I warn you beforehand that I have not the least confidence in my own opinion. His manner carried me away completely; not, I think, that I could have been so carried away if it had been a poor oration, for of that, I apprehend, there can be no fear. It *must* have

been a great, a very great performance; but whether it was so absolutely unrivaled as I imagined when I was under the immediate influence of his presence, of his tones, of his looks, I cannot be sure till I have read it, for it seems to me incredible.

"I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood; for, after all, you must know that I am aware it is no connected and compacted whole, but a collection of wonderful fragments of burning eloquence, to which his whole manner gave tenfold force. When I came out I was almost afraid to come near to him. It seemed to me that he was like the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire. I was beside myself, and am so still.

"The passage at the end, where, spreading his arms as if to embrace them, he welcomed future generations to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed, was spoken with the most attractive sweetness, and that peculiar smile which in him was always so charming. The effect of the whole was very great. As soon as he got home to our lodgings, all the principal people then in Plymouth crowded about him. He was full of animation, and radiant with happiness. But there was something about him very grand and imposing at the same time. I never saw him at any time when he seemed to me to be more conscious of his own powers, or to have a more true and natural enjoyment from their possession."

THE MEMORABLE "REPLY TO HAYNE."

Beyond all doubt, Mr. Webster's greatest and most renowned oratorical effort was his speech in reply to Robert Y. Hayne of South Carolina, delivered in the Senate on the 26th of January, 1830. "There was," says Edward Everett, "a very great excitement in Washington, growing out of the controversies of the day, and the action of the South; and party spirit ran uncommonly high. There seemed to be a preconcerted action on the part of the Southern members to break down the Northern men, and to destroy their force and influence by a premeditated onslaught.

"Mr. Hayne's speech was an eloquent one, as all know who ever read it. He was considered the foremost Southerner in debate, except Calhoun, who was Vice-President and could not enter the arena. Mr. Hayne was the champion of the Southern side. Those who heard his speech felt much alarm, for two reasons; first on account of its eloquence and power, and second, because of its many personalities. It was thought by many who heard it, and by some of Mr. Webster's personal friends, that it was impossible for him to answer the speech.

"I shared a little myself in that fear and apprehension," said Mr. Everett. "I knew from what I heard concerning General Hayne's speech that it was a very masterly effort, and delivered with a great deal of power and with an air of triumph. I was engaged on that day in a committee of which I was chairman, and could not be present in the Senate. But immediately after the adjournment, I hastened to Mr. Webster's house, with, I admit, some little trepidation, not knowing how I should find him. But I was quite re-assured in a moment after seeing Mr. Webster, and observing his entire calmness. He seemed to be as much at his ease and as unmoved as I ever saw him. Indeed,

at first I was a little afraid from this that he was not quite aware of the magnitude of the contest. I said at once:—

"'Mr. Hayne has made a speech?'

"'Yes, he has made a speech.'

"'You reply in the morning?'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Webster, 'I do not propose to let the case go by default, and without saying a word.'

"'Did you take notes, Mr. Webster, of Mr. Hayne's speech.'

"Mr. Webster took from his vest pocket a piece of paper about as big as the palm of his hand, and replied, 'I have it all: that is his speech.'

"I immediately arose," said Mr. Everett, "and remarked to him that I would not disturb him longer; Mr. Webster desired me not to hasten, as he had no desire to be alone; but I left."

"On the morning of the memorable day," writes Mr. Lodge, "the Senate chamber was packed by an eager and excited crowd. Every seat on the floor and in the galleries was occupied, and all the available standing-room was filled. The protracted debate, conducted with so much ability on both sides, had excited the attention of the whole country, and had given time for the arrival of hundreds of interested spectators from all parts of the Union, and especially from New England.

"In the midst of the hush of expectation, in that dead silence which is so peculiarly oppressive because it is possible only when many human beings are gathered together, Mr. Webster arose. His personal grandeur and his majestic calm thrilled all who looked upon him. With perfect quietness, unaffected apparently by the atmosphere of intense feeling about him, he said, in a low, even tone:—

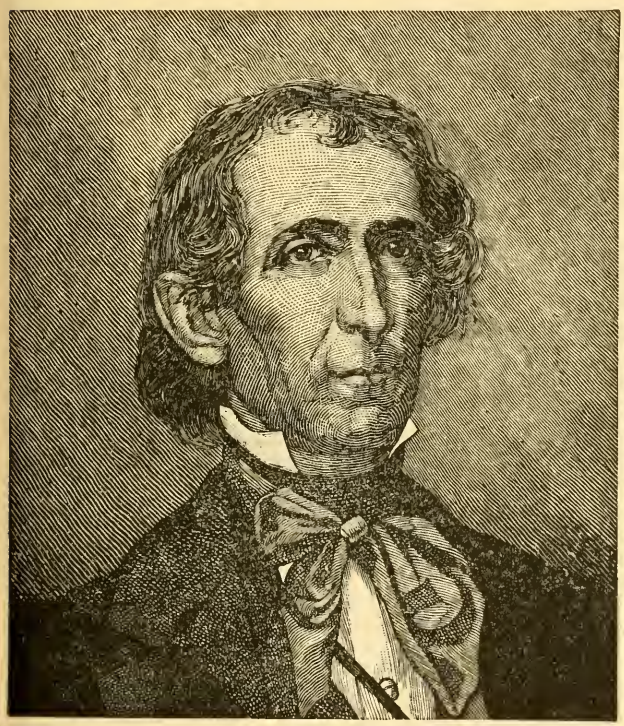
"'Mr. President: When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence; and, before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may, at least, be able to conjecture where we are now. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate.'

"This opening sentence was a piece of consummate art. The simple and appropriate image, the low voice, the calm manner, relieved the strained excitement of the audience, which might have ended by disconcerting the speaker if it had been maintained. Every one was now at his ease; and when the monotonous reading of the resolution ceased, Mr. Webster was master of the situation, and had his listeners in complete control."

With breathless attention they followed him as he proceeded. The strong, masculine sentences, the sarcasm, the pathos, the reasoning, the burning appeals to love of State and country, flowed on unbroken. As his feelings warmed the

fire came into his eyes; there was a glow in his swarthy cheek; his strong right arm seemed to sweep away resistlessly the whole phalanx of his opponents, and the deep and melodious cadences of his voice sounded like harmonious organ tones as they filled the chamber with their music. Who that ever read or heard it can forget the closing passage of that glorious speech?

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance behold rather the glorious ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* or those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterwards;* but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!"



JOHN TYLER.

As the last words died away into silence, those who had listened looked wonderingly at each other, dimly conscious that they had heard one of the grand speeches which are landmarks in the history of eloquence; and the men of the North and of New England went forth full of the pride of victory, for their champion had triumphed, and no assurance was needed to prove to the world that this time no answer could be made.

During all the years of Jackson's and Van Buren's administrations, Mr. Webster continued in the United States Senate. He opposed the innovations and usurpations of Jackson's reign; he was dignified, prudent, conservative. "Amid the flighty politics of the time," says Parton, "there seemed one solid thing in America as long as he sat in the arm-chair of the Senate Chamber."

Upon Harrison's inauguration in 1841, Mr. Webster became Secretary of State, which office he held under President Tyler until 1843. During this time

he negotiated the famous treaty with Lord Ashburton, which settled a dispute of long standing with England over the Maine boundary. In 1843 he resigned this position. He supported Clay for the Presidency in 1844, opposing the annexation of Texas, because it would involve the extension of slavery. In 1845 he was again elected to the Senate, and opposed the prosecution of the Mexican war, the real purpose of which was the increase of slave territory.

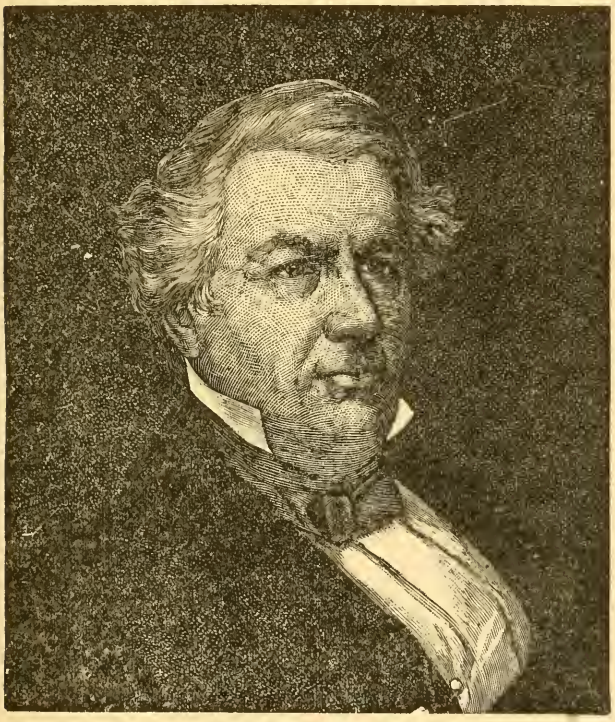
THE CRISIS OF 1850.

In 1850 the contest over slavery had become so fierce that it threatened to break up the Union. The advocates of slavery were bent upon its extension, while its opponents wished to restrict it to the States where it already existed. Webster was always opposed to slavery; but in the crisis of 1850, he thought that all other measures should be subordinate to the preservation of the Union. No one had done more than he to strengthen and perpetuate the Union; but it was his conviction that it would be destroyed if the struggle over slavery came to an issue at that time. Every year the attachment of the people to the Union was growing stronger. Every year the free States were gaining upon the slave States in strength, population, and power. If the contest over slavery could be averted, or even postponed, slavery would decline and ultimately die out, and the Union be preserved; while if the conflict were precipitated, the Union would be destroyed, and slavery perpetuated. Accordingly, he gave his support to the Compromise measures; and on the 7th of March, 1850, he made in advocacy of them the most famous speech of his life, before a great audience, hushed to death-like stillness, in the Senate chamber.

"Mr. President," Mr. Webster began, "I wish to speak to-day, not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American, and a member of the Senate of the United States,—a body to which the country looks, with confidence, for wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing counsels. It is not to be denied that we live in the midst of strong agitations, and are surrounded by very considerable dangers to our institutions of government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. The East, the West, the North, and the stormy South, all combine to throw the whole ocean into commotion, to toss its billows to the skies, and disclose its profoundest depths. . . . I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety, for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of the whole; and there is that which will keep me to my duty during this struggle, whether the sun and the stars shall appear, or shall not appear, for many days. I speak to-day for the preservation of the Union. 'Hear me for my cause.' I speak to-day out of a solicitous and anxious heart, for the restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to us all."

The Compromise measures before the Senate included two provisions which were particularly odious to the North,—one for the extension of slavery to the territory purchased from Mexico; the other for a more stringent law for the capture and return of fugitive slaves. Webster in his speech advocated the

acceptance of these provisions as part of the Compromise, and in doing so gave great offence to many supporters in the North, who had looked upon him as a steady opponent of slavery, who would never yield an inch to its exactions. In his speech Webster maintained that the constitution recognized the right of the master to the return of his escaped slave, and that its obligations could not be evaded without a violation of good faith. As to the territories, he argued that slavery was already by nature excluded from New Mexico, which was not adapted to the products of slave labor, and that to "re-enact a law of God," by formally excluding it, was a needless irritation to the South. Although he supported his position with great force, his speech was nevertheless regarded by anti-slavery men in the North as a surrender to the slave power, made with a view to securing support in the South as a candidate for the Presidency. He was denounced as recreant to the cause of freedom, and accused of having sold himself to the South. These charges did much to embitter the last years of his life; but he firmly adhered to his course, supported the Compromise measure in Congress, and made a number of speeches in its favor throughout the North After his death there was a gradual reaction, and many who had condemned him came to admit that his course, whether wise or not, was at least guided by pure and patriotic motives.



MILLARD FILLMORE.

In July, 1850, while the great Compromise was still before Congress, Webster was appointed by President Fillmore Secretary of State, which office he held until his death. His summer home was an immense farm at Marshfield, near Plymouth, Massachusetts, and for many years he had taken the keenest interest in all the operations of the farm. A friend who was often with him tells how he enjoyed his cattle, and how, on one occasion, after each animal was secured in his place, Mr. Webster amused himself by feeding them with ears of corn from an unhusked pile lying on the barn floor. As his son was trying to keep warm by playing with the dog, he said:—

"You do not seem, my son, to take much interest in this; but, for my part" (and here he broke an ear and fed the pieces to the oxen on his right and left and watched them as they crunched it), "I like it. I would rather be here than in he Senate," adding, with a smile which showed all his white teeth, "I think it better company."

In May, 1852, while driving near his Marshfield home, Mr. Webster was thrown from the carriage and seriously injured. Although he recovered sufficiently to visit Washington afterward, he never regained his health, and a few months later, in the autumn of 1852, he died at Marshfield. His death and burial were scenes of sublime pathos. In his last hours he manifested a strong desire to be conscious of the actual approach of death, and his last words were "*I still live.*" An immense concourse gathered at his funeral. It was a clear, beautiful autumn day, and his body was brought from the house and placed on the lawn, under the blue sky, where for several hours a stream of people of every class moved past, to gaze for the last time upon his majestic features. One, a plain farmer, was heard to say in a low voice, as he turned away, "Daniel Webster, without you the world will seem lonesome."

The spot where Webster reposes is upon elevated land, and overlooks the sea, his mammoth farm, the First Parish Church, and most of the town of Marshfield, wide spreading marshes, forests remote and near, the tranquil river, and glistening brooks. On a pleasant day the sands of Cape Cod can be descried from it, thirty miles directly to the east, where the Pilgrims first moored their ship. The spot is perfectly retired and quiet, nothing being usually heard but the solemn dirge of the ocean and the answering sighs of the winds. It is the spot of all others for his resting-place.

All in a temperate air, a golden light,
  Rich with October, sad with afternoon,
Fitly his frame was laid, with rustic rite,
  To rest amid the ripened harvest boon.
He loved the ocean's mighty murmur deep,
And this shall lull him through his dreamless sleep.

THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS.

Three commissioners from the Confederacy suggesting terms of Peace to President Lincoln and Secretary Seward in Fortress Monroe, January, 1865.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE PRESERVER OF THE UNION.

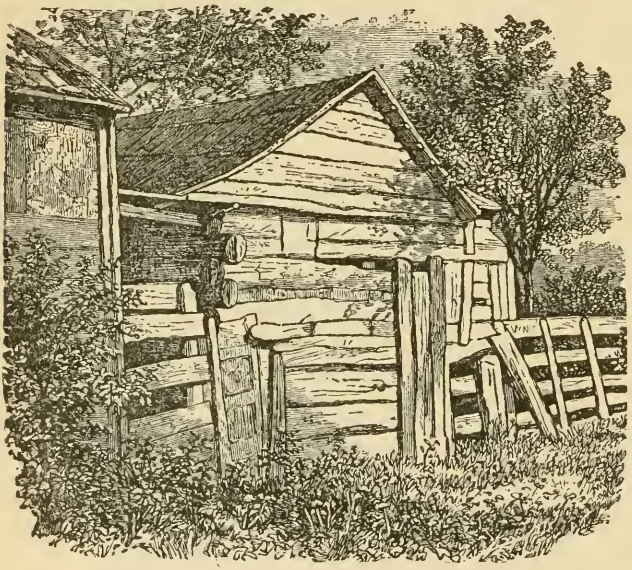
BY PROF. W. W. BIRDSALL*

N our gallery of famous Americans there is one figure which stands peculiarly alone. Before the halo of martyrdom had made his memory sacred, even before his divine insight had perceived the time when he should set the bondman free, it was declared that there was for Abraham Lincoln "a niche in the temple of fame, a niche near Washington." But our feeling for Lincoln is very different from the veneration with which we regard the Father of his country. Washington was a stately figure, too dignified for near approach. He commanded respect, admiration loyalty; but our feeling for Lincoln includes all these and with them a peculiar affection as for one very near and dear. It is not only that he is nearer to us in point of time; his was a nature so large, an experience so comprehensive, that the minds and hearts of all our people find in his a chord to which their own responds; and within the breast of every American there is something that claims Lincoln as his own.

The fame of Lincoln is increasing as the inner history of the great struggle for the life of the nation becomes known. For almost two decades after that struggle had settled the permanence of our government, our vision was obscured by the near view of the pygmy giants who "strutted their brief hour upon the stage;" our ears were filled with the loud claims of those who would magnify their own little part, and, knowing the facts concerning some one fraction of the contest assumed from that knowledge to proclaim the principle which should have governed the whole. Time is dissipating the mist, and we are coming better to know the great man who had no pride of opinion, who was

* Prof. Birdsall, who is President of Swarthmore College, has for years been a student of Lincoln's life.

willing to let Seward or Sumner or McClellan imagine that he himself was the guiding, dominating spirit of the government, if so that government might have the service of which each was capable; we see more clearly the real greatness of the leader who was too slow for one great section of his people, and too fast for another, too conservative for those, too radical for these; who refused to make the contest merely a war for the negro, yet who saw the end from the beginning, and so led, not a section of his people, but the whole people, away from the Egyptian plagues of slavery and disunion, united in sentiment and feeling and capable of united action, to the borders of the promised land. We are coming to appreciate that the "Father Abraham" who in that Red Sea passage of fraternal strife was ready to listen to every tale of sorrow, and who wanted it said that he "always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when he thought a flower would grow," was not only in this sense the father of his people, but that he was a truly great statesman, who, within the limits of human knowledge and human strength, guided the affairs of state with a wisdom, a patience, a courage, which belittle all praise, and make him seem indeed a man divinely raised up, not only to set the captive free, but in order that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."



LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD HOME IN KENTUCKY.

Abraham Lincoln came into the world in 1809, in a miserable hovel in Kentucky. His family were of that peculiar people, the shiftless, improvident, "poor whites" of the South. The father, Thomas Lincoln, was a typical specimen of his class,—lazy, trifling, spending his life in the search of some place in Kentucky, Indiana, or Illinois, where the rich soil would kindly yield its fruits without the painful price of labor. Some three generations back, he traced his ancestry to a Quaker origin in Pennsylvania; but the thrift of that peaceful people was not entailed in the family, and if the energy and ability of the Virginian grandfather who came with Boone into Kentucky was transmitted to the future President, certainly his father had it not. The mother's ancestry is unknown; by courtesy she took her mother's name of Hanks. In youth she was both bright and handsome, and possessed of considerable intellectual force

She taught her husband to read, and it is fair to imagine that had her lot been less sordid, her life not ground down by labor and squalor and the vice about her, she would have been fitted to adorn a higher sphere of life. Her son, though she died when he was in his tenth year, and though another woman filled her place and deserved the love and devotion with which he repaid her goodness, cherished the memory of his "angel mother," testifying that to her he owed "all that he was or hoped to be."

The story of Lincoln's boyhood belongs to a stage of civilization which our people have almost forgotten, or which they never knew. The removal to Spencer County, Indiana; the "half-faced camp" in which the family lived; the pride with which, a year later, they moved to a log cabin with dirt floor, and without doors or windows in the openings made for them; the death of the mother; the boy's first letter, begging a Kentucky preacher to come and preach a sermon over the grave in the wilderness; the loneliness, suffering, and deprivation that followed, complete a chapter whose pathos must touch all hearts. Relief came on the marriage of Thomas Lincoln to a thrifty Kentucky widow, whose advent necessitated a floor and doors and windows, who actually brought a stock of spare clothing and a clothes-press for its preservation, at which the boy, as he afterward said, "began to feel like a human being." This was typical frontier life. The hardship, the toil, the deprivation, killed the mothers; mysterious pestilence found, in the exposure and the filth, opportunity to sweep away whole families; vice abounded; ignorance and vulgarity were everywhere; but, somehow, out of their midst came sometimes a strong character and a great man. From this soil grew Lincoln. Schools were few, irregular, and poor, in the backwoods; but the young Lincoln took advantage of every such opportunity, and we find him at seventeen walking over four miles for the purpose. Reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic, with some irregular exercises in composition and declaiming, formed the whole of the course of study, except that his last teacher, one Crawford, astonished the natives by undertaking to teach *manners*. He would require one pupil to go outside and enter the room as a lady or gentleman would enter a parlor. Another, acting the part of host, would receive the in-comer, and politely introduce him to the company. When, in after years, the President's arm was wearied by the vigorous greetings of the thousands who filed through the stately East Room of the White House, if he ever thought of those early mock receptions, the contrast must have afforded him rich amusement.

At seventeen, Lincoln had grown to his full height; he weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and was wiry, strong, and vigorous. He wore low shoes or moccasins. His trousers were of buckskin, and usually bagged unnecessarily in one region, while, by reason of their brevity, they left several inches of shin bone exposed. A linsey-woolsey shirt and coon-skin cap, the tail hanging

down his back, completed this backwoods outfit. It is doubtful whether he ever owned an arithmetic; but leaves exist, taken from a book made and bound by him, in which he copied problems illustrating the various principles of arithmetic. One page is devoted to subtraction of Long Measure, Land Measure, and Dry Measure, the headings being written in a bold hand, and each subject illustrated by two or three problems. About the edges are some extra flourishes and ciphering, and at the bottom the touching lines :—

"Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows When."

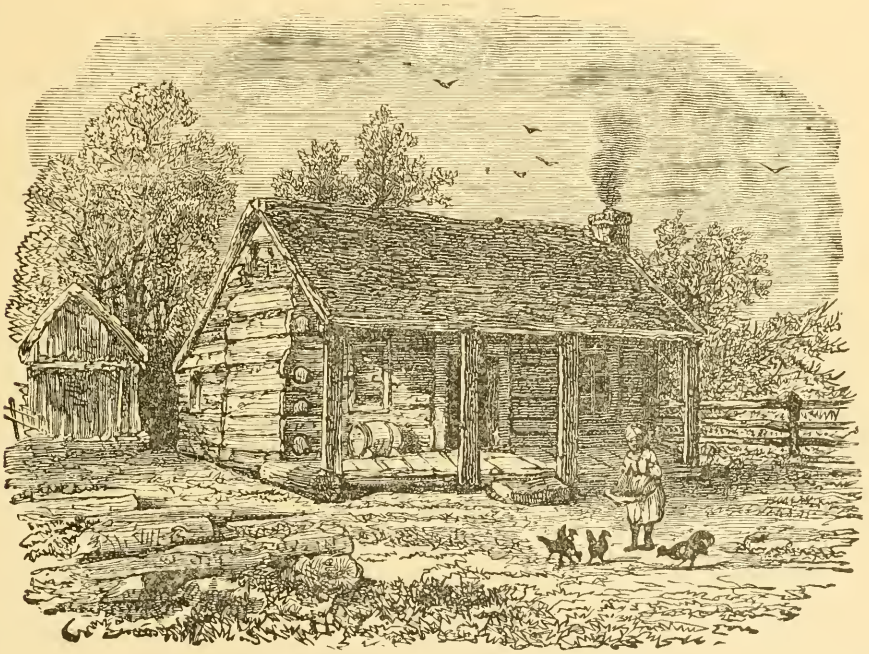
His penmanship came to be regular in form, and better than that of any of his mates; the samples which we see of his handwriting as a man are far above the average. He kept a copy-book, in which he entered everything that pleased his fancy. When paper failed, he wrote his selections with chalk or charcoal upon a plank or a shingle. He wrote the first drafts of compositions upon a smooth wooden shovel, which he planed off for each new effort. He devoured such books as he could borrow, and the Bible and Æsop's Fables were for a long time the only ones he owned. Beside these, "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a History of the United States, and Weems' "Life of Washington," formed the bulk of his early reading. A copy of the Statutes of Indiana was borrowed from the constable, and studied with a care which possibly indicated his future career as a lawyer. His passion for reading was such as to cause remark among his neighbors, who wondered to see the great awkward boy, after a day of labor, crouch in a corner of the log cabin, or spread his ungainly body under a tree outside, and bury himself in a book, while he devoured the corn bread which formed his supper. He delighted in "speechifying," as he called it, and upon the slightest encouragement would mount a stump and practice upon his fellow-laborers. He helped to support the family by working in his father's clearing, or by hiring to neighbors to plow, dig ditches, chop wood, or split rails, and for a time was employed as clerk in the cross-roads store. A journey to New Orleans as deck-hand on a flat-boat, widened his experience of mankind, and gave him his first glimpse of slavery.

Early in 1830, he went, with the family, a fifteen days' journey to Illinois, where, in Macon County, five miles from Decatur, a new settlement was made. On a bluff overlooking the Sangamon River another log cabin was built; land was fenced with the historic rails, some of which, thirty years later, were to play a prominent part in the presidential campaign; and Lincoln, being now of age, left his father's family in these new quarters, to earn his living for himself. The tenderness of heart which characterized him through life was well illustrated by his turning back, while on the journey to Illinois, and wading an icy river to

rescue a worthless pet dog which had fallen behind, and could not get across, and which "Abe" could not bear to leave whimpering and whining on the opposite shore. This same disposition had led him at all times to protest against the cruelty to animals practiced by his mates, and is only one of the traits which marked him as of a different mould.

Another journey to New Orleans was his first employment after leaving home. Here he witnessed a slave auction. The scene impressed itself upon his heart and memory, and he is said to have declared to his cousin and companion, "If I ever get a chance to hit that institution, *I'll hit it hard.*"

For several years he lived at New Salem, Illinois, serving as steamboat



HOME OF LINCOLN AT GENTRYVILLE, INDIANA.

pilot, and as clerk in a store and mill. At the time of the "Black Hawk War," being out of employment, he volunteered for service, and was elected captain. Returning at the close of the expedition, he bought an interest in a store, for which he went in debt, and, presently selling it on credit and his debtor absconding, he found himself burdened with claims which it took many years to discharge.

He now began in earnest to study law, walking to Springfield to borrow books and return them; and, as a means of living in the meantime, he entered the employ of the county surveyor and laboriously studied the principles of land measurement. Presently he began to practice law a little, representing friends

before a justice of the peace, and, in 1834, he was elected to the Legislature, and served his county as a representative for four consecutive terms. Some elements of his popularity were his acknowledged honesty and fairness, his wonderful gift as a story-teller, his prowess as a wrestler, and, when actual necessity arose, as a fighter, and his reputation for knowledge. This latter had been acquired by his habit of studying to the bottom whatever subject he had in hand, and, although his range of information was not wide, when he undertook the discussion of any topic he soon demonstrated that he thoroughly understood it.

His service in the Legislature was not remarkable. The country in which

OPENING OF THE ILLINOIS AND MICHIGAN CANAL.

he lived was just then wild upon the importance of public improvements, particularly in the form of interior waterways, and it is not surprising that Lincoln should declare an ambition to become "the De Witt Clinton of Illinois;" but the net result of the enterprise was a gigantic State debt. He was popular in the Legislature, and was twice the nominee of his party for Speaker, a nominal honor only, as the State was at that time Democratic. His most notable act during this time was his joining with a single colleague, in a written protest against the passage of pro-slavery resolutions. This protest appears on the records, and bases the opposition of the two signers upon their belief "that the

institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy," a declaration of faith which required some moral courage in 1837, and in a community largely of Southern origin. One other transaction which deserves mention was the carrying through the Legislature of a bill removing the capital from Vandalia to Springfield. This was accomplished after much political "wire-working," in which Lincoln was the leader, the adverse claims of a number of other towns being strenuously urged by their representatives.

In the meantime Lincoln had been admitted to the bar, and, in 1837, removed to Springfield, where he had formed a partnership with an attorney of established reputation. He became a successful lawyer, not so much by his knowledge of the law, for this was never great, as by his ability as an advocate, and by reason of his sterling integrity. He would not be a party to misrepresentation, and, after endeavoring to dissuade the parties from litigation, refused to take cases which involved such action. He even was known to abandon a case which brought him unexpectedly into this attitude. In his first case before the United States Circuit Court he said that he had not been able to find any authorities supporting his side of the case, but had found several favoring the opposite, which he proceeded to quote. The very appearance of such an attorney in any case must have gone far to win the jury; and, when deeply stirred, the power of his oratory, and the invincible logic of his argument, made him a most formidable advocate. "Yes," he was overheard to say to a would-be client, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

HIS PECULIAR HONESTY.

His absolute honesty and care for that which was not his own is illustrated by his conduct as a postmaster. He had served in that capacity at New Salem, and when that office was discontinued, found himself indebted to the government to the amount of sixteen or eighteen dollars. For some reason this money was not demanded for several years, and in the meantime he was in debt, and very poor, frequently being compelled to borrow money to supply his pressing needs; but an agent of the department calling one day and presenting the account, he produced an old blue sock, from which he poured the identical silver and copper coins with which his New Salem neighbors had purchased stamps, and to the exact amount required.

Early in life Lincoln became attached to an attractive and estimable girl, and they were to have been married when his law studies were completed. Her sudden death was such a shock to him, and threw him into such a condition of melancholy, that it was feared by his friends that his reason would be permanently dethroned. Some years later he married Miss Mary Todd, a young lady of Kentucky parentage and of good family. She was possessed of some culture and a vigorous and sprightly mind. Her temper, however, was erratic, and those who knew the family life intimately represent it as full of trials. Some of the incidents reported seem intensely amusing at this distance of time, but must have been painful in the extreme as actual occurrences. Such trials continued throughout Mr. Lincoln's life, and were the occasion of continual petty annoyance, and frequent embarrassment in the discharge of his public duties.

He continued to "ride the circuit," being a great portion of the time absent from home in attendance at court, with the exception of his single term in Congress, until his election to the presidency. He was acquiring a very great influence in his district and in the State, was one of the leading managers of the Whig party, and was usually a candidate for presidential elector. When in 1846, according to the peculiar system of rotation adopted by the Illinois politicians, it was his turn to go to Congress, he did not distinguish himself, though he seems to have made a favorable impression upon the party leaders, and the acquaintance thus formed was of great use to him later.

Going back to Illinois, he again settled to the practice of law. It was in 1853 that he received his largest fee. It was a case in which he defended the Illinois Central Railroad in a suit brought to collect taxes alleged to be due, and in which he was successful. He presented a bill for two thousand dollars, which the company refused to allow, when, after consultation with other lawyers, he brought suit for five thousand, which he received.

It was not until the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854, that Lincoln was really aroused. He had always opposed the extension of slavery, holding opinions well indicated by his protest in the Legislature, already mentioned, and by the acute remark that it was "singular that the courts would hold that a man never lost his right to his property that had been stolen from him, but that he instantly lost his right to himself if he was stolen." The great question now absorbed his interest. He was constantly more bold in his position, and more powerful in his denunciation of the encroachments of the slave power. He became, therefore, the natural champion of his party in the campaigns in which Senator Douglas undertook to defend before the people of his State his advocacy of "Squatter Sovereignty," or the right of the people of each Territory to decide whether it should be admitted as a slave or a free State, and of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, by which the Missouri Compromise was repealed.

(*See* HENRY CLAY.) The first great battle between these two giants of debate took place at the State Fair at Springfield, in October of 1854. Douglas made, on Tuesday, a great speech to an unprecedented concourse of people, and was the lion of the hour. The next day Lincoln replied, and his effort was such as to surprise both his friends and his opponents. It was probably the first occasion on which he reached his full power. In the words of a friendly editor: "The Nebraska bill was shivered, and like a tree of the forest was torn and rent asunder by the hot bolts of truth. . . . At the conclusion of this speech every man and child felt that it was unanswerable."

It was arranged that Lincoln was to follow Douglas and reply to his speeches, and the two met in joint debate at Peoria, after which Douglas proposed that they should both abandon the debate, agreeing to cancel his appointments and make no more speeches during that campaign, if Lincoln would do the same. Lincoln somewhat weakly agreed to this proposition, and the next day, when Douglas pleaded hoarseness as an excuse, he gallantly refused to take advantage of "Judge Douglas's indisposition." He faithfully kept to the agreement, though Douglas allowed himself, on one occasion, to be tempted into violating it.

THE DEBATES WITH DOUGLAS.

But it was the campaign of 1858 which made Lincoln famous, which fully demonstrated his powers, and which prepared him for the presidency. Douglas was immensely popular. His advocacy of territorial expansion appealed to the patriotism of the young and ardent; his doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty" was well calculated to mislead the shallow thinker; and his power in debate had given him the name of "the Little Giant." True, the "Dred Scott decision" had made it difficult to hold his Northern constituency to the toleration of any attitude which could be construed as favoring the South,* but his opposition to the Lecompton pro-slavery constitution, on the ground that it had never been fairly voted upon by the people of Kansas, not only maintained the loyalty of his par-

* The "Dred Scott decision" was delivered by Chief Justice Taney, of the United States Supreme Court, on March 6, 1857, immediately after the inauguration of President Buchanan. Dred Scott was a slave who had been taken by his master from Missouri to Illinois and Wisconsin, where slavery was illegal, and had lived there for some years. He was then taken back to Missouri, and having been whipped, he brought suit against his master for assault, pleading that he was made free by being taken into a free State, where slavery was illegal. The Missouri Circuit Court decided in his favor; but the case was appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which decided that the Missouri Compromise, limiting the area of slavery, was unconstitutional, and that therefore slaveholders could enter any free State with slaves and hold them there as property; that negroes, being incapable of becoming citizens, had no standing in court, and could not maintain a suit for any purpose. As this decision overthrew all barriers against the extension of slavery, even to the free States, and declared that the negro had no rights which the courts would protect, it caused great excitement in the North, and aroused intense hostility to the aggressive demands of the slave power.

tisans, but led Horace Greeley and some other leaders of the new Republican party to favor his re-election to the Senate, hoping to separate him from the pro-slavery interest, and thus introduce a split in the Democratic party. But Lincoln and those who advised with him were firmly of opinion that the anti-slavery cause was safe only in the hands of those who had consistently been its advocates, and took high and strong ground in favor of an aggressive campaign. Lincoln had come to be a really great political manager. He cared little for temporary success, if only he could foster the growth of a right public opinion, and thus make possible a future victory which would be permanent. So, in this campaign, when he proposed to press upon his opponent the question whether there were lawful means by which slavery could be excluded from a Territory before its admission as a state, his friends suggested that Douglas would reply that slavery could not exist unless it was desired by the people, and unless protected by territorial legislation, and that this answer would be sufficiently satisfactory to insure his re-election. But Lincoln replied, "I am after larger game. If Douglas so answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." Both predictions were verified. The people of the South might have forgiven Douglas his opposition to the Lecompton Constitution, but they could not forgive the promulgation of a doctrine which, in spite of the Dred Scott decision, would keep slavery out of a Territory; and so, although Douglas was elected and Lincoln defeated, the Democracy was divided, and it was impossible for Douglas to command Southern votes for the Presidency.

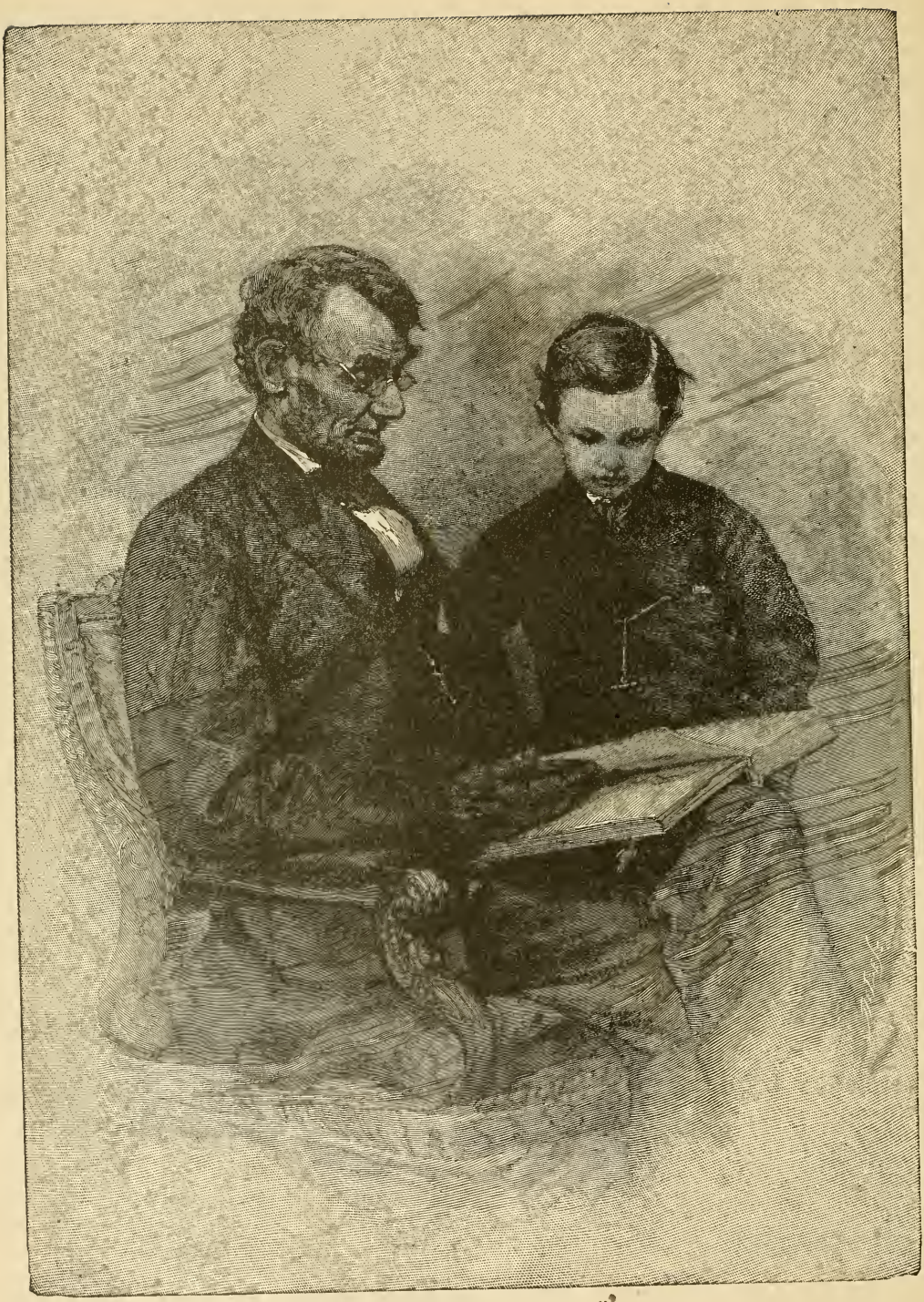
The campaign had been opened by a speech of Lincoln which startled the country by its boldness and its power. It was delivered at the Republican convention which nominated him for Senator, and had been previously submitted to his confidential advisers. They strenuously opposed the introduction of its opening sentences. He was warned that they would be fatal to his election, and, in the existing state of public feeling, might permanently destroy his political prospects. Lincoln could not be moved. "It is *true*," said he, "and I *will* deliver it as written. I would rather be defeated with these expressions in my speech held up and discussed before the people than be victorious without them." The paragraph gave to the country a statement of the problem as terse and vigorous and even more complete than Seward's "irrepressible conflict," and as startling as Sumner's proposition that "freedom was national, slavery sectional." "A house divided against itself," said Lincoln, "cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the farther spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful

in all the States,—old as well as new, North as well as South." It seems small wonder that Douglas should interpret this as a threat of sectional strife, should magnify it and distort it, and that it should thus be the means of driving many timid voters to the support of the more politic candidate.

Never had the issues of a political campaign seemed more momentous; never was one more ably contested. The triumph of the doctrine of "popular sovereignty," in the Kansas-Nebraska bill, had opened the Territories to slavery, while it professed to leave the question to be decided by the people. To the question whether the people of a Territory could exclude slavery Douglas had answered, "That is a question for the courts to decide," but the Dred Scott decision, practically holding that the Federal Constitution guaranteed the right to hold slaves in the Territories, seemed to make the pro-slavery cause triumphant. The course of Douglas regarding the Lecompton Constitution, however, had made it possible for his friends to describe him as "the true champion of freedom," while Lincoln continually exposed, with merciless force. the illogical position of his adversary, and his complete lack of political morality.

Douglas claimed that the doctrine of popular sovereignty "originated when God made man and placed good and evil before him, allowing him to choose upon his own responsibility." But Lincoln declared with great solemnity: "No; God did not place good and evil before man, telling him to make his choice. On the contrary, God did tell him there was one tree of the fruit of which he should not eat, upon pain of death." The question was to him one of right, a high question of morality, and only upon such a question could he ever be fully roused. "Slavery is wrong," was the keynote of his speeches. But he did not take the position of the abolitionists. He even admitted that the South was entitled, under the Constitution, to a national fugitive slave law, though his soul revolted at the law which was then in force. His position, as already cited, was that of the Republican party. He would limit the extension of slavery, and place it in such a position as would insure its ultimate extinction. It was a moderate course, viewed from this distance of time, but in the face of a dominant, arrogant, irascible pro-slavery sentiment it seemed radical in the extreme, calculated, indeed, to fulfill a threat he had made to the Governor of the State. He had been attempting to secure the release of a young negro from Springfield who was wrongfully detained in New Orleans, and who was in danger of being sold for prison expenses. Moved to the depths of his being by the refusal of the official to interfere, Lincoln exclaimed: "By God, Governor, I'll make the ground of this country *too hot for the foot of a slave.*"

Douglas was re-elected. Lincoln had hardly anticipated a different result, and he had nothing of the feeling of defeat. On the contrary, he felt that the corner-stone of victory had been laid. He had said of his opening speech: "If



LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD."

I had to draw a pen across my record, and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech, and leave it to the world unerased;" and now, he wrote: "The fight must go on. The cause of liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats. Douglas had the ingenuity to be supported in the late contest both as the best means to break down and to uphold the slave interest. No ingenuity can keep these antagonistic elements in harmony long. Another explosion will soon come." And the explosion was only two years in coming. Neither was he in doubt about the effect of his own labors. "I believe I have made some marks," said he, "which will tell for the cause of liberty long after I am gone." He had bidden his countrymen "Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me; take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever, but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence;" and defeat, which he foresaw must be temporary, was as nothing to him.

But his great contest had made him famous. It is often said that Lincoln in 1860 was practically unknown outside of Illinois. But this cannot be maintained. In Illinois his name was a household word. "Come to our place," wrote a political manager in 1852, "people place more confidence in you than in any other man. Men who do not read want the story told as only you can tell it. Others may make fine speeches, but it would not be, 'Lincoln said so in his speech.'" And now his name was on the lips of every earnest advocate of freedom the country over. At the East there was deep and widespread interest in him. The people who looked up to Seward and Sumner and Wendell Phillips as the exponents of the gospel of freedom rejoiced at hearing of this new prophet, albeit he came from the wilderness.

HIS COOPER INSTITUTE SPEECH.

So, when in 1860 Lincoln appeared by invitation to deliver an address at the Cooper Institute in New York, Horace Greeley declared that "No man has been welcomed by such an audience of the intellect and mental culture of our city since the days of Clay and Webster." No audience was ever more surprised. The scholarly people who thronged the immense audience-room had not really believed that any genuine good could come out of the Nazareth of Illinois, and the awkward, uncouth appearance of the speaker did not reassure them. They expected to hear a ranting, shallow stump speech, which might be adapted to persuade the ignorant people of a prairie State, but the hearing of which would rather be an ordeal to their cultured ears. But the effort was dignified, calm, clear, luminous. If it was not the speech of a scholar, it was that of a man full of his great subject, and with a scholar's command of all that bore upon it. It is said that those who afterward performed the work of publishing the

speech as a campaign document were three weeks in verifying the statements and finding the historical records referred to.

He had taken the East by storm. He was invited to speak in many places in New England, and everywhere met with the most flattering reception, which surprised almost as much as it delighted him. It astonished him to hear that the Professor of Rhetoric of Yale College took notes of his speech and lectured upon them to his class, and followed him to Meriden the next evening to hear him again for the same purpose. An intelligent hearer described as remarkable "the clearness of your statements, the unanswerable style of your reasoning, and especially your illustrations, which were romance and pathos, fun and logic, all welded together." Perhaps his style could not be better described. He himself said that it used to anger him, when a child, to hear statements which he could not understand, and he was thus led to form the habit of turning over a thought until it was in language any boy could comprehend.

Lincoln had in 1856 been somewhat talked of by his Illinois friends for Vice-President, and even for President; but he had felt that other men, of wider reputation, would better lead the party. Now, however, he thought himself a proper candidate, and freely consulted with his friends in furtherance of his canvass. When the convention met in Chicago, the candidacy of Seward was so prominent, and his managers had such a reputation for political finesse, that it was with a surprise amounting to disgust that they saw themselves out-shouted and out-generaled by their Western competitors. Lincoln was nominated on the third ballot, amid such enthusiasm as had never been equaled.

As had been predicted, the Democrats had not been able to hold together, the pro-slavery wing refusing to endorse the nomination of Douglas, and putting Breckinridge in the field. The campaign was conducted with great enthusiasm on the part of the Republicans, all the candidates for the nomination uniting in working for the success of Lincoln and Hamlin, and the result was a majority of fifty-seven in the electoral colleges.

From this time, the life of Abraham Lincoln is the History of the Rebellion. It cannot be adequately written here. Every day was crowded with events which seem unimportant only because overshadowed by others whose world-wide influence commands attention. Hardly was the election over when active steps were taken in the South looking toward disunion. By February, seven State Legislatures had passed ordinances of secession, and the Southern Confederacy was practically organized. Few upon either side expected war, but the air was full of trouble, and the future looked very dark.

On the 11th of February, Lincoln took leave of his old friends and neighbors in a little speech of most pathetic beauty, and journeyed to Washington by way of all the principal cities of the North. Everywhere he was received with acclamation, and at every stop he made speeches full of tact, and largely de-

voted to an attempt to quiet the general apprehension and to demonstrate to the people of the South that they had no just cause of complaint. There was intense excitement throughout the country, and especially in Washington, where threats were freely made that Lincoln should never be inaugurated. The veteran General Scott, however, who was in command, was thoroughly loyal, and determined to prevent violence. He quietly organized a small but efficient force of well-armed men, in citizen's dress, who guarded the Capitol and streets until after the inauguration. Threatened violence in Baltimore caused a change of Lincoln's route from Harrisburg, by which he arrived in Washington unexpectedly, and the remaining time until March 4th was spent in preparing his Inaugural.

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

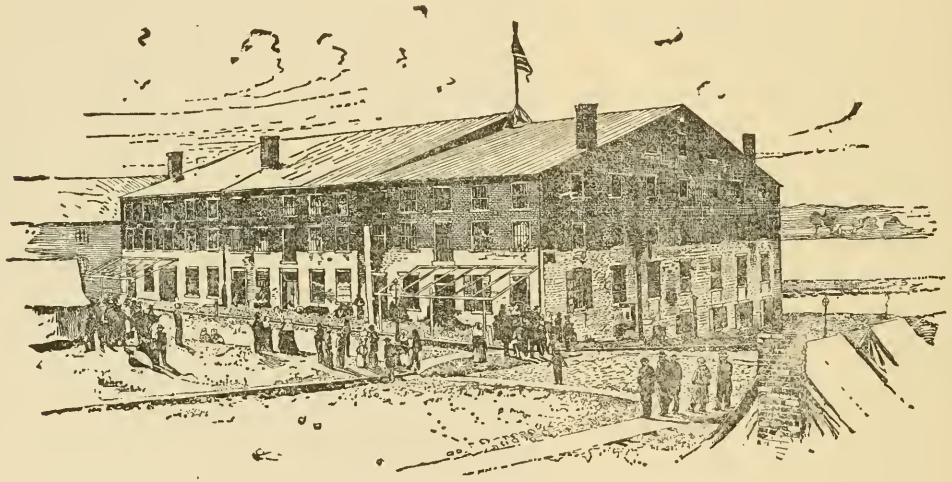
When Chief-Justice Taney had administered the oath of office, the new President delivered the Inaugural, which, while it was largely addressed to the Southern people, must have been really intended to strengthen the hearts of the friends of the Union. It foreshadowed fully and faithfully the course of his administration, and left no slightest excuse for secession or rebellion. He pointed out in the kindest possible manner the inevitable results of disunion, and, while sacrificing no principle, and declaring his purpose to fulfill his oath and to preserve the Union, the tone of the address has been likened to that of a sorrowing father to his wayward children.

THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

His task was such as no man ever faced before. The great republic, the only great and promising experiment in self-government that the world had ever seen, seemed about to end, after all, in failure. It was to be determined whether the Constitution contained the germs of its own destruction, or whether the government established under its provisions possessed the necessary strength to hold itself together.

Mr. Lincoln called to his cabinet the ablest men of his party, two of whom, Seward and Chase, had been his competitors for the nomination, and the new administration devoted itself to the work of saving the Union. Every means was tried to prevent the secession of the border States, and the President delayed until Fort Sumter was fired upon before he began active measures for the suppression of the Rebellion and called for seventy-five thousand volunteers.

The great question, from the start, was the treatment of the negro. The advanced anti-slavery men demanded decisive action, and could not understand that success depended absolutely upon the administration commanding the support of the whole people. And so Mr. Lincoln incurred the displeasure and lost the confidence of some of those who had been his heartiest supporters by keeping the negro in the background and making the preservation of the



LIBBY PRISON IN RICHMOND.

Union the great end for which he strove. "I am naturally anti-slavery," said he at a later time. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember the time when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act upon that judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. . . . This oath even forbade me practically to indulge my private abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery." And, although he repeatedly declared that, if he could do so, he would preserve the Union *with slavery*, he continued, "I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even *tried* to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution, all together," and so, when it became evident that the salvation of the Union

demanded the destruction of that accursed system, the President was ready to strike the blow, and he found almost the whole people ready to support him.

It is true that he could never count upon the absolute loyalty of all those who should have been his support. Radical men could not understand his progressive conservatism. When he refused, early in the war, to allow a self-confident general to emancipate negroes, the abolitionists were shocked and grieved When he retained in command, month after month, a general whom he, far better than his critics, knew to be a failure, the smaller men accused him of lack of energy and with trifling. He could not silence them all with the lesson which he administered to the members of his cabinet when they protested against replacing McClellan in command of the forces in Washington after the failure of his campaign upon the James, and the crushing defeat of Pope. He showed them that he saw all that they did ; that he knew the weakness of that general even better than they ; nay, more, that in the light of all the facts the reinstatement was in the nature of a personal humiliation to himself. But when he asked them to name the man who could better be relied upon to reorganize the army, when he offered freely to appoint the better man if they would name him, they had no nomination to make. He had showed them anew the difference between the irresponsible critic and the responsible head of affairs.

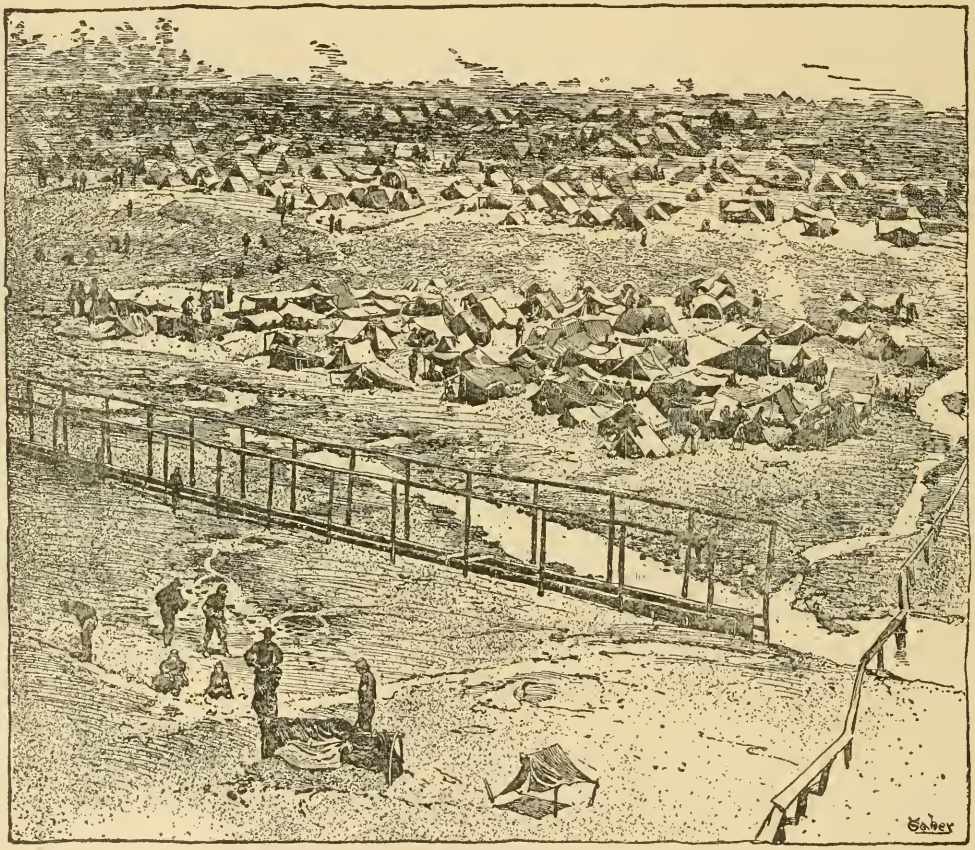
But upon what Lincoln called "the plain people," the mass of his countrymen, he could always depend, because he, more than any other political leader in our history, understood them. Sumner, matchless advocate of liberty as he was, distrusted the President, and was desirous of getting the power out of his hands into stronger and safer ones. But suddenly the great Massachusetts Senator awoke to the fact that he could not command the support of his own constituency, and found it necessary to issue an interview declaring himself not an opponent, but a supporter of Lincoln.

In the dark days of 1862, when the reverses of the Union arms cast a gloom over the North, and European governments were seriously considering the propriety of recognizing the Confederacy, it seemed to Mr. Lincoln that his time had come, that the North was prepared to support a radical measure, and that emancipation would not only weaken the South at home, but would make it impossible for any European government to take the attitude toward slavery which would be involved in recognizing the Confederacy. Action was delayed until a favorable moment, and after the battle of Antietam the President called his cabinet together and announced that he was about to issue the Proclamation of Emancipation. It was a solemn moment. The President had made a vow—"I promised my God," were his words—that if the tide of invasion should be mercifully arrested, he would set the negro free. The final proclamation, issued three months later, fitly closes with an appeal

which indicates the devout spirit in which the deed was done: "And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

HIS GREATNESS AS A STATESMAN.

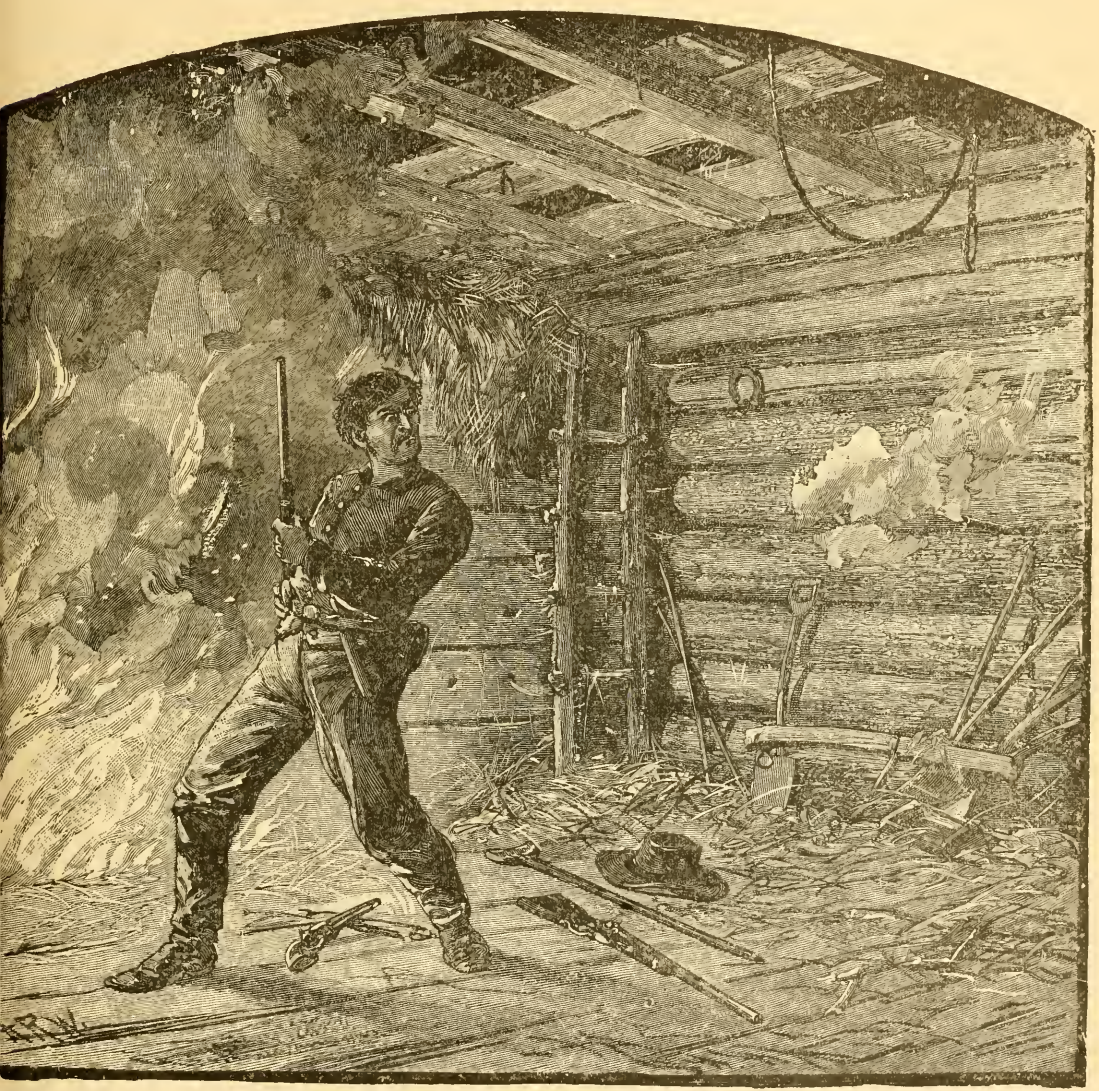
But the negro question, though a constant, underlying difficulty, was by no means the whole of Lincoln's problem. Questions of foreign policy, of the



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

conduct of the war, the ever present necessity of providing money, which flowed out of the treasury in a thousand streams under the stress of daily growing and expanding public expenditure, the jealousy of politicians and the bickerings of generals, all these, and a thousand wearing, perplexing details, filled his days and nights with labor and anxiety. And, through it all, the great man, bearing his burden from day to day, grew in the love of his people as they came to know him better. It is of the human side of Lincoln that we think

most, of his homely speech, his kindliness, of the way he persisted, all through the war, in seeing and conversing with the thousands of all classes who thronged the doors of the White House, of the tears that came to his eyes at each story of distress, of his readiness to pardon, his unwillingness to punish,—



THE CAPTURE OF BOOTH, THE SLAYER OF LINCOLN.

but this is only part of Lincoln. His grasp of questions of State policy was superior to that of any of his advisers. The important dispatch to our minister to England in May, 1861, outlining the course to be pursued toward that power, has been published in its original draft, showing the work of the Secre-

tary of State and the President's alterations. Of this publication the editor of the *North American Review* says: "Many military men, who have had access to Mr. Lincoln's papers, have classed him as the best general of the war. This paper will go far toward establishing his reputation as its ablest diplomatist." It would be impossible for any intelligent person to study the paper thus published, the omissions, the alterations, the substitutions, without acknowledging that they were the work of a master mind, and that the raw backwoodsman, not three months in office, was the peer of any statesman with whom he might find it necessary to cope. He was entirely willing to grant to his secretaries and to his generals the greatest liberty of action; he was ready to listen to any one, and to accept advice even from hostile critics; and this readiness made them think, sometimes, that he had little mind of his own, and brought upon him the charge of weakness; but, as the facts have become more fully known, it has grown more and more evident that he was not only the "best general" and the "ablest diplomatist," but the greatest man among all the great men whom that era of trial brought to the rescue of our country.

And when the end came, after four years of conflict, when the triumph seemed complete and the work of saving the Union appeared to be accomplished, it needed only the martyr's crown to add depth of pathos to our memory of Lincoln, and insure him that fame which had been prophesied for him, should he make himself the "emancipator, the liberator. That is a fame worth living for; ay, more, that is a fame worth dying for, though that death led through the blood of Gethsemane and the agony of the accursed tree. That is a fame which has glory and honor and immortality, and eternal life."

The story of the end need hardly be told. On the evening of April 14, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was shot by a half-crazed sympathizer with the South, John Wilkes Booth. The President had gone, by special invitation, to witness a play at Ford's Theatre, and the assassin had no difficulty in gaining entrance to the box, committing the dreadful deed, and leaping to the stage to make his escape. The story of his pursuit and death while resisting arrest is familiar to us all. Mr. Lincoln lingered till the morning, when the little group of friends and relatives, with members of the cabinet, stood with breaking hearts about the death-bed.

Sorrow more deep and universal cannot be imagined than enveloped our land on that 15th of April. Throughout the country every household felt the loss as of one of themselves. The honored remains lay for a few days in state at Washington, and then began the funeral journey, taking in backward course almost the route which had been followed four years before, when the newly elected President came to assume his burdens and to lay down his life. Such a pilgrimage of sorrow had never been witnessed by our people. It was followed by the sympathy of the whole world until the loved remains were laid in the

tomb at Springfield. Over the door of the State House, in the city of his home, where his old neighbors took their last farewell, were the lines :—

"He left us borne up by our prayers ;
He returns embalmed in our tears."

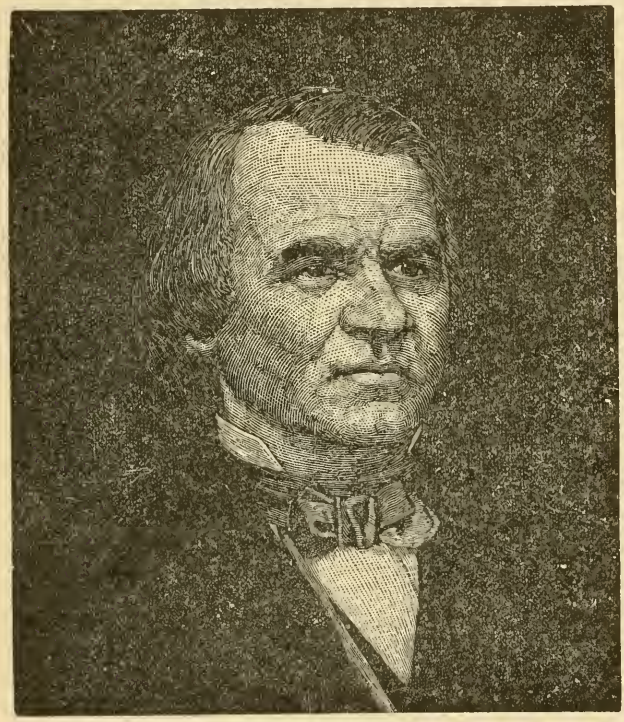
"Cities and States," said the great Beecher, "are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead ? Is Hampden dead ! Is any man, that ever was fit to live, dead ? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life is now grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou hast overcome. Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty."

TRAITS OF HIS CHARACTER.

Abraham Lincoln was in every way a remarkable man. Towering above his fellows, six foot four inches in height, his gaunt figure, somewhat stooping, would of itself attract attention. Possessed of gigantic strength, he was diffident and modest in the extreme. The habits of youth, and a natural indifference to such things, made him through life careless of dress. When he came upon the stage at Cooper Institute, in 1860, he probably was for the first time disconcerted by his clothing. He had donned a new suit, which seemed not to fit his great limbs, and showed the creases made by close packing in a valise. He imagined that his audience noticed the contrast between his dress and that of William Cullen Bryant and other gentlemen on the stage, and he was well into his address before he could forget it. The expression of his face was sad ; and as the war dragged its slow length along, that sadness deepened. His mind was always tinged with a settled melancholy, an inherited trait, and it is doubtful whether he was ever entirely free from the mental depression which on two occasions almost overwhelmed him. Notwithstanding this, he was the greatest inventor and gatherer of amusing stories known to our public life. He used these stories on every occasion, whether to amuse a chance listener, to enforce a point in a speech, or to divert the mind of an unwelcome questioner. Dignified statesmen and ambassadors were astounded when the President interrupted their stilted talk with a story of "a man out in Sangamon County." He opened that meeting of the Cabinet at which he announced his solemn purpose to issue the Emancipation Proclamation by reading aloud a chapter from Artemus Ward. But the joke was always for a purpose. He settled many a weighty question, which hours of argument could not have done so well, by the keen, incisive wit of one of these homely "yarns." His great Secretary of State, gravely discussing questions of state policy, felt the ground give way

under his feet when the President was "reminded" of a story of a negro preacher. He settled the question of a change of commanding generals by remarking that it was a "bad plan to swap horses in the middle of a stream;" and continually he lightened his labors and relieved his care by the native wit which could fit to the question of the hour, great or small, a homely illustration which exactly covered the ground.

His gift of expression was only equaled by the clearness and firmness of his grasp upon the truths which he desired to convey; and the beauty of his words, upon many occasions, is only matched by the goodness and purity of the soul from which they sprung. His Gettysburg speech will be remembered as long as the story of the battle for freedom shall be told; and of his second Inaugural it has been said: "This was like a sacred poem. No American President had ever spoken words like these to the American people. America never had a President who found such words in the depth of his heart." These were its closing words, and with them we may fitly close this imperfect sketch:—

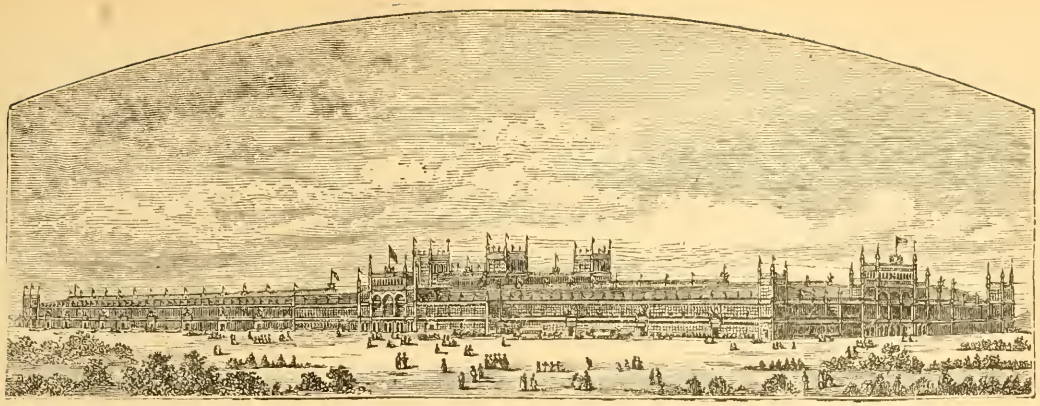


ANDREW JOHNSON.

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

THE ATTACK ON FORT DONELSON.

General Grant's reply "Unconditional Surrender" to the Confederate General Buckner's proposition is the incident which afterwards gave him the name Unconditional Surrender Grant, the initials of these two words being the same as his given names. Strange to say, General Buckner was a pallbearer at Grant's funeral.



MAIN BUILDING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, OPENED BY PRESIDENT GRANT IN 1876

ULYSSES S. GRANT

THE HERO OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE history of the War for the Union ought to forever set at rest the idea that the day of heroes is past—that there are no longer great men to be found in occasions of supreme need. Never was a great nation seemingly more helpless than the United States when Lincoln was inaugurated. Without army or navy, a government honeycombed with treason and apparently falling to pieces, a weak and nerveless administration giving place to one made up of new and untried men, a people without unity of mind or purpose, and not knowing whom to trust,—this was the situation which loyal men faced with sinking hearts. Yet, only ten days later, when the boom of guns in Charleston harbor echoed over the North, all was changed as in the twinkling of an eye. At the call of the new President for aid, it seemed as though armed men sprang from the ground. And among them were not only soldiers, but commanders,—the men who were needed to organize and drill these hosts, to convert them into a great army and lead them on to victory.

When the war broke out, Ulysses S. Grant was working for his father and brother, who carried on a leather and saddlery business in Galena, Illinois. His life had been, up to that time, a failure. Educated at West Point, he had graduated with a record not quite up to the average of his class, and was distinguished only as a fine horseman. He had, indeed, won credit and promotion in

the Mexican War; but in 1854 he resigned from the army, with a record not entirely blameless, and went with his wife and two children to her former home at St. Louis. He was absolutely penniless, and without trade or profession. His wife had received from her father a farm of seventy acres and three slaves. To this farm Grant went with his little family. He worked hard. He raised wheat and potatoes, and cut up trees into cordwood, and tried to make a living selling the produce of the farm in St Louis. In this he was not successful. He then tried auctioneering and collecting bills, and made an effort in the real estate business. Finally he went to Galena, where he entered his father's store, his record up to that time being one of vain struggle, failure, and poverty. Such was the man who was suddenly to become the greatest of the Union commanders, and to be regarded by the American people as one of the chief instruments in saving the life of the nation.

But occasion does not form a man's character anew; it simply calls out the qualities which are in him, perhaps unknown or unperceived. It is not hard now to see in the acts of Grant's youth how the boy was "father of the man." When only twelve years old he was one day sent with a team into the woods for a load of logs, which were to be loaded on the trucks by the lumbermen. No men were to be found; nevertheless, by using the strength of the horses, he succeeded in loading the logs himself. When he returned, his father asked where the men were. "I don't know, and I don't care," said the plucky boy; "I got the load without them."

In such acts we get a glimpse of the boldness, the readiness of resource, and especially the dogged determination, which afterward made him such a power in the war. "Wherever Grant is, I have noticed that things *move*," said President Lincoln. When, before leaving Missouri for the Mexican frontier, Grant rode to the home of Miss Julia Dent, four miles from where he was stationed, to ask her hand in marriage, he had to cross a swollen stream, in which his uniform was thoroughly soaked. Bound on such an errand, most men would have turned back; but Grant rode on, borrowed a dry suit from his future brother-in-law, and accomplished the business in hand. Well might his wife say, in her quaint fashion, "Mr. Grant is a very *obstinate* man."

BREAKING OUT OF THE WAR.

On April 15, 1860, the telegraph flashed over the country President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. That evening the court-house in Galena was packed with an excited crowd, women as well as men. Grant, being known as a West Pointer, was called upon to preside. This was not the kind of duty for which he was prepared, but, he says, "With much embarrassment and some prompting, I made out to announce the object of the meeting." Volunteers were called for, a company was raised upon the spot, and the

officers voted for. Before the balloting began Grant declined the captaincy, but promised to help all he could, and to be found in the service, in some position.

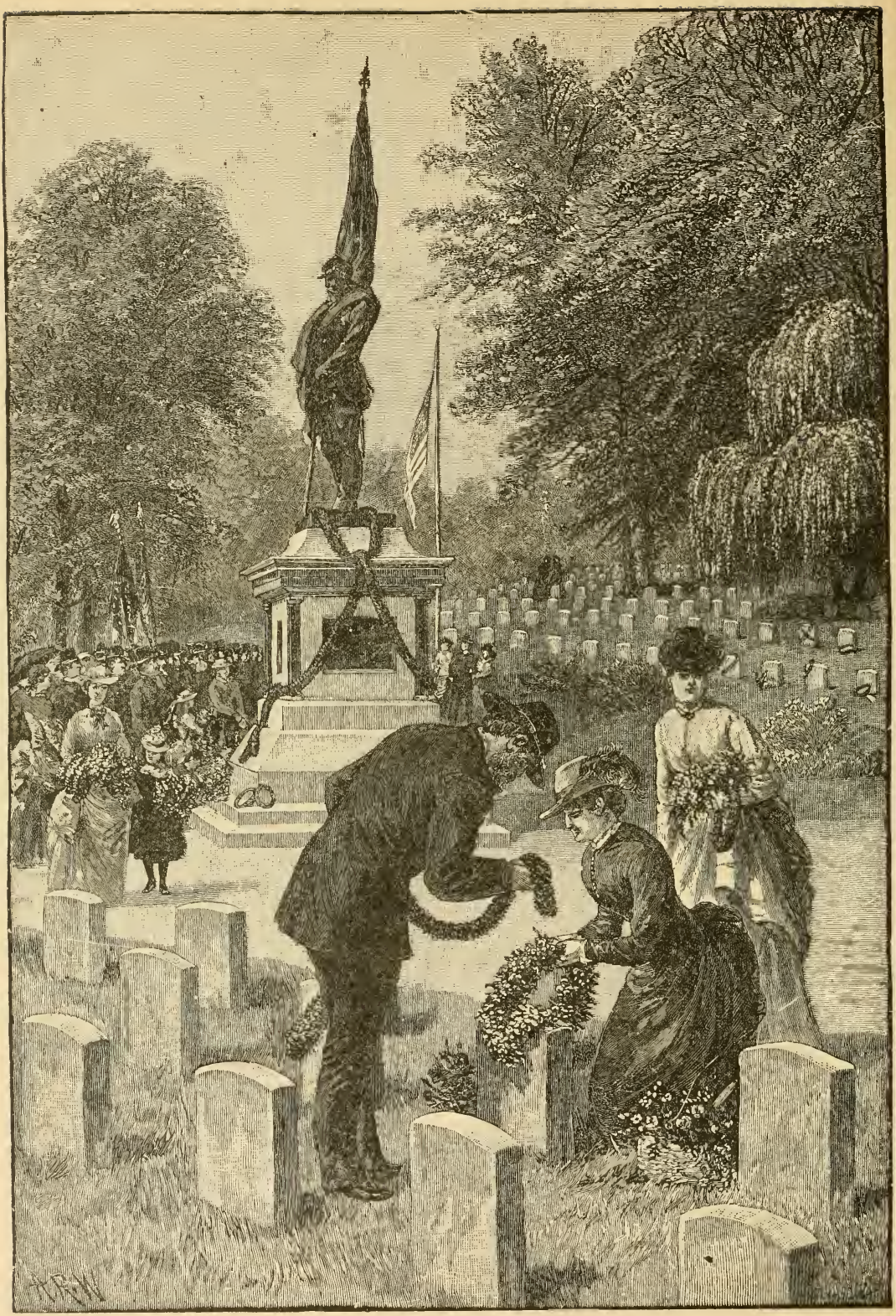
In August, 1861, Grant was made a brigadier-general, and put in command of the district of Southeast Missouri, including Western Kentucky and Cairo, Illinois, a point of great importance at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. His first battle was at Belmont, Missouri, about twenty miles below Cairo, which he won after four hours' hard fighting. After the battle the Confederates received reinforcements, and there was danger that Grant's troops would be cut off from the boats by which they had come. The men perceived the situation, and exclaimed, "We are surrounded!"

"Well," was Grant's characteristic reply, "we must cut our way out, then, as we cut our way in." And they did.

The autumn and winter of 1861–'62 was a time of weary waiting, which severely tried the spirit of the nation, impatient for action. Attention was chiefly concentrated upon the Potomac, where McClellan was organizing and drilling that splendid army which another and a greater commander was to lead to final victory. While the only response to the people's urgent call, "On to Richmond!" was the daily report, "All quiet on the Potomac," Grant, an obscure and almost unknown soldier, was pushing forward against Forts Henry and Donelson, eleven miles apart, on the Tennesee and the Cumberland, near where these rivers cross the line dividing Kentucky and Tennesee. He had obtained from his commander, Halleck, a reluctant consent to his plan for attacking these important posts by a land force, co-operating at the same time with a fleet of gunboats under Commodore Foote. It was bitter cold. Amid sleet and snow the men pushed along the muddy roads, arriving at Fort Henry just as it was captured, after a severe bombardment, by the gunboats. Grant immediately turned his attention to Fort Donelson, which had been reinforced by a large part of the garrison which had escaped from Fort Henry. It was held by Generals Buckner, Floyd, and Pillow, with 20,000 men. For three days a fierce attack was kept up; and Buckner, who having been at West Point with Grant, doubtless knew that he was "a very obstinate man," sent on the morning of the fourth day, under a flag of truce, to ask what terms of surrender would be granted. In reply Grant sent that brief, stern message which, thrilled throughout the North, stirring the blood in every loyal heart:—

"NO TERMS BUT UNCONDITIONAL AND IMMEDIATE SURRENDER CAN BE ACCEPTED. I PROPOSE TO MOVE IMMEDIATELY UPON YOUR WORKS."

Buckner protested against the terms; but he wisely accepted them, and surrendered unconditionally. With Fort Donelson were surrendered 15,000 men, 3000 horses, sixty-five cannon, and a great quantity of small arms and



DECORATION DAY.

military stores. It was the first great victory for the North, and the whole country was electrified. Grant's reply to Buckner became a household word, and the people of the North delighted to call him "Unconditional Surrender Grant." He was made a major-general, his commission bearing date of February 16, 1862, the day of the surrender of Fort Donelson.

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH.

The next great battle fought by Grant was that of Shiloh, in Mississippi,—"the Waterloo of the Western campaign," as it has been called. In this battle Sherman was Grant's chief lieutenant, and the two men tested each other's qualities in the greatest trial to which either had been exposed. The battle was one of the turning-points of the war. The Confederates, under Albert Sidney Johnston, one of their best generals, attacked the Union forces at Shiloh Church. All day Sunday the battle raged. The brave Johnston was killed; but the Union forces were driven back, and at night their lines were a mile in the rear of their position in the morning. Grant came into his headquarters tent that evening, when, to any but the bravest and most sanguine, the battle seemed lost, and said: "Well, it was tough work to-day, but we will beat them out of their boots to-morrow." "When his staff and the generals present heard this," writes one of his officers, "they were as fully persuaded of the result of the morrow's battle as when the victory had actually been achieved."

The next day, after dreadful fighting, the tide turned in favor of the Union forces. In the afternoon, Grant himself led a charge against the Confederate lines, under which they broke and were driven back. Night found the Union army in possession of the field, after one of the severest battles of the war.

"The path to glory," says a wise Frenchman, "is not a way of flowers." After the battle of Shiloh, Grant was bitterly assailed as a "butcher," as "incompetent," and as being a "drunkard,"—a charge which was utterly false. When President Lincoln was told that Grant "drank too much whiskey," he replied, with characteristic humor, that he wished he knew what brand General Grant used, as he would like to send some to the other Union generals. The abuse of which he was the object did not seem to trouble Grant. The more other people's tongues wagged about him, the more he held his own.

The winter of 1862–'63, the second year of the war, was full of gloom for the North. The Confederate cause was farther advanced than at the beginning of the war. Many loyal people despaired of ever saving the Union. Although President Lincoln himself never lost faith in the final triumph of the national cause, the cabinet and Congress were uneasy and anxious. The fall elections went against the party which advocated the carrying on of the war. Voluntary enlistments had ceased, and it became necessary to resort to the draft. Unless a great success came to restore the spirit of the North, it seemed probable that

the draft would be resisted, that men would begin to desert, and that the power to capture and punish deserters would be lost. In a word, it seemed that a great success was absolutely necessary to prevent the Union army and the Union cause from going to pieces. It was Grant's conviction that the army must at all hazards "*go forward to a decisive victory.*"

THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

On a high bluff on the east bank of the Mississippi river, which pursues a winding course through its fertile valley, stood the town of Vicksburg. From this point a railroad ran to the eastward, and from the opposite shore another ran westward through the rich, level country of Louisiana. The town was strongly fortified, and from its elevation it commanded the river in both directions. So long as it was held by the Confederate armies, the Mississippi could not be opened to navigation; and the line of railroad running east and west kept communication open between the western and eastern parts of the Confederacy. How to capture Vicksburg was a great problem; but it was one which General Grant determined should be solved.

For eight months Grant worked at this problem. He formed plan after plan, only to be forced to give them up. Sherman made a direct attack at the only place where it was practicable to make a landing, and failed. Weeks were spent in cutting a canal across the neck of a peninsula formed by a great bend in the river opposite Vicksburg, so as to bring the gunboats through without undergoing the fire of the batteries; but a flood destroyed the work. Meanwhile great numbers of the troops were ill with malaria or other diseases, and many died. There was much clamor at Washington to have Grant removed, but the President refused. He had faith in Grant, and determined to give him time to work out the great problem,—how to get below and in the rear of Vicksburg, on the Mississippi river.

This was at last accomplished. On a dark night the gunboats were successfully run past the batteries, although every one of them was more or less damaged by the guns. The troops were marched across the peninsula, and then taken over the river; and on April 30th his whole force was landed on the Mississippi side, on high ground, and at a point where he could reach the enemy.

The railroad running east from Vicksburg connected it with Jackson, the State capital, which was an important railway centre, and from which Vicksburg was supplied. Grant made his movements with great rapidity. He fought in quick succession a series of battles by which Jackson and several other towns were captured; then, turning westward, he attacked the forces of Pemberton, drove him back into Vicksburg, cut off his supplies and laid siege to the place.

The eyes of the whole nation were now centred on Vicksburg. Over two hundred guns were brought to bear upon the place, besides the batteries of the

gunboats. In default of mortars, guns were improvised by boring out tough logs, strongly bound with iron bands, which did good service. The people of Vicksburg lived in cellars and caves to escape the shot and shell. Food of all kinds became very scarce; flour was sold at five dollars a pound, molasses at twelve dollars a gallon. The endurance and devotion of the inhabitants were wonderful. But the siege was so rigidly and relentlessly maintained that there could be but one end. On July 3d, at ten o'clock, flags of truce were displayed on the works, and General Pemberton sent a message to Grant asking for an armistice, and proposing that commissioners be appointed to arrange terms of capitulation.

On the afternoon of the same day, Grant and Pemberton met under an oak between the lines of the two armies and arranged the terms of surrender. It took three hours for the Confederate army to march out and stack their arms. There were surrendered 31,000 men, 250 cannon, and a great quantity of arms and munitions of war. But the moral advantage to the Union cause was far beyond any material gain. The fall of Vicksburg carried with it Port Hudson, a few miles below, which surrendered to Banks a few days later, and at last the great river was open from St. Louis to the sea.

The news of this great victory came to the North on the same day with that of Gettysburg, July 4, 1863. The rejoicing over the great triumph is indescribable. A heavy load was lifted from the minds of the President and cabinet. The North took heart, and resolved again to prosecute the war with energy. The name of Grant was on every tongue. It was everywhere felt that he was the foremost man of the campaign. He was at once made a major-general in the regular army, and a gold medal was awarded him by Congress.

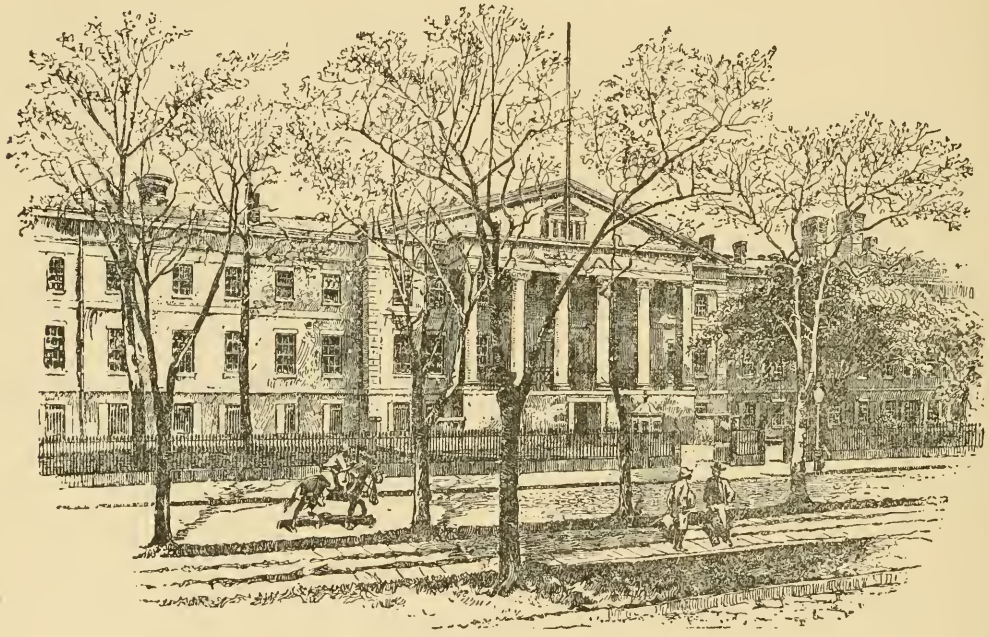
Early in September, 1863, General Grant paid a visit to General Banks, in New Orleans, and while there had a narrow escape from death. Riding one day in the suburbs, his horse took fright at a locomotive, and came in collision with a carriage, throwing himself down and falling on his rider. From this severe fall Grant was confined to his bed for several weeks. On his return to Vicksburg, he was allowed but a brief period to rest and recover from his accident. He was invested with the command of the consolidated Departments of the South and West, as the Military Division of the Mississippi, and at once moved to Eastern Tennessee.

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The town of Chattanooga, an important railway centre, lies in the beautiful valley of the Tennessee river, near where it crosses the line into Alabama. Directly south the front of Lookout Mountain rises abruptly to a height of two thousand feet above the sea level, affording a magnificent view which extends into six different States, and of the Tennessee river for thirty miles of its winding course. Two miles to the east, running from north to south, is the crest of

Missionary Ridge, five hundred feet high,—the site of schools and churches established long ago by Catholic missionaries among the Cherokee Indians. Both Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge were occupied by the army of General Bragg, and his commanding position, strengthened by fortifications, was considered impregnable.

The disastrous battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863, had left the Union armies in East Tennessee in a perilous situation. General Thomas, in Chattanooga, was hemmed in by the Confederate forces, and his men and horses were almost starving. The army was on quarter rations. Ammunition was almost exhausted, and the troops were short of clothing. Thousands of army mules, worn out and starved, lay dead along the miry roads. Chattanooga,



UNITED STATES MINT, NEW ORLEANS.

occupied by the Union army, was too strongly fortified for Bragg to take it by storm, but every day shells from his batteries upon the heights were thrown into the town. This was the situation when Grant, stiff and sore from his accident, arrived at Nashville, on his way to direct the campaign in East Tennessee.

"Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible," he telegraphed from Nashville to General Thomas. "We will hold the town until we starve," was the brave reply.

Grant's movements were rapid and decisive. He ordered the troops concentrated at Chattanooga; he fought a battle at Wauhatchie, in Lookout Valley,

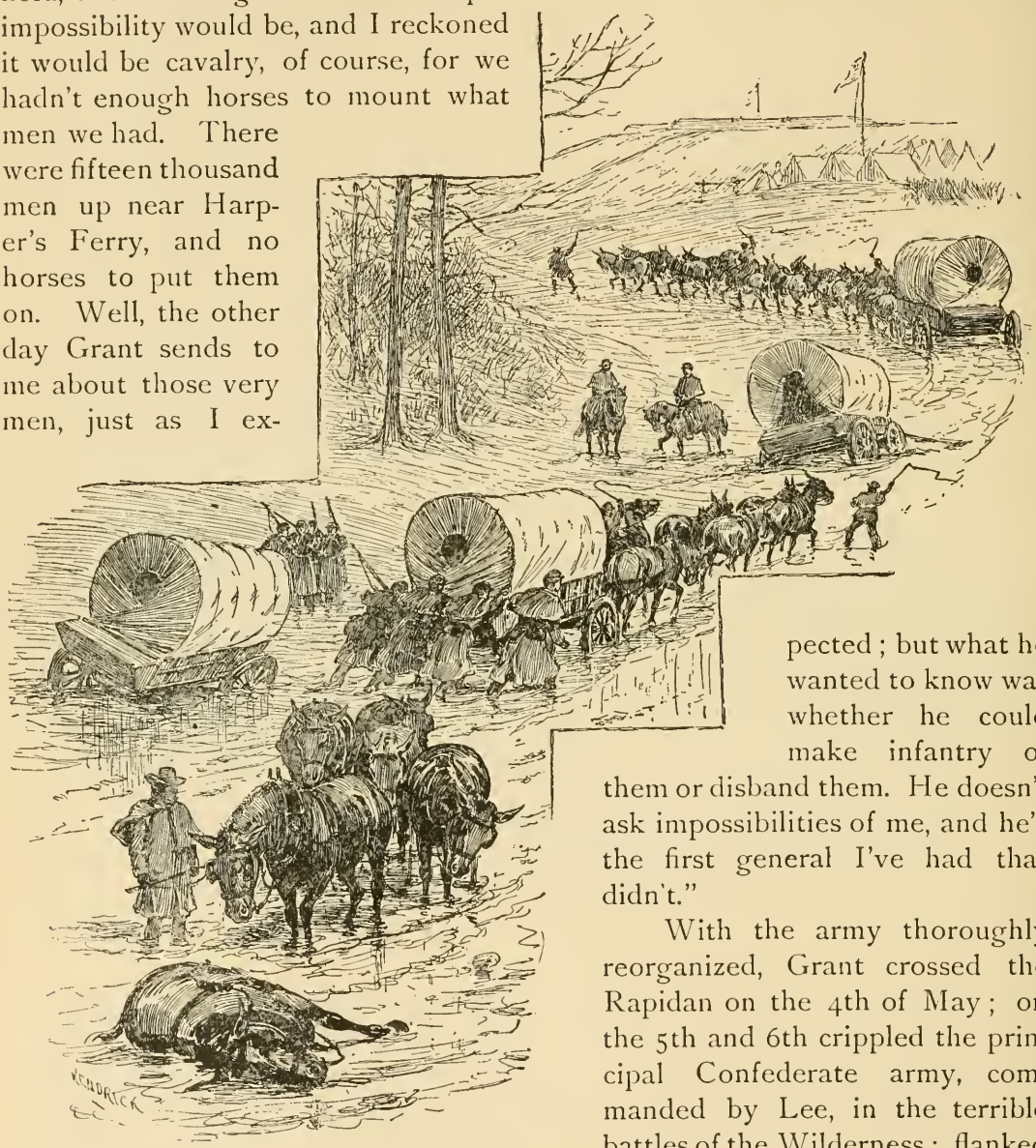
which broke Bragg's hold on the river below Chattanooga and shortened the Union line of supplies; and by his prompt and vigorous preparation for effective action he soon had his troops lifted out of the demoralized condition in which they had sunk after the defeat of Chickamauga. One month after his arrival were fought the memorable battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, by which the Confederate troops were driven out of Tennessee, their hold on the country broken up, and a large number of prisoners and guns captured. Nothing in the history of war is more inspiring than the impetuous bravery with which the Union troops fought their way up the steep mountain sides, bristling with cannon, and drove the Confederate troops out of their works at the point of the bayonet. An officer of General Bragg's staff afterward declared that they considered their position perfectly impregnable, and that when they saw the Union troops, after capturing their rifle-pits at the base, coming up the craggy mountain toward their headquarters, they could scarcely credit their eyes, and thought that every man of them must be drunk. History has no parallel for sublimity and picturesqueness of effect, while the consequences, which were the division of the Confederacy in the East, were inestimable.

After Grant's success in Tennessee, the popular demand that he should be put at the head of all the armies became irresistible. In Virginia the magnificent Army of the Potomac, after two years of fighting, had been barely able to turn back from the North the tide of Confederate invasion, and was apparently as far as ever from capturing Richmond. In the West, on the other hand, Grant's campaigns had won victory after victory, had driven the opposing forces out of Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, and Tennessee, had taken Vicksburg, opened up the Mississippi, and divided the Confederacy in both the West and the East. In response to the call for Grant, Congress revived the grade of lieutenant-general, which had been held by only one commander, Scott, since the time of Washington; and the hero of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, and Chattanooga was nominated by the President, confirmed by the Senate, and placed in command of all the armies of the nation.

The relief of President Lincoln at having such a man in command was very great. "Grant is the first *general* I've had," he remarked to a friend. "You know how it has been with all the rest. As soon as I put a man in command of the army, he would come to me with a plan, and about as much as say, 'Now, I don't believe I can do it, but if you say so I'll try it on,' and so put the responsibility of success or failure upon me. They all wanted *me* to be the general. Now, it isn't so with Grant. He hasn't told me what his plans are. I don't know, and I don't want to know. I am glad to find a man who can go ahead without me.

"When any of the rest set out on a campaign," added the President, "they

would look over matters and pick out some one thing they were short of, and which they knew I couldn't give them, and tell me they couldn't hope to win unless they had it; and it was most generally cavalry. Now, when Grant took hold, I was waiting to see what his pet impossibility would be, and I reckoned it would be cavalry, of course, for we hadn't enough horses to mount what men we had. There were fifteen thousand men up near Harper's Ferry, and no horses to put them on. Well, the other day Grant sends to me about those very men, just as I expected; but what he wanted to know was whether he could make infantry of them or disband them. He doesn't ask impossibilities of me, and he's the first general I've had that didn't."



MOIST WEATHER AT THE FRONT.

With the army thoroughly reorganized, Grant crossed the Rapidan on the 4th of May; on the 5th and 6th crippled the principal Confederate army, commanded by Lee, in the terrible battles of the Wilderness; flanked him on the left; fought at Spottsylvania Court House on the 7th, again on the 10th, and still again on the 12th on which last occasion he captured a whole division of the Confederate army. Thus during the summer of 1864 he kept up an unceasing warfare, ever pursuing the offensive, and daily drawing nearer to the rebel capital, until at last he drove the enemy within the defenses of Richmond.

Never was the persistent courage, the determined purpose which was the foundation of Grant's character, more clearly brought out than in the Virginia campaign of 1864; and never was it more needed. Well did he know that no single triumph, however brilliant, would win. He saw plainly that nothing but "hammering away" would avail. The stone wall of the Confederacy had too broad and firm a base to be suddenly overturned; it had to be slowly reduced to powder.

During the anxious days which followed the battle of the Wilderness, Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, relates that he asked President Lincoln, "How does Grant impress you as compared with other generals?"

"The great thing about him," said the President, "is cool persistency of purpose. He is not easily excited, and he has the grip of a bull-dog. *When he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off.*"

His great opponent, Lee, saw and felt that same quality. When, after days of indecisive battle, the fighting in the Wilderness came to a pause, it was believed in the Confederate lines that the Union troops were falling back. General Gordon said to Lee,—

"I think there is no doubt that Grant is retreating."

The Confederate chief knew better. He shook his head.

"You are mistaken," he replied earnestly,—"quite mistaken. Grant is not retreating; *he is not a retreating man.*"

Spottsylvania followed, then North Anna, Cold Harbor and Chickahominy. Then Grant changed his base to the James river, and attacked Petersburg. Slowly but surely the Union lines closed in. "Falling back" on the Union side had gone out of fashion. South or North, all could see that now a steady, resistless force was back of the Union armies, pushing them ever on toward Richmond.

Grant's losses in the final campaign were heavy, but Lee's slender resources were wrecked in a much more serious proportion; and for the Confederates no recruiting was possible. Their dead, who lay so thickly beneath the fields, were the children of the soil, and there were none to replace them. Sometimes whole families had been destroyed; but the survivors fought on. In the Confederate lines around Petersburg there was often absolute destitution. An officer who was there testified, shortly after the end of the struggle, that every cat and dog for miles around had been caught and eaten. Grant was pressing onward; Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas had proved that the stone wall of the Confederacy was seriously shattered; Sheridan's splendid cavalry was ever hovering round the last defenders of the bars and stripes. Grant saw that all was over, and on April 7, 1865, he wrote that memorable letter calling upon Lee to surrender, and bring the war to an end.

The Virginia hamlet dignified by the name of Appomattox Court House

SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE TO GENERAL GRANT, AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, APRIL 9TH, 1865

comprised, in the spring of 1865, five houses, the largest of which, a brick dwelling, was the home of Wilmer McLean. In front was a pleasant yard, smiling with the sweet flowers of early spring. In this house, in the afternoon of the 9th of April, General Lee and General Grant met to arrange for the surrender of Lee's army, which was in effect the end of the Southern Confederacy. "When I had left camp that morning," writes Grant, "I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback in the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats.

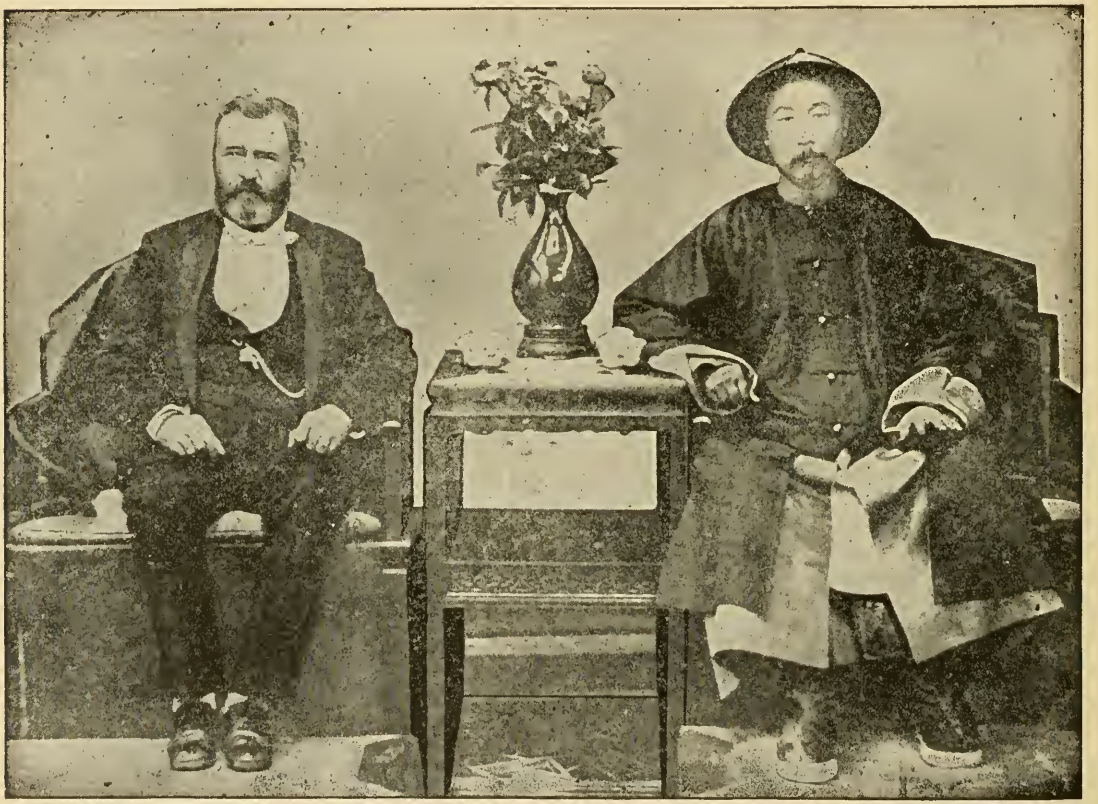
"General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia; at all events, it was an entirely different one from the sword that would ordinarily be worn in the field. In my rough traveling-suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form; but this is not a matter that I thought of until afterward."

The terms of surrender allowed by Grant were most generous. Officers and men were to be paroled. The officers were allowed to retain their side-arms, their baggage, and their horses; and, with humane consideration for the men who had lost everything, the men were allowed to keep their horses. "I took it," says Grant, "that most of the men were small farmers. The whole country had been so raided by the two armies that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding. The United States did not want them; and I would therefore instruct the officers . . . to let every man . . . who claimed to own a horse or mule take the animal to his home. Lee remarked again that this would have a happy effect."

Grant also supplied rations from his own stores to Lee's starving army. For some days they had been living on parched corn. He gave them forage for their horses; and when the Union soldiers began firing a salute of one hundred guns to celebrate the surrender, Grant ordered the firing stopped. "The Confederates," he wrote, "were now our prisoners, and we did not want to exult over their downfall." Reading of such actions toward a conquered foe, it is not hard to understand why, twenty years later, the South and the North together read with tears the bulletins from Grant's bedside, and why the soldiers who fought against him joined at his grave in the last tribute of love and honor.

The rejoicing throughout the North over the surrender of Lee's army and the restoration of the Union was checked by the sudden blow of the assassin

of the President, which changed that rejoicing to mourning. The death of Lincoln left Grant the foremost American in the hearts of the people. In the political turmoil which followed the accession of Johnson to the Presidency, and in the period of "reconstruction," while much of the South was under martial law, Grant, as head of the army, necessarily held a prominent place. His popularity increased, and his nomination for the Presidency in 1868 was a foregone conclusion. In 1872 he was re-elected, this time over Horace Greeley. His popularity was so general that the opposition to him was insignificant



GENERAL GRANT AND LI HUNG CHANG, VICEROY OF CHINA.

At the close of his second term he was succeeded by Rutherford B. Hayes, who was declared elected by the famous Electoral Commission, after the disputed election of 1876.

Grant was by nature and training a soldier, not a civil administrator; and while there was much to admire in his career as President, there is also much that has been severely criticised. Accustomed to repose absolute confidence in his friends, he was deceived and made use of by adroit and unscrupulous men

against whom he was powerless to defend himself. The unsettled state of the country after the civil war, the political and race prejudices which disturbed the South, the ignorance and helplessness of the freedmen, and the denial of their rights, all combined to make the task of government a most difficult and delicate one. But whether Grant's civil career be considered successful or not, it soon became evident that he had not lost his hold on the affectionate admiration of the people, and that his fame abroad was as great as at home. At the close of his second term, in May, 1877, he sailed from Philadelphia for a tour around the world, which for over two years was made one long-continued ovation, more like the triumphal progress of a great monarch than the journey of a private citizen. By all the great nations of Europe and Asia he was received with every mark of the highest honor. He was the guest of emperors, kings, and municipalities, and welcomed with tokens of good will equally by the proudest and the humblest of the people. Throughout Europe, Turkey, Persia, India, China, and Japan he journeyed, and when at last he landed at San Francisco, the demonstration in his honor surpassed anything before seen on the Pacific coast. It is perhaps not too much to say that until their eyes were opened by his reception abroad, the American people did not themselves appreciate Grant's real greatness and the extent of his fame.

GRANT'S TROUBLES AND HOW HE MET THEM.

But nothing in all his career did so much to fix Grant in the affection of the country as the events of the last year of his life. After his return from abroad he had, at the solicitation of his son, joined the firm of Ward & Fish, in New York, and put all his savings into it. The business seemed to go on prosperously,—so prosperously that Grant believed himself worth a million dollars. He himself gave no attention to the business, confiding entirely in the active partners. A sudden and appalling exposure followed in May, 1884. One morning Grant went down to the office in Wall Street, and found that Ward had absconded, and that he and his children were utterly ruined. Only a few days before, Ward had induced him to borrow one hundred thousand dollars, under the pretence that this sum would enable him to discharge some pressing claims upon a bank in which the firm had large deposits. Grant went to W. H. Vanderbilt and asked for the money as a loan. Vanderbilt sat down and drew a check for it, and handed it to his visitor. Grant had no idea that the firm with which his name had been identified existed upon sheer roguery. But all the papers were soon full of the shameful story. The famous soldier saw but too clearly that he had been used as a decoy by an abominable swindler. House, money, books, furniture, his swords, and other presents—the money of his children and many of his friends—everything was gone, including, as he thought, his honor. It was afterward clearly seen that he had no complicity whatever in

THE FUNERAL TRAIN OF GENERAL GRANT PASSING WEST POINT

(*From a sketch by Cadet C. T. Hamilton*)

the frauds committed by his partners,—that he was the chief of the sufferers, not in any way a culprit. The sympathy of the people went out to him; once more he rallied from enfeebled health and a wounded spirit, and he began to believe that in time he might recover from this disastrous blow.

But another great calamity was hanging over him. A few months after the failure of the firm, he began to complain of a pain in his throat. Gradually it grew worse; and at last the dread fact could no longer be concealed that his disease was cancer. He had already begun to write his "Memoirs," urged on by the one hope which now remained to him—the hope of making some provision for his family in place of that which they had lost. But the torment which now visited him, day and night, obliged him to stop. He could not lie down without bringing on fits of choking; he would sit for hours, as General Badeau has said, "propped up in his chair, with his hands clasped, looking at the blank wall before him, silent, contemplating the future; not alarmed, but solemn at the prospect of pain and disease, and only death at the end."

Then there came a change for the better. The kindly messages which were sent to him from all classes of his own countrymen, North and South, and which flowed in upon him from England—from the Queen herself—greatly cheered and consoled him. Again he set to work upon his book, determined to finish it before he died. He was further encouraged by the news that Congress had at last passed a bill placing him on the retired list of the army. His good name, he felt, was once more established. In June, 1885, he seemed to be a little better; but the great heat of the city distressed him, and a villa on Mount Macgregor, near Saratoga, was offered to him by a friend. He knew that he could not live. But three families were dependent upon him. If he could complete his "Memoirs," half a million dollars would be earned for them. Again and again he took up pencil and paper—for he could no longer dictate—and wrote, slowly and laboriously, as much as he could. No murmur escaped him. Great physical prostration, accompanied by inevitable mental depression, often assailed him, but he summoned all his energies, and came back from the very portals of the grave. That his children and grandchildren should not be left to the tender mercies of the world,—this was the solitary boon he craved.

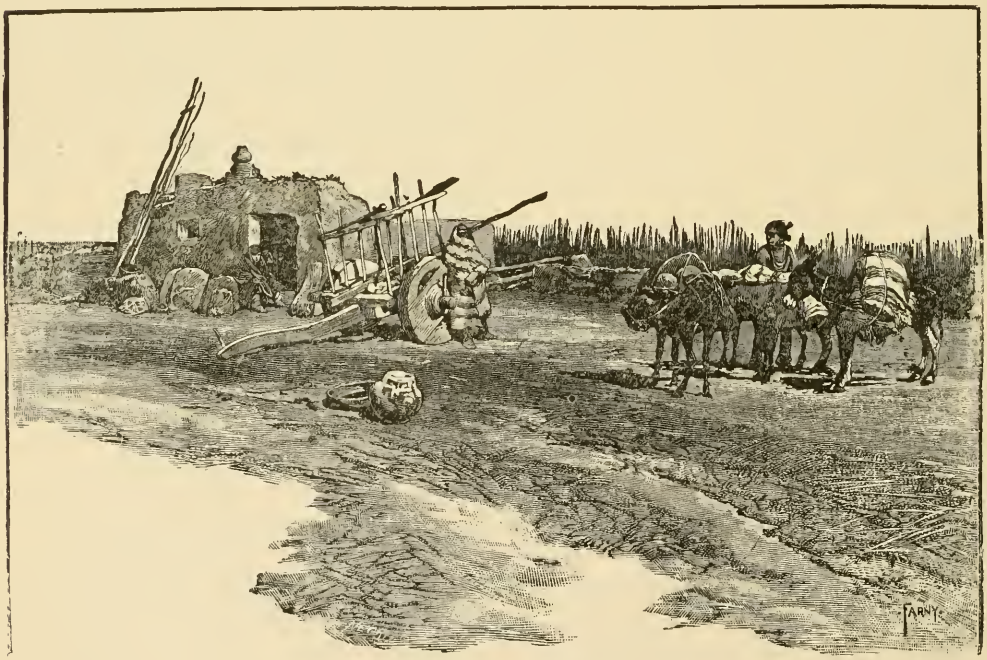
And it was granted. He had just time to write the last page, and then, on the 23d of July, the end came gently to him. With his wife and family still around him, he passed away as an over-wearied child might fall asleep.

The body of the great soldier was laid at rest in Riverside Park, New York city, beside the Hudson river, after a funeral pageant such as had never been witnessed in America. The army, the navy, the militia, the soldiers of the Southern army, and hundreds of thousands of citizens, from the richest to the poorest, joined in the solemn procession, and bowed their heads around the tomb where his dust was laid. For weeks the whole country had eagerly

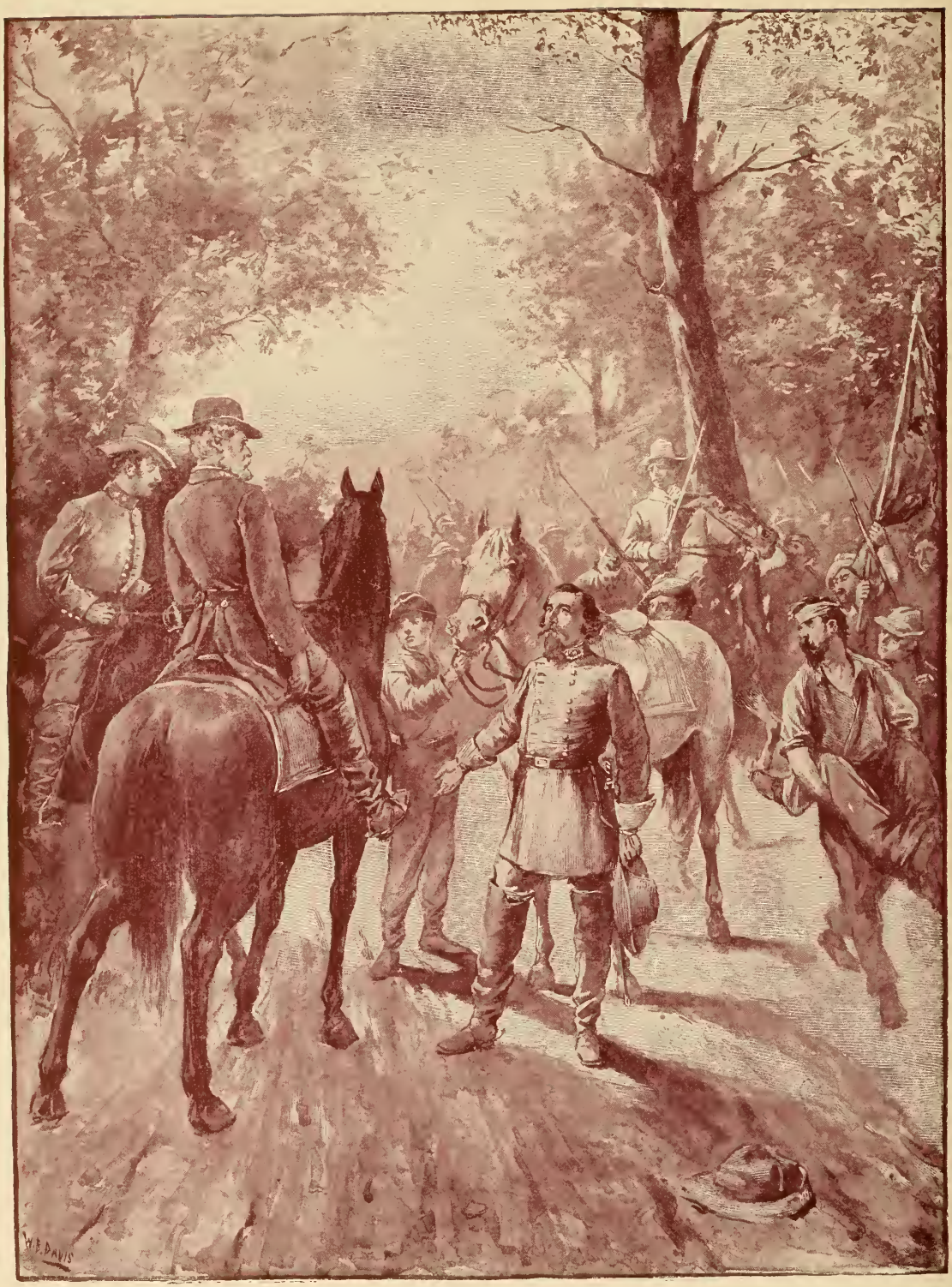
watched for the news from his bedside. Only four days before his death, when the darkness was closing in around him, he had finished his "Memoirs," undertaken that his debts might be paid and his loved ones provided for. Now, when all was over, and the memory of all the nation owed him came back, a united people gathered to render at his grave their tributes of love and gratitude.

When, in 1866, the bill to revive the grade of "General of the Army of the United States" was before the House of Representatives, Grant's friend, Henry C. Deming spoke these true and fitting words:—

"Time, it is said, devours the proudest human memorial. The impress we have made as a nation may be obliterated; our grandest achievements, even those which we now fondly deem eternal, those which embellish the walls of that historic rotunda, may all drop from the memory of man. Yet we shall not all perish. You may rest assured that *three American names* will survive oblivion, and soar together immortal: the name of him who founded, the name of him who disenthralled, with the name of him who saved the republic."



AN OLD INDIAN FARM-HOUSE.

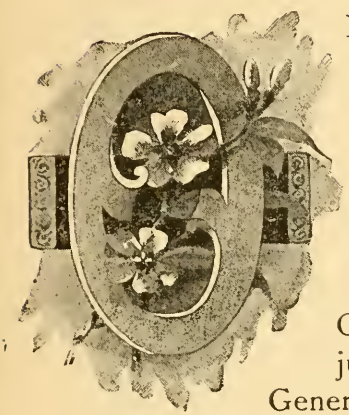


PICKETT'S RETURN FROM HIS FAMOUS CHARGE

"General, my noble division is swept away."

ROBERT E. LEE

THE GREAT COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES.



OF ALL the men whose character and ability were developed in the great civil war, there was perhaps not one in either the Union or the Confederate army whose greatness is more generally acknowledged than that of Robert E. Lee. His ability as a soldier and his character as a man are alike appreciated ; and while it is natural that men of the North should be unable to understand his taking up arms against the Government, yet that has not prevented their doing full justice to his greatness. It is not too much to say that General Lee is recognized both North and South as one of the greatest soldiers, and one of the ablest and purest men, that America has ever produced.

Robert Edward Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807. He was the son of the famous Revolutionary general. "Light Horse Harry Lee." He was graduated at West Point in 1829, and won high honor in the Mexican war. General Scott attributed the capture of Vera Cruz to his skill. For three years he was in command at the West Point Military Academy, where he made great improvements, and did much to raise its standing and improve its efficiency. When John Brown made his famous raid at Harper's Ferry, in 1859, Lee was hastily dispatched thither with a body of United States troops. When they arrived, Brown had entrenched himself in the arsenal engine-house, which Lee attacked, battered down the door, captured the raiders, and turned them over to the civil authorities.

At the breaking out of the war Lee was much in doubt as to the right course. He disapproved of secession, but was thoroughly pervaded with the idea of loyalty to his State,—an idea which was almost universal in the South, but incomprehensible to the people of the North. He had great difficulty in arriving at a decision ; but when at last Virginia adopted an ordinance of secession he resigned his commission in the United States army. Writing to his

sister, he said, "Though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defence of my native State, . . . I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword,"

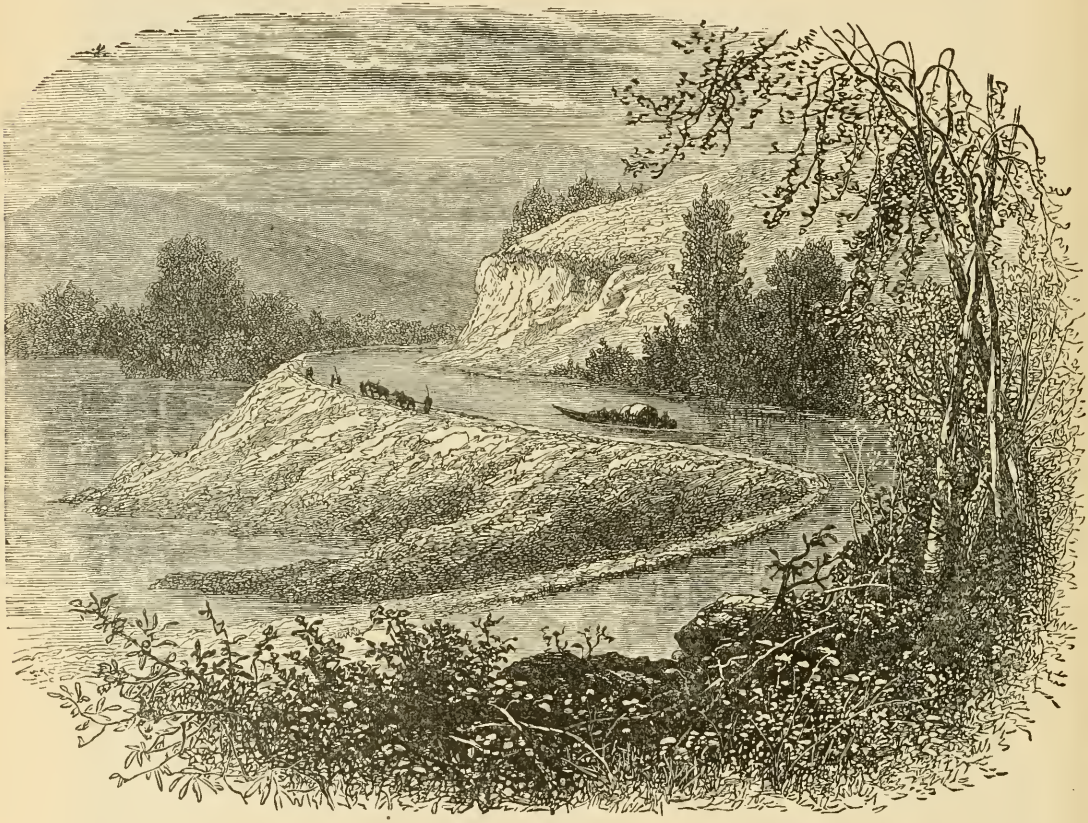
LEE'S CLEAR FORESIGHT.

He was quickly called upon to "defend his native State." None realized better than he that a long and bloody war was coming, and that Virginia would be the chief battle-ground. General Imboden has given an interesting account of an interview with Lee in May, 1861, just after he was put in command of the armies of Virginia. General Imboden had gone to Richmond to urge the sending of troops to Harper's Ferry. "It was Sunday," he writes, "and I found the General entirely alone, in a small room on Bank street, near the Capitol. It was the first time I had met him, and I am sure he was the handsomest man I had ever seen. His hair and moustache—he wore no beard —were only slightly silvered with gray, just enough to harmonize freely with his rich, ruddy complexion, a little bronzed, and to give perfect dignity to the expression of his grand and massive features. His manner was grave, but frank and cordial. He wore a simple undress military suit, without badge or ornament of any kind, and there was nothing in his surroundings to indicate high military rank. . . .

"I rose to take my leave, when he asked me to resume my seat, remarking that he wished to talk with me about the condition of the country, and the terrible storm which was so soon to burst upon it in all its fury. . . . He said he desired to impress me . . . with the gravity and danger of our situation, and the imperative necessity for immediate and thorough preparation for defense. Growing warm and earnest, he said, 'I fear our people do not yet realize the magnitude of the struggle they have entered upon, nor its probable duration, and the sacrifices it will impose upon them. The United States Government,' he said, 'is one of the most powerful upon earth. I know the people and the government we have to contend with. In a little while they will be even more united than we are. Their resources are almost without limit. They have a thoroughly organized government, commanding the respect, and, to some extent, the fears of the world. Their army is complete in all its details and appointments, and it will be commanded by the foremost soldier of the country, General Scott, whose devotion to the Union cause is attested by his drawing his sword against his native State. They have also a navy that in a little while

JOHN BROWN AFTER HIS CAPTURE

will blockade our ports and cut us off from all the world. They have nearly all the workshops and skilled artisans of the country, and will draw upon the resources of other nations to supply any deficiency they may feel. And above all, we shall have to fight the prejudices of the world, because of the existence of slavery in our country. Our enemies will have the ear of other powers, while we cannot be heard, and they will be shrewd enough to make the war appear to be merely a struggle on our part for the maintenance of slavery; and we shall thus be without sympathy, and most certainly without material aid from



THE JAMES RIVER AND COUNTRY NEAR RICHMOND.

other powers. To meet all this we have a government to form, an army to raise, organize and equip, as best we may. We are without a treasury, and without credit. We have no ships, few arms, and few manufacturers. Our people are brave and enthusiastic, and will be united in defense of a just cause. I believe we can succeed in establishing our independence, if the people can be made to comprehend at the outset that to do so they must endure a longer war and far greater privations than our fathers did in the Revolution of 1776. We will not succeed until the financial power of the North is completely broken,

and this can occur only at the end of a long and bloody war. Many of our people think it will soon be over, that perhaps a single campaign and one great battle will end it. This is a fatal error, and must be corrected, or we are doomed. Above all, Virginians must prepare for the worst. Our country is of wide extent and great natural resources, but the conflict will be mainly in Virginia. She will become the Flanders of America before this war is over, and her people must be prepared for this. If they resolve at once to dedicate their lives and all they possess to the cause of constitutional government and Southern independence, and to suffer without yielding as no other people have been called upon to suffer in modern times, we shall, with the blessing of God, succeed in the end; but when it will all end no man can foretell. I wish I could talk to every man, woman and child in the State now, and impress them with these views.'

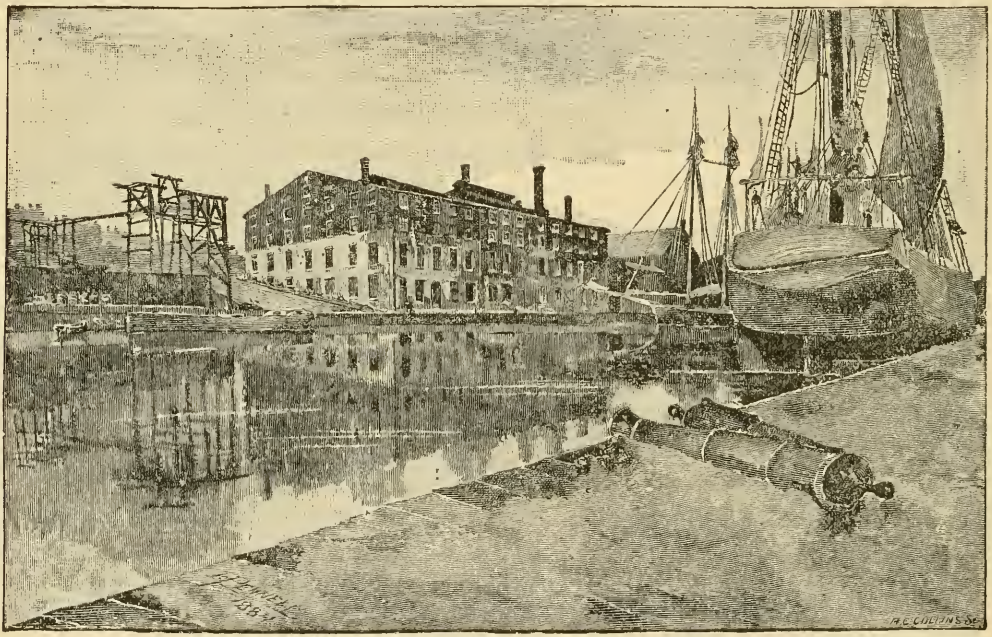
"The prophetic forecast of General Lee became widely known, and as subsequent events verified his judgment, it aided materially in giving him that control over the public mind of the South that enabled him often by a simple expression of his wishes to procure larger supplies and aid for his army than the most stringent acts of Congress and merciless impressment orders could obtain. The people came to regard him as the only man who could possibly carry us through the struggle successfully. The love of his troops for him knew no bounds, because they had implicit faith in his ability, and knew he was a sympathizing friend in all their trials. . . .

THE CONFEDERATE COMMANDER'S DINNER.

"The great simplicity of his habits was another ground of popularity. He fared no better than his troops. Their rough, scant rations were his as well. There were times when for weeks our army had nothing but bread and meat to live on, and not enough of that. When the two armies were on the opposite banks of the Rappahannock, in the winter of 1863–'64, meat was sometimes very scarce in ours. Even the usual half-pound per diem ration could not always be issued. During one of these periods of scarcity, on a very stormy day, several corps and division generals were at headquarters, and were waiting for the rain to abate before riding to their camps, when General Lee's negro cook announced dinner. The General invited his visitors to dine with him. On repairing to the table a tray of hot corn-bread, a boiled head of cabbage seasoned with a very small piece of bacon, and a bucket of water constituted the repast. The piece of meat was so small that all politely declined taking any, expressing themselves as 'very fond of boiled cabbage and corn-bread,' on which they dined. Of course, the General was too polite to eat meat in the presence of guests who had declined it. But later in the afternoon, when they had all gone, feeling very hungry, he called his servant and asked him to bring him a piece of bread and

meat. The darkey looked perplexed and embarrassed, and after scratching his head some time said in a deprecating tone, 'Lord, Mas' Robert, dat meat what I sot before you at dinner warn't ours. I had jest borrowed dat piece of middlin' from one of de couriers to season de cabbage in de pot, and seein' as you was gwine to have company at dinner, I put on de dish wid de cabbage for looks. But when I seed you an' none of de genelmen toche it I 'cluded you all knowed it was borrowed, and so after dinner I sont it back to de boy what it belong to. I's mighty sorry, Mas' Robert, I didn't know you wanted some, for den I would 'a' tuck a piece off'n it anyhow 'fore I sont it home.'"

In the latter part of 1861, General Lee was sent to the coast of South



LIBBY PRISON IN 1884, BEFORE ITS REMOVAL TO CHICAGO.

Carolina, where he planned the defenses which so long proved impregnable to all attacks of the Union forces, and which were held until the northward march of Sherman's army in 1865 compelled the evacuation of Charleston. Lee then returned to Virginia, and in June, 1862, he took command of the Confederate forces defending Richmond. On June 26th, he met McClellan at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill; and then began that long and terrible series of battles between his forces and the Army of the Potomac, which so splendidly displayed his magnificent abilities as a commander. In defensive warfare he was almost invincible. He defeated McClellan on the Peninsula, Burnside at Fredericksburg, and Hooker at Chancellorsville. Not until Grant took command in 1864 had a general been found who could successfully cope with Lee; and even

Grant accomplished Lee's final defeat not so much by superior generalship as by steadily taking advantage of his own superior resources.

After the great conflict at Gettysburg, in July, 1863, the great resources of the North, so far superior to those of the South, began to tell against the Confederacy. It became almost impossible to recruit the Southern armies, or to properly supply the men who were already in the field. Henceforth Lee's operations were confined to the defense of Virginia; and it is hard to overrate the masterly ability with which this was done, under almost insuperable difficulties and discouragements. It was love and devotion to their commander which held together the armies of the Confederacy; and this, coupled with their confidence in his skill, long made his ragged and half-starved soldiers more than a match for the superior armies of McClellan and Grant. General Grant perceived this, and saw that it was really a question of endurance,—that the Confederacy could be overcome only when the resources of the South were so far exhausted that the war could no longer be carried on; and it was with this idea in his mind that he took command of the Union armies in 1864.

The battle of the Wilderness, on May 5th, was the beginning of the end. Spottsylvania followed, and then Cold Harbor, where the frightful losses of the Union armies gave terrible proof of Lee's ability to take swift advantage of the least mistake of his antagonist. Then came the siege of Petersburg, and after a spring and summer of persistent fighting, Lee seemed as able as ever to keep the Union armies at bay. But, as Grant had foreseen, the struggle had told heavily upon his resources; and when the triumphant march of Sherman through Georgia had exposed the hopelessly exhausted condition of the South, the end of the struggle was seen to be approaching.

The deprivation and poverty in Virginia in the last year of the war were extreme. The railroad communications of Richmond being often destroyed by the Union cavalry, it was impossible to keep the city supplied, and many of the people were on the verge of starvation. Pea soup and bread were the food of large numbers. Confederate money had so depreciated that it was often said that it took a basketful to go to market. A barrel of flour cost several hundred dollars. Boots were four and five hundred dollars a pair.

Still Lee held out, and in the spring of 1865 maintained with persistent skill and courage the hopeless defense of Richmond; but his army was melting away; it was impossible to supply them even with food; the men themselves saw that further conflict was a useless sacrifice, and were ready to accept the result which came at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865.

The universal affection and respect which the people of the South felt for General Lee was, if possible, increased after the close of the war. The confiscation of his property had rendered him homeless. The people of Virginia offered him homes almost without number, and relatives also who lived in Eng-

land were desirous that he should take up his abode there; but General Lee would not consent to be separated from the country he loved. He was deeply attached to the people of the South, as they to him; and of the many homes offered him, he chose one in Powhatan County, a small and simple country place where he gathered his wife and children around him, expecting to lead a retired and quiet life. He was also offered many positions, in which he would receive a liberal salary for little or no labor but these his pride would not permit him to accept. Finally a proposition was made by the trustees of Washington College that he should become president of that institution. This offer, much to the gratification of his friends, he concluded to accept, believing as he said, that he could be of influence and use in that position. This expectation was not disappointed. The University quickly became one of the most popular educational institutions of the South, which was no doubt largely in consequence of the fact that he was at the head of it. The number of students increased ten-fold within a comparatively short time after General Lee became its president. His wisdom and skill in managing the

GENERAL LEE TO THE REAR!"

students of the University was remarkable. His appeal to the higher sentiments of the young men seemed never to fail of a response. They were ashamed to do anything less than their best when feeling that General Lee's eye was upon them. He was accustomed to remind them on entering the college of the loving solicitude with which their course would be watched by their mothers; and this appeal to their highest feelings seldom failed to have great effect upon their conduct and character.

LEE AND THE FERRYMAN.

One consequence of the filial feeling which the people of the South entertained for General Lee was that he was flooded with letters upon every conceivable subject, from all parts of the country. At a time when he had in charge five hundred young men, with a corps of twenty-five instructors under him, he was receiving daily almost innumerable letters from old soldiers, their widows or children, and from those who had not even this claim upon him; many asking for money, and nearly all appealing for advice or assistance in some form. A friend once said to him, "You surely do not feel obliged to answer all of these letters?" "Indeed I do," he replied. "Think of the trouble that many of these poor

people have taken to write me. Why should I not be willing to take the trouble to reply? That is all I can give, and that I give ungrudgingly."

In 1867, in company with his daughter Mildred, he rode on horseback to the Peaks of Otter, fifty miles from Lexington. At a ferry on the route the boatman chanced to be an old soldier. When the usual charge was tendered, the rough mountaineer's eyes filled with tears, and he shook his head, saying, "I could not take pay from you, Master Robert; I have followed you in many a battle."

LEE AND THE UNION SOLDIER.

Bitterness or resentment seemed to have no place in General Lee's nature. When the fate of war went against him, he accepted its result in good faith, and thenceforward did his best to restore good feeling between the North and the South. Even toward men who exhibited the most intense bitterness against him he seemed to have no other feeling than kindness and good-will. This was the case even with those who sought to have him tried and punished for treason. During the war it was noticeable that he never spoke of the Union soldiers as "Yankees," the common expression in the Southern army. They

were always mentioned as "Federals," or "the enemy." He regretted and condemned the harsh and bitter language which characterized the Southern newspapers. "Is it any wonder," he said, "that Northern journals should retort as they do, when those in the South employ such language against them?"

LEE AND THE UNION SOLDIER.

A touching story, illustrating this noble trait of General Lee's character, was told years after the war by a Union veteran who was viewing the great panorama, "The Battle of Gettysburg." He said, "I was at the battle of Gettysburg myself. I had been a most bitter anti-South man, and fought and cursed the Confederates desperately. I could see nothing good in any of them. The last day of the fight I was badly wounded. A ball shattered my left leg. I lay on the ground not far from Cemetery Ridge, and as General Lee ordered his retreat, he and his officers rode near me. As they came along I recognized him, and, though faint from exposure and loss of blood, I raised up my hands, looked Lee in the face, and shouted as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for the Union!' The general heard me, looked, stopped his horse, dismounted, and came toward me. I confess that I at first thought he meant to kill me. But as he came up he looked down at me with such a sad expression upon his face that all fear left me, and I wondered what he was about. He extended his hand to me, and grasping mine firmly and looking right into my eyes, said, 'My son, I hope you will soon be well.'

"If I live a thousand years I shall never forget the expression on General Lee's face. There he was, defeated, retiring from a field that had cost him and his cause almost their last hope, and yet he stopped to say words like those to a wounded soldier of the opposition who had taunted him as he passed by! As soon as the general had left me I cried myself to sleep there upon the bloody ground."

The value of General Lee's example in restoring good feeling between the North and South can hardly be overestimated. He was so universally looked up to by the Southern people that his opinions and example could not fail to have the greatest effect. It is no small part of his title to fame that his great influence should have been used as it was toward reuniting the country after the war, rather than in perpetuating strife and hatred.

General Lee's domestic life was an almost ideal one. During his last years, his wife was an invalid, suffering from rheumatic gout, and his devotion to her was unfailing. Her health rendered it necessary for her to travel to the medicinal springs in different parts of Virginia, and he used often to precede her on the journey, in order to have everything in readiness on her arrival. He contrived an apparatus whereby she could be lowered into the baths in her chair, in order to avoid ascending and descending the steps. His love for his children

manifested itself in a tender and delicate courtesy which was beautiful to see and which was repaid on their part by the strongest attachment.

General Lee died at Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870. After his death the name of the college over which he had presided was changed, in his honor, to "Washington and Lee University," and stands a worthy monument of the great soldier, whose noble qualities were shown as conspicuously in peace as in war. The issues which divided our country into hostile sections have happily passed away; and North and South can join in cherishing his memory and doing honor to his spotless fame.

MONUMENT TO GENERAL LEE, AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE FIRST HERO OF THE AMERICAN NAVY,

JOHN PAUL JONES.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

THE one splendid name which adorns the naval history of America's struggle for independence is that of the canny young Scotchman and daring fighter, John Paul Jones.

It is not generally known that the original name of this illustrious patriot was John Paul, the "Jones" being assumed after his removal to America. His father, John Paul, Sr., was a poor Scotch gardener in the service of an English lord near Whitehaven. In the gardener's cottage, little John Paul was born on the 6th day of July, 1747. Early in life he was put to serve in a store, but his great delight was to escape from the close shop and go down to the shore and talk with the seamen. It is said that every leisure moment was put to the reading of books of seafaring life, and at the first opportunity, when thirteen years old, he went as a sailor boy on the *Friendship*, a vessel bound to Virginia for a cargo of tobacco.

The boy was charmed with America, and on his return gave such glowing accounts of the country that one of his brothers left England and settled in Virginia, where he engaged in farming. For thirteen years Jones served as a sailor, and before he was twenty years old had so thoroughly mastered navigation that on one occasion, when the captain and mate had both died of fever in the

middle of the Atlantic Ocean, he took command and sailed the ship into port without an accident. This led to his permanent promotion as captain, in which capacity he served for several years, engaging, we are sorry to say, for a considerable period of his time as the master of a slave ship, and it was this service that he abandoned when a young man to become a farmer with his brother on the Rappahannock River in Virginia, taking at that time the name of John Paul Jones.

Young Jones was engaged in farming when the Revolutionary War broke out, and, though he had no military training, he was commissioned by Congress to take charge of a vessel. He stood No. 18 on the list of captains, but on the scroll of fame for those times, first—and, as has been said, "there is no second John Paul Jones."

In 1778 he was sent with the *Ranger*, of eighteen guns, to follow where Wickes and Conyngham had led. He swept with his tiny craft up and down the Irish Channel, entered his old home, Whitehaven, and burned the shipping at the docks, and went to take the lord for whom his father had worked, but his old master had fled in terror. He later captured off Carrickfergus the British war-sloop *Drake*, larger than his own ship, and then made his way to Brest with all his prizes in tow.

Next year he set out on his immortal cruise, with a squadron of five ships. His flagship was an old merchantman, the *Duras*, fitted up for fighting and renamed the *Bon Homme Richard*, in honor of Franklin and his "Poor Richard's Almanac." She was a clumsy affair, armed with thirty-two twelve-pounders and six old eighteen-pounders not fit for use, and manned by 380 men of every race, from New Englanders to Malays. The *Pallas* was also a merchantman transformed into a thirty-two gun frigate. The *Vengeance* and the *Cerf* were much smaller; quite insignificant. The *Alliance* was a new ship, built in Massachusetts for the navy, but unhappily commanded by a Frenchman named Landais, half-fool, half-knave. Indeed, all the vessels save the flagship were commanded by Frenchmen, who were openly insubordinate, refusing half the time to recognize the Commodore's authority, and often leaving him to cruise and fight alone. Yet the motley squadron did much execution along the shores of Britain. It all but captured the city of Leith, and entered Humber and destroyed much shipping.

But the crowning glory came on September 23, 1779. On that immortal date Jones espied, off Flamborough Head, a fleet of forty British merchantmen, guarded by two frigates, bound for the Baltic. At once he gave chase. He had, besides his own ship, only the *Pallas* and the *Alliance*, but they would be sufficient to capture the whole fleet. But the miserable Landais refused to obey the signal, and kept out of the action. So the fight began, two and two. Jones, with the *Bon Homme Richard*, attacked the *Serapis*, Captain Pearson, and the

Pallas engaged the *Countess of Scarborough*. The *Serapis* had fifty guns and was much faster and stronger than Jones' ship. The *Countess of Scarborough*, on the other hand, was much inferior to the *Pallas* and proved an early victim.

It was growing dark, on a cloudy evening, and the sea was smooth as a mill-pond, when the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* began their awful duel. Both fired full broadsides at the same instant. Two of Jones' old eighteen-pounders burst, killing twelve men, and the others were at once abandoned. So all through the fight, after that first volley, he had only his thirty-two twelve-pounders against the fifty guns—twenty of them eighteen-pounders, twenty nine-pounders, and ten six-pounders—of the *Serapis*. For an hour they fought and manœuvred, then came together with a crash. An instant, the firing ceased. "Have you struck your colors?" demanded Pearson. "I have not yet begun to fight!" replied Jones. Then with his own hands Jones lashed the two ships together, and inseparably joined, their sides actually touching, they battled on. Solid shot and canister swept through both ships like hail, while musketmen on the decks and in the rigging exchanged storms of bullets. For an hour and a half the conflict raged. Then Landais came up with the *Alliance* and began firing equally on both. Jones ordered him to go to the other side of the *Serapis* and board, and his answer was to turn helm and go out of the fight altogether. Now the fighting ships were both afire, and both leaking and sinking. Most of the guns were disabled, and three-fourths of the men were killed or wounded. The gallant Pearson stood almost alone on the deck of the doomed *Serapis*, not one of his men able to fight longer. Jones was as solitary on the *Bon Homme Richard*, all his men still able-bodied being at the pumps, striving to keep the ship afloat. With his own hands he trained a gun upon the mainmast and cut it down, and then Pearson surrendered; the *Pallas* and *Alliance* came up and took off the men.

The captured vessel was a splendid new frigate, quite a different ship from the poor old worm-eaten and worn-out *Richard*. Captain Jones after the surrender transferred his own seamen to the *Serapis*, and in a few hours the *Bon Homme Richard* sank beneath the waves, the stars and strips floating proudly from the masthead, in token of victory, while the American Commander sailed away with his triumphant crew on the splendid prize, followed by the other ships of his squadron with the prisoners on board. He anchored in a Dutch port which itself was not friendly to America, but his great victory had struck such terror to the navies of the world that neither the thirteen Dutch frigates in the harbor nor the twelve British ships outside would dare to attack him. After remaining in port long enough to take on supplies and make the necessary repairs, he sailed out of the harbor and away to France.

This fight between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis* was not only one of the most desperate and deadly naval battles in history, but its moral effect

was epoch-making. John Paul Jones was the hero of the day, and the Old World showered honors upon him. Everybody wished to see the hero. At the court of the French King he was entertained; the Queen, lords, and ladies toasting and fêting him, and tendering him more receptions than it was possible for him to attend. The French King honored him with splendid presents, and the citizens fitted him out with a new ship called the *Ariel*, in which he defeated the English ship *Triumph*, but the latter escaped before surrendering. Before Jones returned to the New World, the American flag was held as a rival to that of England on the sea, and all Europe was encouraged to unite against the latter country, and force her to accede to a more just and liberal code of international maritime law than had before prevailed. In view of this latter fact, the battle between the *Serapis* and *Bon Homme Richard* must be ranked among the three or four most important in the naval history of the world. It was this battle that inspired Catharine of Russia to enunciate the doctrine of the rights of neutrals in maritime affairs; and the tardy acquiescence of England, eighty years later, in that now universal principle, was brought about by the blow struck by John Paul Jones off Flamborough Head.

On Captain Jones' return to America, Congress gave him a vote of thanks and presented him with a gold medal, "for the zeal, prudence, and intrepidity with which he had supported the honor of the American flag." People everywhere crowded to see him, and showered upon him their compliments. George Washington when he met him extended his hand with the exclamation, "Well done, Captain Jones!" The King of France rewarded him with the "Cross of Honor," and Congress was completing a new ship for him to command when the war ended.

In 1788 the Russian Government, then at war with the Turks, offered him the rank of rear-admiral of its fleet. This was a high honor, but before accepting it Jones sought the permission of America, saying, "I can never renounce the glorious title of a citizen of the United States." Our Government granted his request, and he went into the service of Russia, in which he served with distinction, but jealousy on the part of the Russian officers ended in a quarrel between Jones and some of the native admirals, after which he resigned and went to France, where he died on the 18th of July, 1792, at the age of forty-five years. The Queen of France sent her own physician to attend him during his last illness, and after his death the French people gave him a public funeral and buried him in Paris with great honor. The spirit of Paul Jones has been contagious, and the achievements of American seamen, Bainbridge, Decatur, Stuart, and Dewey, seem to fulfill the wish expressed by the French clergyman who delivered the funeral oration over our dead hero, when he said: "May his example teach posterity the efforts which noble souls are capable of making when stimulated by hatred of oppression."

OLIVER H. PERRY

THE HERO OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

AMONG the "Giants of the American Navy" there are few more remarkable than the commander who fought the singular but glorious battle of Lake Erie, in September, 1813. Oliver Hazard Perry was a Rhode Island boy, born in 1785. His mother, Sarah Alexander, was noted for her strength of character and intellect, and her children were trained with rare ability. She taught him how and what to read, told him stories of the deeds of her military ancestors, and "fitted him to command others by teaching him early to obey." After the battle on Lake Erie, when the country was ringing with Perry's praises, some Rhode Island farmers, who knew his mother well, insisted that it was "Mrs. Perry's victory."

Perry entered the navy as a midshipman when only fourteen. He gave the details of his profession the most thorough study, and by incessant training of his crews, and practicing his ships in the various evolutions, he brought them up to a wonderful degree of efficiency. In the years preceding the War of 1812 he was in command of the Newport flotilla of gunboats; and he practiced sham fights by dividing his fleet into two squadrons, manœuvering them as if in battle, and thus acquired the ability to take advantage of critical moments and situations.

When war against England was at last declared, Perry applied repeatedly for a sea command, but, being disappointed, finally offered his services to Commodore Chauncey, on the lakes. There he had to begin by building his ships. The shores of Lake Erie were a wilderness. The squadron was to be built from the trees standing in the forest. Traveling to Lake Erie in sleighs, he met there a party of ship carpenters from Philadelphia, and after months of the most incessant toil, they constructed the little fleet of nine vessels with which Perry was to meet the enemy. He had to create not only his ships but the force to man them. While the vessels were being built he was drilling his men, a collection of some five hundred, many of whom had never seen salt water.

Five months of his excellent training converted them into thoroughly drilled artillerists.

While Perry was building his ships, the English commander, Commodore Barclay, was likewise building the fleet which was to encounter them. By August both were ready, and after some manœuvering they met in battle on September 10th, near the western end of the lake. The fight was hardly begun when Perry's ship, the *Lawrence*, became separated from the rest, and was so furiously attacked by Barclay's flag-ship, the *Detroit*, that in a short time she was in a sinking condition. Leaving her in charge of a lieutenant, Perry embarked in a small boat, and passing under his enemy's guns, boarded the *Niagara*, where he hoisted his flag, and renewed the attack with such vigor that by four o'clock in the afternoon every one of the British vessels had surrendered.

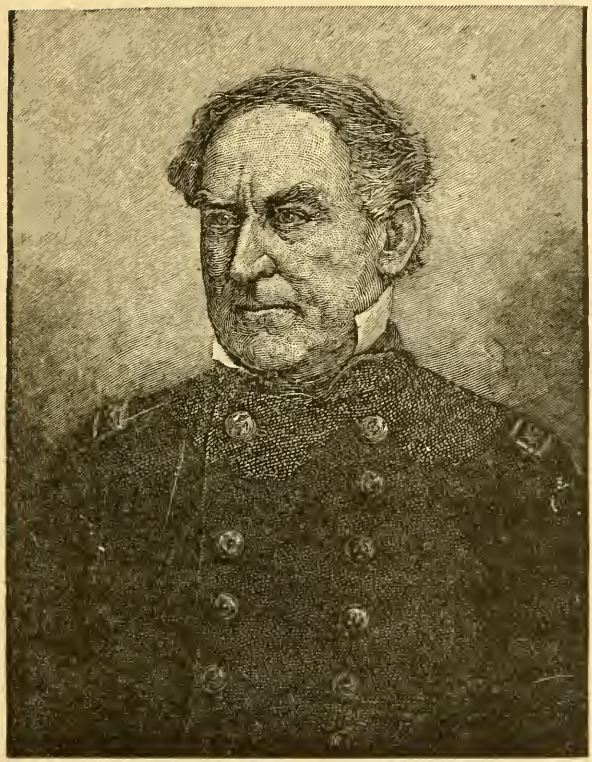
Few naval victories in history are more notable than that of Lake Erie, won by the genius and heroism of a young man of only twenty-seven. The letter which he sent to General Harrison, commander of the army, from the deck of his triumphant ship, has become immortal:—

> We have met the enemy, and they are ours,—two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop. Yours with very great respect and esteem,
>
> O. H. PERRY.

Perry won great honors by his victory, Congress voting him thanks, a medal, and the rank of captain. He afterward took an important part in military operations at Detroit, in the battle of the Thames, Canada, and in defense of Baltimore. While in command of a squadron in the West Indies, he was attacked by yellow fever, and died suddenly at Trinidad, in August, 1819.

DAVID G. FARRAGUT,

THE GREAT UNION NAVAL COMMANDER.



DAVID G. FARRAGUT.

None of the naval heroes of the great civil war is better remembered than David G. Farragut. The figure of the brave admiral, in the fight in Mobile Bay, standing in the rigging of the *Hartford*, with his glass in his hand, directing the movements of the fleet, is one of the most familiar pictures of the war; and no braver man or better sailor than Farragut ever took the deck of a vessel.

The naval career of Farragut began in the War of 1812, when he was a boy only eleven years old. He was in that famous battle in the harbor of Valparaiso between the *Essex* and the British war-vessels *Phebe* and *Cherub*, when the two British vessels attacked the *Essex* while disabled by a sudden squall, and after she had taken refuge in neutral waters. The *Essex*, her sails blown away and crippled by the storm, was unable to change her position, and lay helpless at the mercy of her enemies' guns. After a bloody battle of two hours and a half the flag was lowered.

In January, 1862, the government fitted out an expedition for the capture of New Orleans, and put it under Farragut's command. His fleet comprised forty-eight vessels, large and small, and all of wood, as the iron-clad vessels of later date were not yet developed. The river was defended by Forts Jackson

and St. Philip, lying on opposite sides of the Mississippi, about seventy miles below the city; and many gunboats and rams lay near the forts.

Before attempting to pass the forts, Farragut determined to bombard them from his fleet; and careful preparations were made on all the vessels. It was a grand spectacle when, on the 16th of March, this formidable fleet at last opened fire. The low banks of the river on both sides seemed lined with flame. All day long the earth trembled under the heavy explosions, and by night two thousand shells had been hurled against the forts.

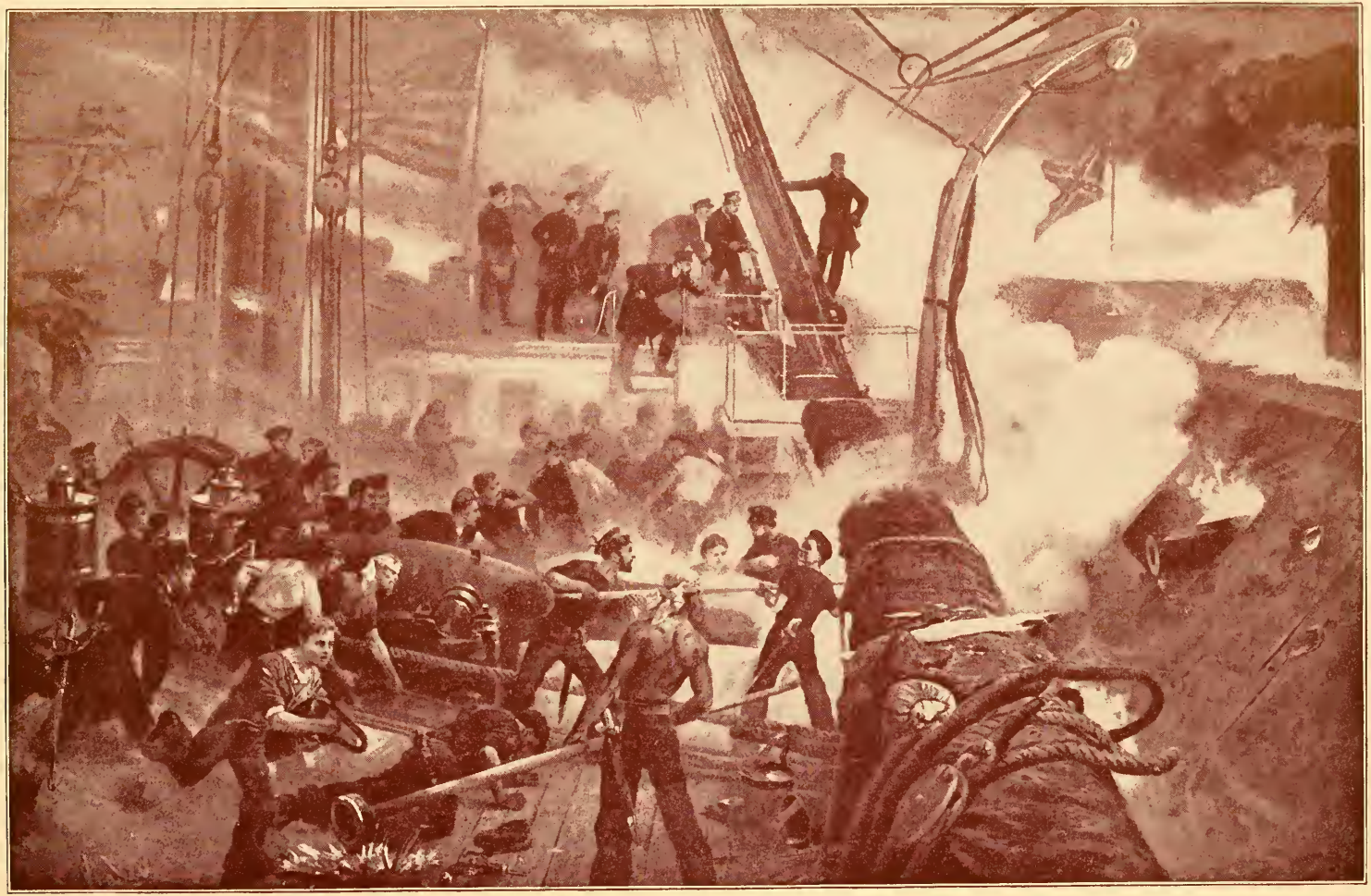
The rebels had not been idle during the delays of the previous weeks, but had contrived and constructed every possible instrument of destruction and defense. On the first morning of the bombardment they set adrift a fire-ship made of a huge flatboat piled with lighted pitch-pine cordwood. The blazing mass, however, kept in the middle of the stream, and so passed the fleet without inflicting any damage. At night another was sent adrift. Small boats were sent to meet it, and, in spite of the intense heat, grappling irons were fastened in it, and the mass was towed to the shore and left to burn harmlessly away.

Having at last made all the preparations that he could with the means allowed him, and the mortar-boats having accomplished all that was in their power to do for the present, the 26th day of April was fixed for the passage of the forts. The chain across the channel had been cut a few nights before. It was determined to start at two o'clock in the morning, and the evening before Farragut visited his ships for a last interview with the commanders.

THE PASSAGE OF THE FORTS.

At length, at two o'clock, two lanterns were seen to rise slowly to the mizzen peak of the *Hartford*. The boatswain's shrill call rung over the water, and the drums beat to quarters. The enemy was on the lookout, and the vessels had scarcely got under way when signal-lights flashed along the batteries. Then a belt of fire gleamed through the darkness, and the next moment the heavy shot came shrieking over the bosom of the stream. All eyes were now turned on the *Hartford*, as she silently steamed on,—the signal "close action" blazing from her rigging. In the meantime the mortar-boats below opened fire, and the hissing shells, rising in graceful curves over the advancing fleet, dropped with a thunderous sound into the forts above. In a few minutes the advanced vessels opened, firing at the flashes from the forts. The fleet, with full steam on, was soon abreast of the forts, and its rapid broadsides, mingling with the deafening explosions on shore, turned night into fiery day.

While the bombardment was in progress, a fire-raft, pushed by the ram *Manassas*, loomed through the smoke, and bore straight down on the *Hartford*. Farragut sheered off to avoid the collision, and in doing so ran aground, when the fire-ship came full against him. In a moment the flames leaped up the rig-

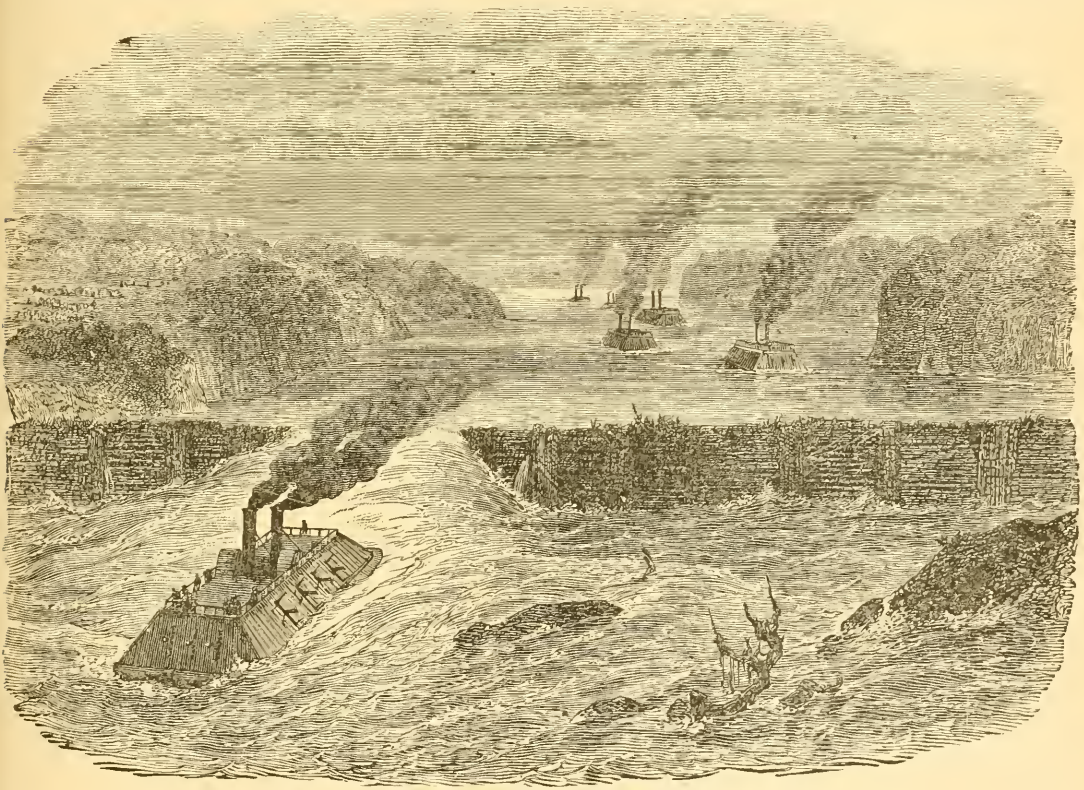


BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5TH, 1864

The above illustration represents the critical moment when it appeared as if the Flagship, *Hartford*, would be blown out of the water by the Ram *Tennessee*. Admiral Farragut leaped into the rigging and calmly awaited the results. Young Lieutenant Dewey fought in this battle, and it was under this renowned Commander that the future Admiral learned lessons of naval warfare, heroism and bravery

ging and along the sides. There was no panic ; every man was in his place, and soon the hose was manned and a stream of water turned on the flames. The fire was at length got under, and Farragut again moved forward at the head of his column.

And now came down the rebel fleet of thirteen gunboats and two iron-clad rams to mingle in the combat. Broadside to broadside, hull crashing against hull, it quickly became at once a gladiatorial combat of ships. The *Varuna*, Captain Boggs, sent five of the Confederate vessels to the bottom one after another, and finally was herself sunk. When the sun rose through the morning



BAILEY'S DAM ON THE RED RIVER.

mist, he looked down on a scene never to be forgotten while naval deeds are honored by the nation. There lay the forts, with the Confederate flags still flying. But their doom was sealed. And, there, too, driven ashore, wrecked, or captured, where thirteen of the enemy's gunboats, out of seventeen brought down to assist the forts in resisting the Union fleet.

New Orleans was now at Farragut's mercy. Lovell, commanding the Confederate troops in the city, evacuated the place and left it under the control of the mayor, Monroe. Farragut took possession of the city, and raised the national flag on the City Hall, Mint and Custom House, which were the

property of the United States. He then turned it over to General Butler, and proceeded with his fleet up the river.

THE BATTLE IN MOBILE BAY.

In January, 1864, Farragut sailed for Mobile Bay. Morgan and Gaines were the chief forts barring it. Fort Morgan mounted some thirty guns, and Fort Gaines twenty-one. There were three steamers and four rams inside, waiting to receive any vessels that might succeed in passing the forts. Batteries lined the shore, and torpedoes paved the bed of the channel. On the 1st of March also, before his preparations for the attack were complete, he saw the Confederate iron-clad ram *Tennessee* steam up the channel and anchor near the forts.

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.

This complicated the situation very much. The contest between wooden vessels on one side, and an iron-clad and strong forts on the other, was so unequal that it was almost foolhardy to enter it. After weeks of waiting, however, the Union iron-clad *Tecumseh* at last arrived, and on August 5, 1864, Farragut proceeded to attack the forts.

The vessels were arranged two by two, and lashed strongly together. The fleet, with the *Brooklyn* ahead, steamed slowly on, and at a quarter to seven the *Tecumseh* fired the first gun. Twenty minutes later the forts opened fire, when the *Brooklyn* replied with two 100-pounder Parrott rifles, and the battle fairly commenced.

Farragut had lashed himself near the maintop of the Hartford, so as to be able to overlook the whole scene. While watching with absorbing anxiety the progress of the fleet through the tremendous fire now concentrated upon it, suddenly to his utter amazement, he saw the *Brooklyn* stop and begin to back. The order to reverse engines passed down through the whole fleet, bringing it to a sudden halt just as it was entering the fiery vortex. "What does this mean?" had hardly passed the lips of Farragut, when he heard the cry, "Torpedoes! The *Tecumseh* is going down!" Glancing toward the spot where she lay, he saw only the top of her turrets, which were rapidly sinking beneath the water. Right ahead were the buoys which had turned the *Brooklyn* back, indi-

cating where torpedoes were supposed to be sunk, ready to lift his ship into the air as they had the *Tecumseh*.

But now Farragut's sailor blood was up. "D——the torpedoes!" he shouted; "go ahead!" Pointing between the threatening buoys, the order was given to move on, and with the foam dashing from the bows of his vessel, he swept forward, "determined," he said, "to take the chances." Wheeling to the northwest as he kept the channel, he brought his whole broadside to bear on the fort with tremendous effect.

The other vessels following in the wake of the flag-ship one after another swept past the batteries, the crews loudly cheering, and were signaled by Farragut to come to anchor. But the officers had scarcely commenced clearing decks, when the *Tennessee* was seen boldly standing out into the bay, and steering straight for the fleet, with the purpose of attacking it.

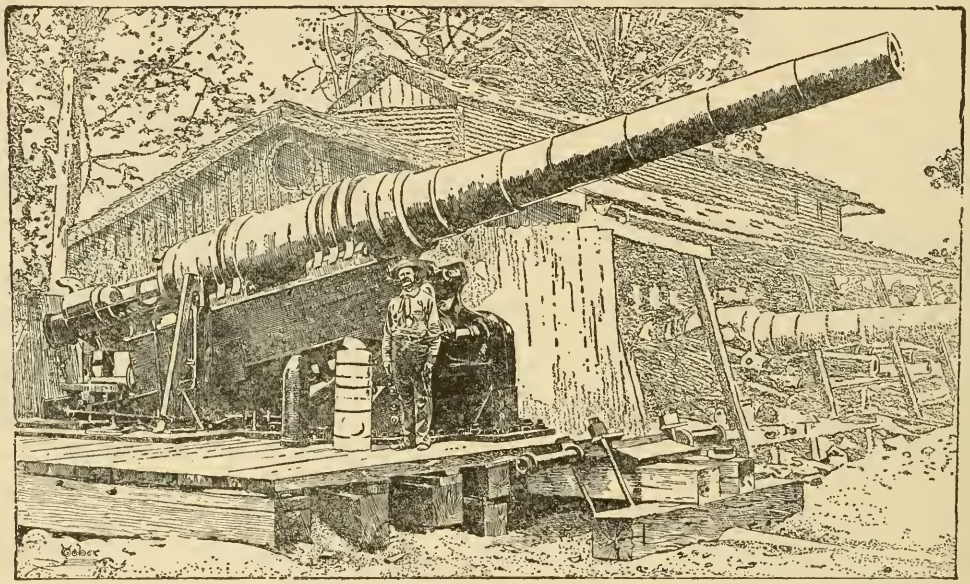
RAMMING AN IRONCLAD RAM.

It was a thrilling moment. There was a fleet of frail wooden vessels, attacked by a ram clad in armor impervious to their guns. The moment Farragut discovered it, he signaled the vessels to run her down, and, hoisting his own anchor, ordered the pilot to drive the *Hartford* full on the iron-clad. The *Monongahela*, under the command of the intrepid Strong, being near the rear of the line, was still moving up the bay when he saw the ram heading for the line. He instantly sheered out, and, ordering on a full head of steam, drove his vessel with tremendous force straight on the iron-clad structure. Wheeling, he again struck her, though he had carried away his own iron prow and cutwater. The *Lackawanna* came next, and, striking the ram while under full headway, rolled her over on her side. The next moment, down came Farragut in the *Hartford*, but just before the vessel struck, the ram sheered, so that the blow was a glancing one, and the former rasped along her iron-plated hull and fell alongside. Recoiling for some ten or twelve feet, the *Hartford* poured in at that short distance a whole broadside of nine-inch solid shot, hurled with charges of thirteen pounds of powder. The heavy metal, though sent with such awful force, and in such close proximity, made no impression, but broke into fragments on the mailed sides or dropped back into the water. The shot and shell from the *Tennessee*, on the other hand, went crashing through the wooden sides of the *Hartford*, strewing her deck with the dead.

Farragut now stood off, and began to make a circuit in order to come down again, when the *Lackawanna*, which was driving the second time on the monster, by accident struck the *Hartford* a little forward of the mizzen-mast, and cut her down to within two feet of the water. She was at first thought to be sinking, and "The Admiral! the Admiral! Save the Admiral!" rang over the shattered deck. But Farragut, seeing that the vessel would still float, shouted

out to put on steam, determined to send her, crushed and broken as she was, full on the ram.

By this time the monitors had crawled up and were pouring in their heavy shot. The *Chickasaw* got under the stern and knocked away the smokestack, while the *Manhattan* sent one shot clean through the vessel, and disabled her stern port shutter with a shell, so that the gun could not be used, while a third carried away the steering gear. Thus, with her steering-chains gone, her smokestack shot away, many of her port shutters jammed, the *Tennessee* stood amid the crowding gunboats like a stag at bay among the hounds. The *Ossipee* was driving toward her under full headway; and a little farther off, bearing down on the same errand, were coming the *Hartford*, *Monongahela* and *Lackawanna*.



ONE OF THE "MIANTONOMAH'S" FOUR TEN-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

The fate of the iron-clad was sealed, and her commander hoisted the white flag, but not until the *Ossipee* was so near that her commander could not prevent a collision, and his vessel rasped heavily along the iron sides of the ram. He received her surrender from Commander Johnson—the admiral, Buchanan, having been previously wounded in the leg. This ended the morning's work, and at ten minutes past ten Farragut brought his fleet to anchor within four miles of Fort Morgan.

The loss of the Union iron-clad *Tecumseh*, with her commander and crew, tempered the exultation over this splendid victory. A torpedo was exploded directly under the vessel, almost lifting her out of the water, and blowing a hole in her bottom so large that she sank before her crew could reach the deck. Farragut's impetuous bravery, however, and the picturesque novelty of wooden

vessels ramming an iron-clad, made this one of the most famous naval battles of the war, and gave to the brave admiral a wide and lasting renown. Officers and men, too, seemed to catch the spirit of the commander, and fought with the most splendid bravery. Several of the wounded refused to leave the deck, but continued to fight their guns; others retired and had their wounds dressed and then returned to their posts.

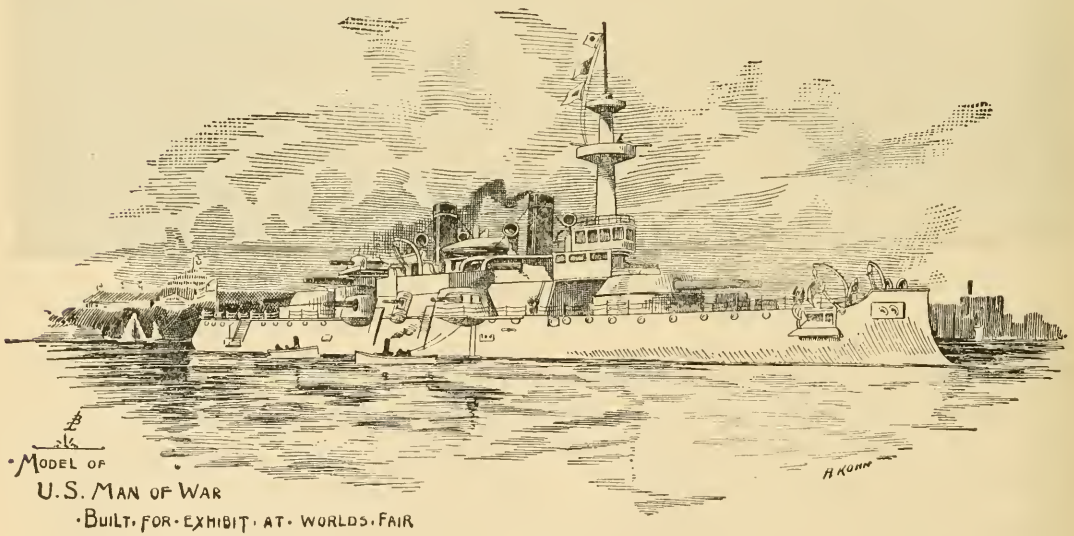
A few days later, after a severe bombardment from the Union fleet both

MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, AT WASHINGTON.

the Confederate forts were surrendered. This completed the Union victory and put the harbor and city of Mobile again under the control of the government. Soon after this, his health demanding some relaxation, Farragut obtained leave of absence, and sailed for New York in his flagship, the now famous *Hartford*. At New York he was welcomed with impressive ceremonies, and received the highest testimonials of appreciation of his services to the nation, a number of wealthy men of New York presenting a gift of $50,000 as a token of their esteem. The rank of vice-admiral was created for him by

Congress. His services were not again required during the war, and he returned to his home at Hastings, on the Hudson.

Farragut had just the qualities for a popular hero. Brave almost to the point of recklessness, he was simple and unassuming in appearance and deportment, and kind and genial in manner. A story is told of him that once when traveling in the White Mountains, a man brought his little daughter, at her own urgent request, some fifteen miles to see him, for she would not be content till she had looked on the great admiral. Farragut took the child in his arms, kissed her, and talked playfully with her. He was dressed in citizen's costume, and looked in her eyes very much like any other man, and totally unlike the hero whose praises had been so long ringing over the land. In her innocent surprise, she said, "Why, you do not look like a great general. I saw one the other day, and he was covered all over with gold." The admiral laughed, and, to please her, actually took her to his room, and put on his uniform, when she went away satisfied.



MODEL OF U.S. MAN OF WAR BUILT FOR EXHIBIT AT WORLDS FAIR

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

CITIZEN, STATESMAN, PRESIDENT.

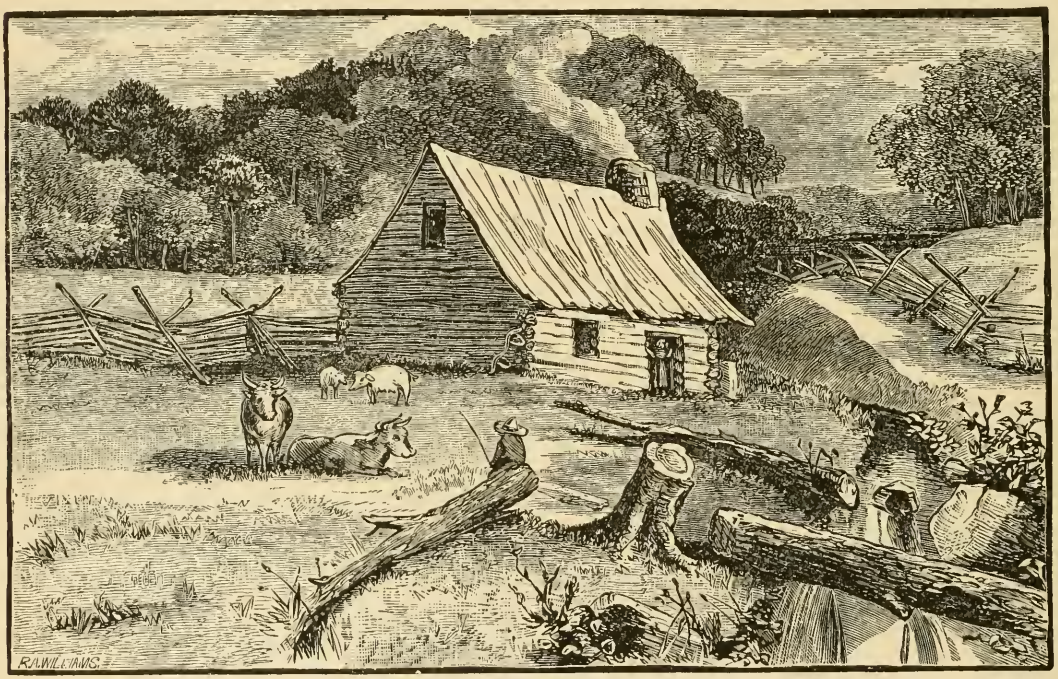
DURING the long, sultry days of the summer of 1881, at almost every newspaper and telegraph office stood a group of people, which sometimes swelled into a great crowd, watching eagerly for the slips of paper which from time to time were posted in a conspicuous place on the front of the building. In the intervals they would gather in little knots and talk together in low tones. To one who did not know what had happened on July 2d, it would have been hard to guess what gathered these waiting crowds, day after day, throughout the land. With intense, foreboding suspense fifty millions of people were watching for the news from the bedside of the President of the United States, who had been stricken down by the bullet of an assassin. Who that lived through that long summer can forget those anxious days and nights? And when at last the brave struggle for life was ended, and the silent form was borne from the seaside to rest on the shores of Lake Erie, who can forget the solemn hush which seemed to prevail everywhere as the tomb opened to receive all that was mortal of the beloved President, James A. Garfield?

To some not well acquainted with Garfield's history, it may seem that the tragic and pathetic circumstances of his illness and death were the chief cause of the universal love and grief which were manifested for him; but a study of his life will correct this impression. Few public men of our time have had a career which was so gradual and steady a growth; and few indeed attain to the full, ripe, well-rounded completeness which made him a really great statesman. Steadily, inch by inch, he had worked his way up, never falling back, until the topmost round of the ladder was reached; and never was success more fully deserved or more bravely won.

James Abram Garfield was born in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, on November 19, 1831. He was but two years old when his father died suddenly, leaving his mother with four children, and her only source of support a small farm, encumbered by debt, in the half-cleared forests of northern Ohio. She worked

early and late, the children helping her. James had "not a lazy bone in his body." When hardly more than a baby, he picked cherries, planted corn, gathered vegetables, and helped in a hundred ways. He early developed a great aptitude for the use of tools, and as he grew up made an excellent carpenter. There was hardly a barn, shed, or building of any kind put up in the neighborhood but bore the marks of his skill. The money earned by the use of his tools in summer helped to pay for his schooling in the winter.

James early developed a great love for books. Stories of battle, tales of adventure, the lives of great men, all such were irresistibly fascinating to him. Two books, Weems's "Life of Marion" and Grimshaw's "Napoleon," stirred



THE HOME OF GARFIELD'S CHILDHOOD.

in him a great desire for the military career on which he entered with so much promise in later life; and stories of the sea at last aroused an irresistible longing for a sailor's life. He went to Cleveland and tried to secure employment on one of the lake vessels, but was unsuccessful. The only opening in the line of maritime commerce was on the Ohio and Pennsylvania canal, and James accepted the position of driver, at twelve dollars a month. Such was his capacity and attention to duty that in the first round trip he had learned all there was to be learned on the tow-path. He was promptly promoted from driver to bowsman, and accorded the proud privilege of steering the boat instead of steering the mules.

During his first trip he fell overboard fourteen times, by actual count. In this way he contracted malaria, which long remained with him. He could not swim a stroke. One dark, rainy night he again fell into the canal, when no help was at hand, and was saved as by a miracle, the rope at which he caught "kinking" and holding fast while he drew himself on deck. Believing that he was providentially saved for something better than steering a canal-boat, he returned home, resolved to obtain an education and make a man of himself.

EARNING AN EDUCATION.

In the winter of 1849 he attended Geauga Seminary, where he and three other young men "boarded themselves," living on about fifty cents a week each.

GARFIELD ON THE TOW-PATH.

Here he met a quiet, studious girl, Lucretia Rudolph, the daughter of a Maryland farmer, who afterward became his wife. He was an intense student. He had an insatiable appetite for knowledge, and would make any sacrifice to obtain it. At the close of the session he worked through the vacation, and also taught a country school, to earn money for the following winter. He was a capital teacher. He stirred a new life and ambition in his scholars, and roused in them an enthusiasm almost equal to his own.

In August, 1851, Garfield entered a new school established at Hiram, Portage county, by the religious society to which he belonged, the Disciples of Christ, or "Campbellites." Here he resolved to prepare himself for college. He lived in a room with four other pupils, and studied harder than ever. When

he went to Hiram he had studied Latin only six weeks, and just begun Greek; and was, therefore, just in a condition to fairly begin the four years' preparatory course ordinarily taken by students to enter college in the freshman class. Yet in *three* years' time he fitted himself to enter the *junior* class, and at the same time earned his own living, thus crowding six years' study into three; and teaching for support at the same time. After some debate he resolved to go to Williams College, in Berkshire, Massachusetts, and entered there in 1854.

Study at Williams was easy for Garfield. He had been used to much harder work at Hiram. His lessons were always perfectly learned. One of the professors called him "the boy who never flunked," and he did much extra reading and studying.

GARFIELD AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

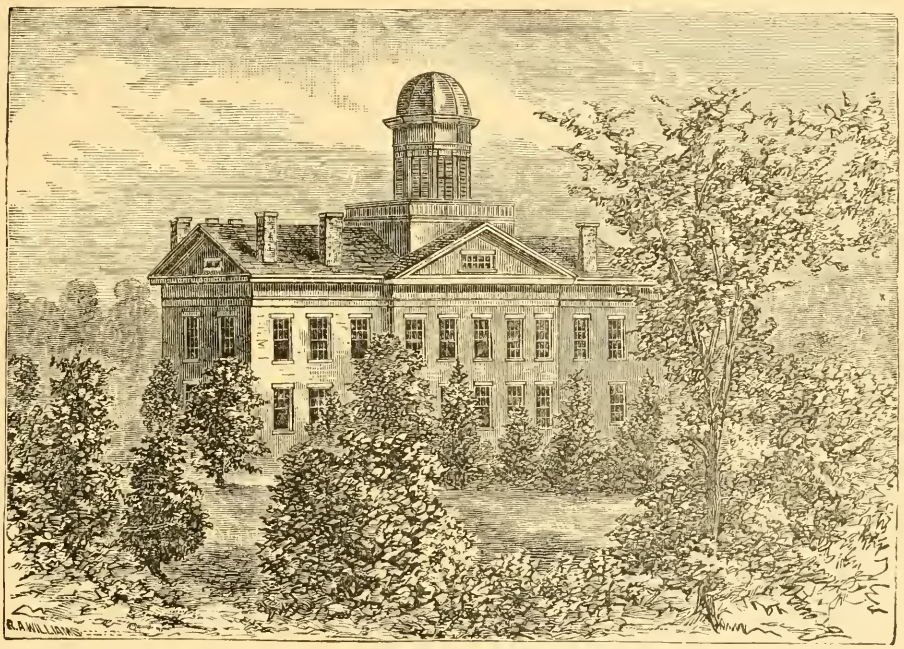
In the summer of 1856, after only two years of study, Garfield graduated at Williams College, and returned to his Ohio home. In the autumn he entered Hiram College as a teacher of ancient languages and literature. The next year, at the age of twenty-six, he was made president of the institution. This office he held for five years. Under his management the attendance was doubled; he raised the standard of scholarship, strengthened its faculty, and inspired everybody connected with it with something of his own zeal and enthusiasm. In 1858 he married his old schoolmate, Miss Rudolph, and they began life in a little cottage fronting on the grounds of the college.

Garfield's political career may be said to have fairly begun in the campaign of 1857–'58, when he made a number of political speeches. In 1859 he was elected to the State Senate of Ohio, and became a noted member of that body. When the war broke out in 1861, and President Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 men, Garfield moved in the Ohio Senate to make 20,000 troops and $3,000,000 the quota of the State. In August Governor Dennison, the famous "war governor" of Ohio, offered him the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 42d Ohio Regiment, which was then being organized. Most of the regiment were old students of Hiram College, so that he would be surrounded in the field by the same faces among whom he had taught. He soon decided to accept the

commission. His way of proceeding to drill his company was characteristic of the teacher as well as the soldier. He made soldiers of wooden blocks, fashioned in different forms to represent the officers, and with these blocks he carried on with his subordinates games of military tactics, until, when the regiment was ready to go into service, it was pronounced one of the most thoroughly drilled in the whole army.

FIGHTING IN KENTUCKY.

In December of 1861, Garfield's regiment was ordered into service in Kentucky and West Virginia. At that time the destiny of Kentucky was still in doubt. Though much attached to the Union, it was a slave State, and strong



HIRAM COLLEGE.

influences were at work to draw it within the vortex of secession. Two Confederate armies were marching northward through the State, one under Zollikoffer and the other under Humphrey Marshall. Garfield was dispatched against Marshall's forces. He met them on the banks of Middle Creek, a narrow and rapid stream, flowing into the Big Sandy, through the sharp spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. His force amounted to only 1100 men; they met at least 5000, and defeated them. Marshall's force was driven from Kentucky, and made no further attempt to occupy the Sandy Valley. This campaign was conducted under the greatest possible difficulties, and it has received the highest praise from military critics.

After his success in Kentucky, Garfield was sent with his regiment to join

Grant in Mississippi. He arrived, with the other forces under Buell, just in time to help in the second day's battle at Shiloh, and to turn the tide in favor of the Union army. After this battle he was for some time employed in rebuilding railroads and bridges. In midsummer, however, he was obliged to return home on sick-leave. As soon as he recovered, he was ordered to join General Rosecrans, then in command of the Army of the Cumberland. He was made the commander's chief-of-staff, and acted in this position during the following year.

On September 19, 1863, was fought the great battle of Chickamauga, which but for the bravery and steadiness of General Thomas would probably have resulted in the destruction of the Union army. Rosecrans, accompanied by his chief-of-staff, had left the battle-field, and gone hastily to Chattanooga, to provide for the retreat which he then thought inevitable. On reaching Chattanooga, Garfield, at his urgent request, was permitted to return to the battle-field, where he found Thomas still engaged in resisting the attack of the Confederate forces. Immediately after his arrival a fresh assault was made, lasting half an hour, when the Confederates finally broke and abandoned the attack. Garfield remained on the field with General Thomas until night, and accompanied him in his retreat to Chattanooga.

Soon after the battle of Chickamauga Garfield was nominated for Congress from the Northern District of Ohio. Almost at the same time he received his promotion to the grade of major-general for his gallant services in the Chattanooga campaign. His salary as major-general would be more than double that which he would receive as Congressman; but he was convinced that he could do the country more service in the latter position, and accordingly took his place in Congress, where he remained until, sixteen years later, he was nominated for President.

Garfield's career in Congress was one of steady advancement. At its beginning he was noted as an efficient and original public man. He was exceedingly industrious and attentive to legislative business, and the measures which he originated and advocated in Congress gave him a wide and lasting reputation. In his second term, during the latter part of the war, his financial ability had become so apparent that the Secretary of the Treasury requested the Speaker to make him a member of the Ways and Means Committee, that the country might have the benefit of his ability and experience. Throughout his whole term of service, his influence steadily increased, and when in 1877 Mr. Blaine was transferred from the House to the Senate, Garfield was by common consent made the leader of the Republican party in the House.

In 1880 Garfield was nominated and elected United States Senator by the Ohio Legislature, and on June 10th of the same year he was nominated at Chicago for the Presidency.

The meeting of the Republican National Convention in Chicago, in June,

1880, was one of the most memorable in the history of the party. The popularity of General Grant had been immensely increased by the honors showered upon him by all nations in his trip around the world, from which he had recently returned; and his powerful supporters, Conkling, of New York, Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Logan, of Illinois, were bent upon nominating him for a third term. His great rival was James G. Blaine, whose popularity was almost as great as that of Grant; and Senators Sherman and Edmunds were also strongly supported, especially by those who disliked the "third term" idea. Garfield was himself a delegate from Ohio. Sherman was the man of his choice, and he worked with all his might to secure his nomination.

For a full week the convention continued in session. Thirty-five ballots were cast without a majority for any one of the candidates. On the morning of the last day the thirtieth ballot resulted in 306 votes for Grant; 279 for Blaine; 120 for Sherman; 33 for Washburne; 11 for Edmunds; 4 for Windom; and 2 for Garfield. Nothing could change the vote of Grant's famous "306;" but neither could the best efforts of his friends increase the ranks of that faithful band; and 378 was the number required for a nomination. It became evident also that Blaine could not be nominated, although his supporters were almost as steady as those of Grant. His vote, which on the first ballot was 284, remained nearly the same until the last day. Evidently the vote of those opposed to Grant must be massed upon some other candidate. Who that candidate was did not appear until the thirty-fourth ballot, when 17 votes were cast for Garfield. As soon as this result was announced, the end of the long struggle was foreseen. On the next ballot his vote increased to 50, and on the thirty-sixth and last, nearly all the delegates except Grant's immovable 306 came over to Garfield with a rush. He received 399 votes, which made him the choice of the convention for President.

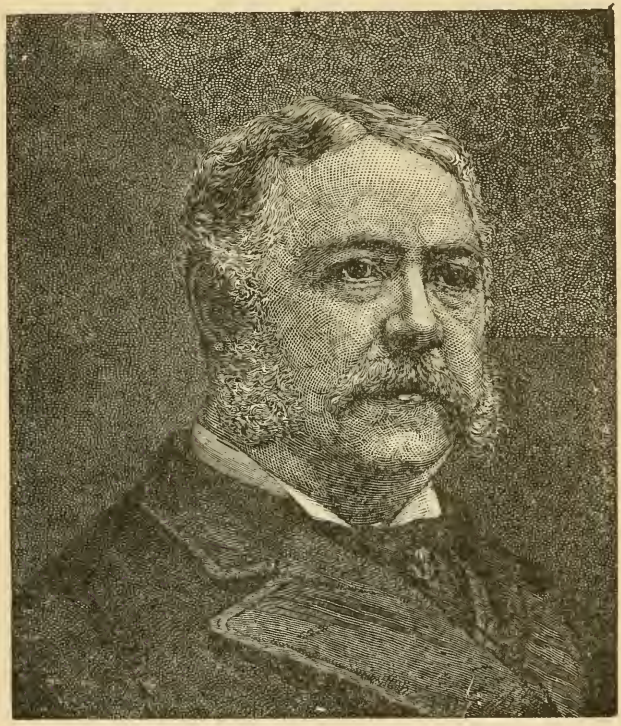
HON. JOHN SHERMAN.

Garfield's opponent in the canvass was General Winfield S. Hancock, one of the bravest soldiers of the civil war, who had been wounded at the great battle of Gettysburg. The tariff question was the chief issue of the campaign; and on this and similar questions of national policy Garfield was admirably equipped and perfectly at home; while to General Hancock, whose training

was altogether that of a soldier, they were new and unfamiliar. After an active and ably-fought contest, Garfield was elected by a vote of 214, to 155 for his competitor.

Garfield's administration began with war,—political war,—war with the elements in his own party which had supported Grant at the Chicago convention, and which now transferred the contest to the Senate. So peculiar was this well-remembered struggle, and so far-reaching in its effects, that the story deserves to be briefly told.

The very first question that met Garfield on his accession was that of appointments. Mr. Conkling, the senior senator from New York, had been the chief and most determined advocate of Grant's nomination. By the practice known as the "courtesy of the Senate," it was customary for that body to decline to confirm nominations made by the President to offices in any State which were distasteful to the senators from that State. In making nominations for New York offices the President had in most cases named men unobjectionable to Senator Conkling; but following these was one of William H. Robertson to be collector of customs at New York, which was especially obnoxious to him. Judge Robertson had been one of the New York delegates to the Chicago convention, and had led in organizing the final "bolt" to Garfield. An effort was made to get the President to withdraw this nomination; but he declined. Mr. Conkling then brought about an arrangement with the Democratic senators by which all nominations opposed by a senator from the nominee's State should "lie over" without action, but others should be confirmed. The effect of this was to force Mr. Robertson's nomination to go over until the following December. With this result Mr. Conkling was highly pleased, for he had succeeded in driving the senators into a support of him without making an open rupture between them and the President. Mr. Conkling, it seemed that night, had the best of it.



CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR, GARFIELD'S SUCCESSOR,

The President, however, was not yet beaten. With magnificent pluck, that was hailed by the people everywhere with applause, he dealt Mr. Conkling a fatal blow. The next morning, May 5th, all the nominations that were pleasing to Mr. Conkling were withdrawn ; that of Judge Robertson was not. This defined the issue sharply, and obliged senators to choose between the President and the New York senator. They declined to follow Mr. Conkling, and Robertson's nomination was confirmed. Then Mr. Conkling and his colleague, Mr. Platt, in the most sensational manner resigned their seats in the Senate, evidently believing that they would be promptly re-elected, and thus secure a "vindication" of their course from their own State.

But they reckoned without their host. The fight was now transferred to Albany ; but Mr. Conkling's power over the New York Legislature was gone. Public opinion sustained the President. The two senators resorted to every expedient known to politics to secure their re-election, but their efforts were in vain ; Messrs. Miller and Lapham were chosen to fill the vacant seats, and the two ex-senators were allowed to remain in private life. But before this result was reached, and while the ignoble struggle was still going on in the New York Legislature, the great tragedy occurred which plunged the whole country into deep sorrow.

THE TRAGEDY OF 1881.

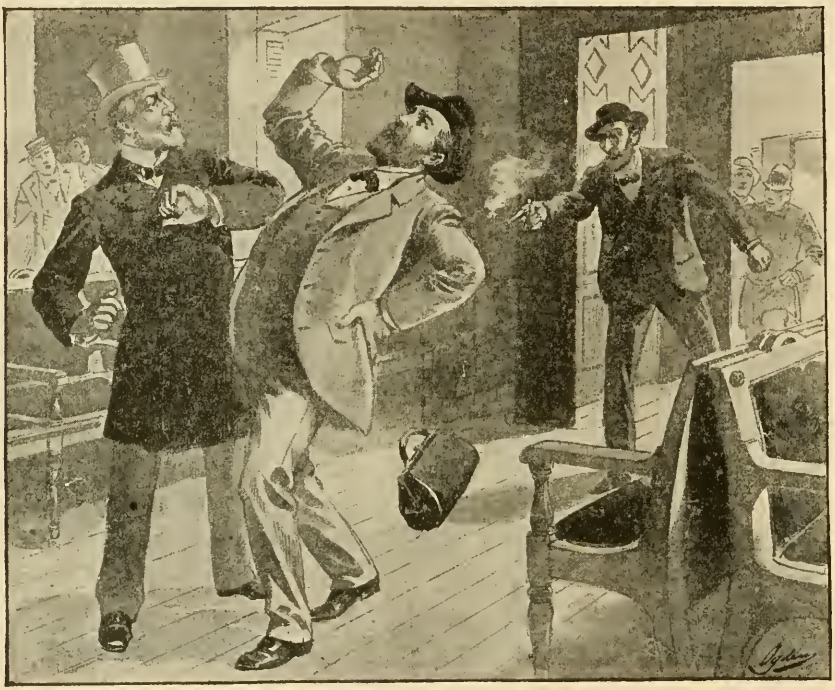
Saturday, July 2, 1881, was a fair, hot midsummer day. The inmates of the White House were astir early. The President was going to Massachusetts to attend the commencement exercises at his old college at Williamstown, and afterward to take a holiday jaunt through New England, accompanied by several members of the Cabinet and other friends. His wife, who was at Long Branch, New Jersey, just recovering from a severe attack of malarial fever, was to join him at New York. He had looked forward with almost boyish delight to his trip, and was in high spirits as he and Secretary Blaine drove off to the railway station.

There was no crowd about. Most of those who were to take the train had already gone on board. Among the few persons in the waiting-room was a slender, middle-aged man, who walked up and down rather nervously, occasionally looking out of the door as if expecting some one. There was nothing about him to attract special notice, and no one paid much attention to him. When President Garfield and Mr. Blaine entered, he drew back, took a heavy revolver from his pocket, and, taking deliberate aim, fired. The ball struck the President on the shoulder. He turned, surprised, to see who had shot him. The assassin recocked his revolver and fired again, and then turned to flee. The President fell to the floor, the blood gushing from a wound in his side.

In a moment all was confusion and horror. Secretary Blaine sprang after the assassin, but, seeing that he was caught, turned again to the President.

The shock had been great, and he was very pale. A mattress was brought, his tall form was lifted tenderly into an ambulance, and he was swiftly borne to the Executive Mansion. His first thought was for his wife—the beloved wife of his youth, just recovering from sickness, expecting in a few hours to meet him. How would she bear the tidings of this blow?

"Rockwell," he said, faintly, to a friend, "I want you to send a message to 'Crete'" (the pet name for his wife, Lucretia). "Tell her I am seriously hurt—how seriously I cannot yet say. I am myself, and hope she will come to me soon. I send my love to her." During the dictation of the dispatch, Dr. Bliss and several other physicians arrived. A hasty inspection demonstrated that the President was terriblywounded.



GARFIELD'S ASSASSINATION

A swift train brought Mrs. Garfield to her husband's side that evening. The persons present in the sick-room retired to allow Mrs. Garfield to meet her husband alone as he had requested. They remained together only five minutes; but the effect of this brief interview was soon seen in the rallying of the almost dying man. At the end of that time the doctors were again admitted, and then began the long struggle for life, with its fluctuations between hope and dread, which lasted for almost three months. Just after Mrs. Garfield's arrival there was a sudden collapse which seemed to be the end, and the family of the President were hastily summoned to his bedside; but to the surprise of everyone, the crisis passed, and for three weeks he seemed to improve. Then came a turn for the worse, and from that time the President lost ground. The hot summer days, hard to bear even for those in full health, wasted and weakened

him terribly. He sank steadily; and it was seen that unless relief from the intense heat could be had, he would inevitably die within a few days. It was decided to remove him to Elberon, on the ocean shore, near Long Branch, New Jersey, and on September 7th, accompanied by his family and the members of his cabinet, he was borne by a swift special train northward to the seaside. A summer cottage had been offered for his use, and there for two anxious weeks lay the man who, it may be truly said, had become

The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

The cooling breezes of the seaside brought some relief, and the change, no doubt, prolonged his life; but it could not be saved. In the night of September 19th, almost without warning, the end came; the feeble flame of life, so anxiously watched and cherished, flickered a moment, and then went out in the darkness.

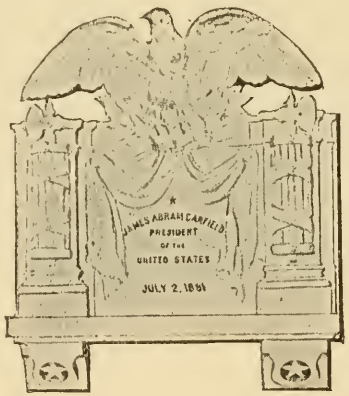
The President's body was borne back to Washington, where it lay in state, viewed by great throngs of mourning people; then it was taken westward to Cleveland, and laid in the tomb by the shores of Lake Erie, almost in sight of his old home. The journey was one long funeral pageant. For almost the entire distance the railway tracks were lined with crowds of people, who, with uncovered heads, stood in reverent silence as the train passed. Not since the day when that other dead President, the great Lincoln, was borne to his last resting-place, had such an assembly been gathered; and the love and grief which followed Garfield to his grave are the best tribute to the worth of his character.

Five months later, in the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, amid such a throng as that chamber has seldom seen, Secretary Blaine delivered his eulogy of the dead President; and from that splendid and pathetic address we take the concluding words, which will fitly close this brief sketch :—

"Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. . . Through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell !—what brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties ! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toils and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys, not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation, and great darkness ! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death.

With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him a wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed for healing of the sea, to live or die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its fair sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of eternal morning.



TABLET WHICH WAS PLACED IN THE WAITING-ROOM OF THE RAILWAY STATION WHERE GARFIELD WAS SHOT.

POLITICAL GIANTS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS, A. M.,
Author of "Standard History of the United States."

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

SOLDIER, ORATOR AND STATESMAN.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

When General William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe and of more than one important battle of the war of 1812, succumbed to the torments which beset every President of the United States, and suddenly died one month after his inauguration, he left a grandson named Benjamin, not quite eight years old, who was the third son of John Scott Harrison, and was born at North Bend, Ohio, August 20, 1833. His father was the owner of a large farm, where the son toiled while a boy, and laid the foundation of the rugged health and strength which stood him so well in after years.

The first school which Benjamin Harrison attended was kept in a log building, where, so far as is known, he was neither a dull nor an unusually bright pupil It may have been too early in life for him to display the ability which afterward

carried him to the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. He was fortunate in having a sensible parent, who, knowing the value of education, sent him at the age of fifteen to Farmers' (now Belmont) College, near Cincinnati. He remained two years and then became a student at Miami University, Oxford, where he attracted attention by his skill as a debater and orator.

While a law student, he made the acquaintance of Miss Caroline L. Scott, a most estimable young woman, and daughter of the president of the University. The two formed a strong, mutual attachment, and were married in 1853, before Harrison had attained his majority. He was graduated in 1852, fourth in his class.

He entered the law office of Storer & Gwynne, and shortly after was admitted to the bar. Moving to Indianapolis in the following year, he began to practice, and has made that city his home ever since. Clients were not numerous nor were fees large, but those who employed young Harrison found him conscientious, devoted to their interests, and possessed of sterling integrity and marked ability. He was prompt and kept his promises. A lawyer of that kind is sure to succeed.

In 1855, he entered into partnership with William Wallace, but six years later that gentleman was elected county clerk and Harrison associated himself with W. P. Fishback. When fairly started upon what was a most promising career, his patriotism led him into the military service of his country, where he made a fine record. He was mustered in as Second Lieutenant, July 14, 1862, as Captain eight days later, and then, August 7th, as Colonel of the 70th regiment of infantry, the term of enlistment being for three years. He commanded his regiment until the 20th of August, 1863; the second brigade of the third division, reserve corps, until September 20, 1863; his regiment again to January 9, 1864, and the first brigade, third division, 20th army corps, to September 23, 1864, on which date he was detailed for special duty in Indiana. Returning to duty in the field, he was ordered in November, 1864, to report in person to the general commanding at Nashville, Tenn. He afterward commanded the 1st brigade, provisional division, Army of the Cumberland, to January 16, 1865, when upon his own request, he was relieved and directed to rejoin his command, which was then at Savannah, Georgia, under General Sherman. On his way thither, he was stricken with what threatened to be a fatal illness, but, rallying, he pressed on. He was not yet fully recovered and was placed in command of the camp for convalescents and recruits at Blair's Landing, South Carolina. He soon after joined General Sherman at Raleigh, where he resumed command of the 1st brigade, 3d division, 20th army corps, April 21, 1865, and was relieved therefrom June 8th, because of the mustering out of the troops composing it. On the same day he was mustered out and honorably discharged.

As we have said, General Harrison made a most creditable record in the field. "Little Ben" quickly won the reputation of being a brave man and a skilful leader. He was very popular with his own men and with the general officers. His regiment had no superior in effectiveness and discipline. He was in action at Russelville, Kentucky, and in the numerous severe engagements of the Atlanta campaign, and was present at the surrender of General Jo Johnston, at Durham's Station, North Carolina, April 26, 1865. Fighting Jo Hooker considered Harrison without a superior as a regimental and brigade commander, and it was at his request that, January 23, 1865, he was breveted brigadier general of volunteers, "for ability and manifest energy and gallantry in command of a brigade."

He had already won a fine reputation as a lawyer in Indianapolis. He was elected in 1860, reporter of the Supreme Court, but the office was vacated by his enlistment. He was overwhelmingly re-elected in 1864, while absent in the field. At the close of the term, he had a lucrative practice, and was retained in nearly all the important cases in his State. In 1876, Godlove S, Orth, Republican candidate for Governor, withdrew during the canvass and Harrison's name was substituted without consultation with him and while he was absent from the State. He made a plucky fight, but Governor Hendricks' popularity was too great to be overcome.

In 1880, Harrison was chairman of the Indiana delegation in the convention which nominated James A. Garfield for the presidency. A strong pressure was brought to bear upon him to permit his name to be presented but he refused. His splendid work and his great ability led Garfield to offer him a place in his Cabinet, which he declined. He was chosen United States Senator in 1881 and served for six years, during which he took rank among the foremost debaters and leaders.

In the Chicago presidential convention in 1888, Harrison was nominated on the eighth ballot. During that memorable campaign, he made ninety-four speeches, all of which were forceful, effective and beyond criticism even by his enemies. His most extraordinary achievement, however, was after his election to the presidency. Leaving Washington, April 15th, he made a journey of 10,000 miles to and from the Pacific coast, returning exactly one month later. On that journey, he made one hundred and forty addresses, some of them on five minutes' notice. His audiences at times included old Confederates, colored men and representatives of nearly every grade of society. He was taken without warning to institutions of learning, before the blind, the educated, and was brought face to face with those who had seldom seen the inside of institutions of learning. In none of his numerous addresses did President Harrison repeat himself. Each speech was in exquisite taste, often rising to heights of genuine eloquence. The most prominent newspaper which opposed his election de-

clared that President Harrison has never had a superior, if indeed an equal, as an effective off-hand speaker.

His administration was worthy and dignified, and though his Cabinet contained the brilliant Blaine, yet Harrison was President at all times and his influence was felt in every department. Above all things, he was a patriot and an American under all circumstances. His renomination at Minneapolis was to be expected, but the desire for a change throughout the country, rather than any distrust of the President or disfavor with his work, led to his defeat by Grover Cleveland. A few days before election Mrs. Harrison died, after a long and painful illness. The lives of the two had been an ideal one, and no couple ever were more tenderly attached to each other.

After his retirement from the presidency, General Harrison was engaged by the late Senator Leland Stanford of California to deliver a course of lectures before the University he had founded, upon constitutional law. His practice expanded and he easily took rank among the ablest and most successful counsellors in the country. He was prominently mentioned as a presidential candidate, as President Cleveland's term drew to a close, the conviction being general among the Republicans that, with his past record and his great ability, he was certain of success in the struggle of 1896. The nomination, however, seemed to be a matter of indifference to General Harrison and in February, 1896, he made public his decision not to be a candidate. In January, 1896, he announced his engagement to Mrs. Dimmick, a niece of the late Mrs. Harrison.

In 1896 he married Mrs. Dimmick, a niece of the late Mrs. Harrison, and had one child, a girl. In 1899 he represented the government of Venezuela in her dispute with the British government. After fulfilling this mission, which was conducted in Paris, he visited England, and was received with marked distinction by the Prince of Wales. He died after a short illness at his home in Indianapolis, March 13, 1901.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

SUCCESSFUL LAWYER, GOVERNOR AND PRESIDENT.

Grover Cleveland, twenty-second and twenty-fourth President of the United States, was born in the village of Caldwell, Essex County, New Jersey, March 18, 1837. He was the son of Richard Falley Cleveland, a Presbyterian minister, who was graduated at Yale in 1824, and five years later married Annie Neal, daughter of a Baltimore merchant.

When the son was four years old his father accepted a call to Fayetteville, near Syracuse, New York, where the boy attended the academy, and afterward served as clerk in a country store. Some time later the family removed to Clinton, in Oneida County, and Grover was a student at the academy there.

At the age of sixteen he became a clerk and assistant teacher in the New York Institution for the Blind, in New York city. In the same institution his elder brother, William, now a preacher, was also a teacher.

Grover was an excellent teacher, but yielding to ambition, he decided to go West, where he believed greater opportunities for mental growth and success awaited him. He stopped at Black Rock, now a part of the city of Buffalo, and called upon his uncle, Lewis F. Allen, who persuaded him to stay and help in the compilation of a volume of the "American Herd Book." He assisted in the preparation of several more volumes, and in August, 1855, became a clerk and copyist for the law firm of Rogers, Bowen & Rogers, in Buffalo. He took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1859. Meanwhile his father died, and, that he might be able to support his mother, Grover remained three years longer with the firm at a moderate salary.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

His worth and ability had attracted favorable notice, and he was appointed assistant district attorney of Erie County, January 1, 1863, holding the office for three years. He was defeated in 1865, as the Democratic candidate for district attorney, and became a law partner of Isaac V. Vanderpool, uniting, in 1869, with the firm of Lanning & Folsom. By this time he had attained marked success, and in 1870 was elected sheriff of Erie County. At the end of his three years' term, he formed a law partnership with his intimate friend, Lyman K. Bass, who had defeated him for the district attorneyship, the firm being Bass, Cleveland & Bissell. Ill health compelled the retirement of Mr. Bass, when the firm became Cleveland & Bissell. It was very successful, and Mr. Cleveland's reputation increased.

One of the marked features of Mr. Cleveland's early public career was his great popularity when he appeared as a candidate for the suffrages of the people. Being nominated by the Democrats for mayor of Buffalo, in the autumn of 1881, he received the largest majority (3,530) ever given to a candidate in that city, although the Republican ticket was successful in other directions. He was supported not only by his own party but by the independent and the "reform" movements. He fulfilled the expectations of his supporters, vetoing extravagant measures, and conducting his office in so prudent and economical a manner that he saved fully $1,000,000 to Buffalo during the first six months of his term. His course gave him such a popularity that in September, 1882, he was nominated for governor of the State. His opponent was Charles J. Folger, then Secretary of the United States Treasury. Both men had a record that could not be assailed, and the result was astounding. In a vote of 918,894, Cleveland received a plurality of 192,854, giving him a majority over his opponent, the greenback, prohibition, and scattering vote, of 151,742, the like of which was never before known in the Empire State. The vote was so tremendous that it attracted national attention, and convinced the Democratic party that if the new governor made no blunder during his administration, he would be the most available candidate for the presidency.

Governor Cleveland made no blunders that could mar his prospects. He was able, honest, and wholly devoted to the interests of the State. At the Democratic national convention, held in Chicago, in July, 1884, after several days devoted to organization and the presenting of the names of the candidates, he received the nomination, which he formally accepted by letter on the 18th of August.

Four candidates were before the country in November, 1884: Cleveland of New York, the regular Democratic nominee; James G. Blaine of Maine, Republican; Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts, labor and greenback; and John P. St. John of Kansas, prohibition. One of those little incidents which can never be foreseen, and which often overturn the best laid plans, led to the defeat of Blaine. At a public reception, Reverend Dr. Burchard, in addressing Mr. Blaine, referred to the Democratic party as that of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." Mr. Blaine did not catch the expression, or, as he afterward declared, he would have reproved it, but the mischief was done so far as he was concerned. The charge against him was used so skilfully that the Republican candidate lost the vote of New York by a trifling majority. This gave Cleveland 219 electoral votes to 182 for Blaine, while the popular vote stood: Cleveland, 4,874,986; Blaine, 4,851,081.

President Cleveland was inaugurated on the 4th of March following, and called around him an able Cabinet. He proved himself sincere when he declared he would do his utmost to carry out the policy of civil service reform.

This course alienated some of his supporters who believed in the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils," and who considered all ante-election pledges to the contrary as intended simply to catch votes, but President Cleveland adhered to the policy to the end, earning the respect of both parties by his courage and sincerity. He used the veto power with the same severity as when Mayor and Governor. He favored a reduction of the tariff, with the ultimate establishment of freer trade.

A pleasing incident of President Cleveland's first administration was his marriage, at the White House, June 2, 1886, to Miss Frances Folsom, daughter of Oscar Folsom, the President's intimate friend. The whole country felt an interest in the happy event, and Mrs. Cleveland, as the leading lady of the land, has commanded the admiring respect of the nation and of all with whom she has come in contact. No more graceful or accomplished lady has ever presided at the White House.

In the autumn of 1888, President Cleveland found himself pitted against General Benjamin Harrison, with the result that has already been stated. Of the popular vote, Cleveland received 5,540,329 and Harrison 5,439,853, while of the electoral votes, 168 went to Cleveland and 233 to Harrison.

In 1892, the same gentlemen were the leading candidates and the verdict was reversed; Cleveland received 5,553,142 and Harrison 5,186,931 on the popular vote, while in the electoral college 276 votes went to Cleveland and 145 to Harrison. It was the first time in our history that a President was re-elected after being out of office for one term.

It is not the province of this sketch to give a history of the leading features of President Cleveland's administrations. A monetary stringency and a great depression of business were accompanied by a formidable railway strike which necessitated the calling out of the United States troops in several parts of the country.

The time when President Cleveland "struck fire," however, was in his message to Congress, on December 17, 1895. England, whose "earth hunger" is insatiable, and who has appropriated land in all parts of the world, often without regard to right and justice, had disputed for years with Venezuela over the boundary between that country and British Guiana, obtained by England from The Netherlands in 1814. Learning that the interior of Venezuela contains valuable gold mines, England set up a claim, which if allowed would have split Venezuela almost in half. That weak country protested, but was powerless. England refused to arbitrate, but meant to win by the bullying course which she is so fond of adopting with feeble nations.

The United States could not view with indifference this dismemberment of a sister republic on the American continent, for it would be a flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine enunciated in 1823, which declared in language not to

be mistaken that no part of North or South America from that time forward should be open for colonization by any foreign power. Lord Salisbury, the British prime minister, was slow in replying to the communications of our government. When his reply came, however, the President submitted it to Congress with the statement that the action Great Britian contemplated was a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, which it was the duty of the American Government to resist, and proposed the appointment of a commission by the President to determine the correct boundary.

This declaration was instantly responded to by an outburst of patriotic fervor from one end of the country to the other, being endorsed everywhere. North and South, President Cleveland was declared to be an American and an exalted patriot of the highest order. The result is known. In the face of an impending war England wisely made a virture of the necessity, yielded to the inevitable, and agreed to the Arbitration Committee, admitting by her act that the Monroe Doctrine is virtually an international law which must be respected by all nations.

The Committee appointed by the two countries successfully settled the disputed boundary line, and prevented the loss of large territory to Venezuela, which country might otherwise have suffered the penalty that the Boer Republics of South Africa later suffered in 1900, by being literally swallowed up by England after defeat in war.

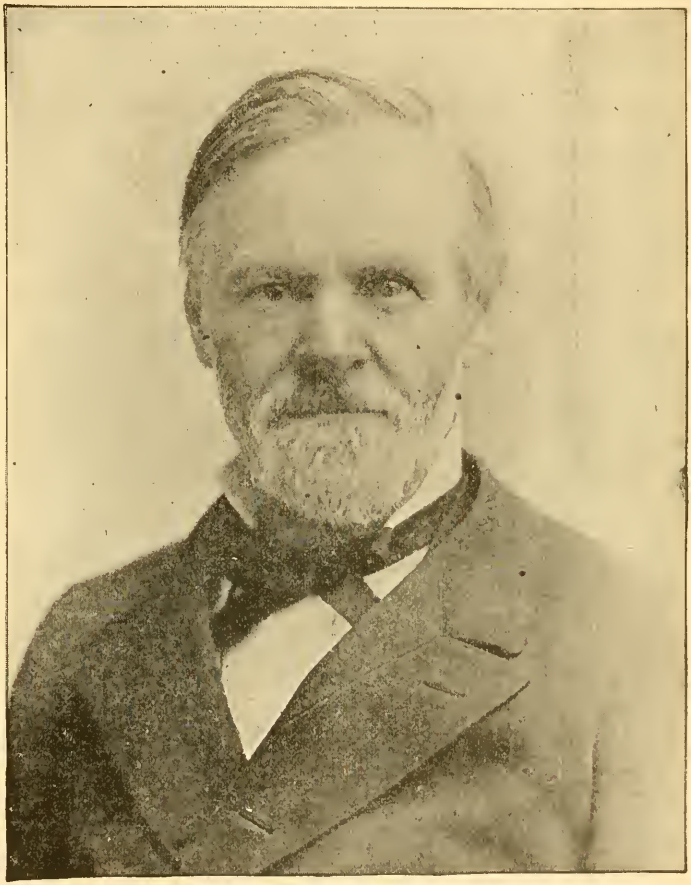
In 1896 and 1900, Mr. Cleveland refused to support Wm. Jennings Bryan, the Democratic nominee for President, on account of his difference with Mr. Bryan on the money question. Mr. Cleveland's home is at Princeton, New Jersey, where he lectures in the Princeton University and lives in quiet retirement.

JOHN SHERMAN.

GREAT FINANCIER AND STATESMAN

JOHN SHERMAN was admittedly one of the ablest financiers and foremost statesmen of America. He was born May 10, 1823, at Lancaster, Ohio, and was the eighth of eleven children. He was the son of Charles Robert Sherman, who settled in Lancaster and took a leading part in the measures for defence in the war of 1812. He was a prominent and respected citizen, who after serving for six years on the bench of the Supreme Court of the State, died suddenly in the forty-first year of his age.

During his childhood, John Sherman attended a private school at Lancaster, but in 1831, his father's cousin, a prosperous merchant at Mount Vernon, invited him to his home and offered to take charge of his education until he was fitted for Kenyon College. The youth studied faithfully for four years, but, instead of entering college, returned to his mother's home and attended the academy there. The family were in such straitened circumstances that John decided that it was his duty to give up the plan of going to college and to support himself instead. His elder brother gave him employment as junior rodman under the engineer engaged in improving the Muskingum River. He improved his leisure by study, but at the end of two years lost his place through the sweeping political changes in the State. Returning to Lancaster with nothing to do, he fell for a time into bad habits, but touched by the grief of his mother over his lapse, and by a sense of manliness, he quickly rallied, and thenceforth was his own "master." Ever since that lapse, Senator Sherman has been a temperate man, and no one is more opposed to the drinking habit than he.



JOHN SHERMAN.
Senator, Great Financier.

In the autumn of 1839, it was arranged that young Sherman should study law at Mansfield with his elder brother Charles and with Judge Parker, who had married his mother's only sister. His industry enabled him to support himself while thus employed, and he had been a practicing lawyer for more than a year before his admission to the bar, which took place on the day that he attained his twenty-first year.

On December 31, 1848, John Sherman was married to Miss Margaret Cecilia Stewart, only child of Judge Stewart. After their wedding tour, the couple returned to Mansfield and the husband applied himself arduously to his

profession. His industry, ability and integrity brought him success, and in 1854 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives. It was in that year that the Missouri Compromise was repealed, stirring up such a vehement revolt and uprising in the North, that the Republican party of to-day was born and brought into vigorous existence. Recently, when asked if he remembered his first speech, the distinguished Senator said:—

"Yes; I remember it well. It was in the midst of the exciting Kansas-Nebraska times and there had been numerous changes in the personnel of the House. There were many young men among the new members. Matt Day, one of the founders of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, was a member. He wrote a great deal, but did not speak much and was slightly deaf. He had scant regard for the sophomoric efforts of the young Congressman. On the day that I spoke I sat behind him. Day would listen with his hand at his ear, and the moment one had concluded, would say with a grunt of satisfaction:

"'Another dead cock in the pit.'

"At last I saw a place where I thought I could make a good point. I jumped to my feet, got the Speaker's eye and said my say. When I was through and had sat down I said: 'Here is another dead cock in the pit, Mr. Day.' But Day replied: 'No, my young friend, I don't think it is quite so bad as that with you yet,' and he gave me to understand that I had another chance or so for my life."

Mr. Sherman spoke frequently, and, despite his youth, speedily assumed a leading position among his associates. He was renominated in October, 1856, and triumphantly elected. He was one of the most active and vigorous workers in the presidential campaign of that year, and insists to-day that the Republicans would have been successful, had they placed Seward or Chase in nomination instead of Fremont.

The career of John Sherman is another proof that it is brains and ability which bring success in this country. Chosen again in 1858, a member of the House, he had already become so prominent that he was placed in nomination for Speaker. On the twenty-fifth ballot he came within three votes of election, but he eventually withdrew and Pennington was chosen Speaker by a majority of one. Sherman was appointed chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, of which he had not previously been a member.

Mr. Sherman had been elected a fourth time when Abraham Lincoln was placed in nomination for the presidency. He had no more ardent and powerful supporter than Sherman. In a speech at Philadelphia, September 12, 1860, he made a number of remarkable prophecies, every one of which was fulfilled in the momentous events that speedily followed.

It was February 23, 1861, that Lincoln arrived in Washington, and Sherman met him at Willard's Hotel in the evening, for the first time. "When intro-

duced to him," says Mr. Sherman, "he took my hands in both of his, drew himself up to his full height, and looking at me steadily, said: 'You are John Sherman! Well, I am taller than you; let's measure.' Thereupon we stood back to back, and some one present announced that he was two inches taller than I. This was correct, for he was six feet three and a half inches tall when he stood erect."

Salmon P. Chase, having accepted the place of Secretary of the Treasury in Lincoln's Cabinet, his seat in the Senate was taken by Sherman, who would have preferred to remain in the House, to which he had just been elected for the fourth time and of which he was certain to be chosen Speaker. But having entered the Senate, Sherman steadily rose to his present exalted place in the regard of his countrymen. In that august body, he has towered for years, head and shoulders above his distinguished associates, most of whom are of national reputation.

It seems to be the law of this country that the greatest men in a political party fail to receive its highest rewards. The peerless Henry Clay was nominated three times for the presidency but never attained it. Daniel Webster, longing with an unspeakable longing for the high office, died a disappointed man. If any Republican of the last quarter of a century was entitled to the presidential nomination at the hands of that party, John Sherman is pre-eminently the man. More than once it was almost within his reach, but never quite grasped. It was his humiliation to be forced aside, and see the honor bestowed upon men who were in the ranks when he was a leader, and whose ability was no more to be compared to his than is a bauble to a diamond. But his place in the honor and grateful recollection of the nation is secure.

Senator Sherman was foremost in financial and all other measures for the support of the Government, throughout the agony of the civil war. He personally recruited an Ohio brigade. He was chairman of the important Finance Committee for several years, and in 1877 left the Senate to enter the Cabinet of President Hayes. It was during his administration of the Treasury Department that the resumption of specie payments took place, January 1, 1879. With a foresight and skill that could not be surpassed, Secretary Sherman had made such careful preparations for this important step that when it took place, there was not the slightest jar or friction. It was in the natural order of things, effect following cause with perfect smoothness.

John Sherman re-entered the Senate in 1881, where he remained a leader respected alike by political friends and foes, until 1897, when he resigned his seat in that body to become Secretary of State in President McKinley's Cabinet. This position he ably occupied until April 25, 1898—the day on which war was declared with Spain—when he resigned, fifteen days before his seventy-sixth birthday, because he considered the duties of the office, in time of war, too onerous for his feeble health and advanced age. He died 22nd of October, 1900.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

THE GREAT "SPEAKER" AND DEBATER.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

"How do you mix your paints?" timidly asked an amateur of a distinguished artist.

"With brains, sir!" thundered the master of the brush.

And, as we stated in our sketch of Senator John Sherman, this is preëminently the truth in American affairs. Social advantages, wealth and the aid of friends are not without their effect, but if the element of ability is lacking, the highest success is unattainable. Water finds its level, and the man who is thrown into the bustling arena of the House of Representatives can never attain the place of leader unless nature has furnished him with ability, or in other words, with brains.

No stronger proof can be given of this statement than is found in the career of Thomas Brackett Reed, who was born in Portland, Maine, October 18, 1839. He attended the common schools of the city, and was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1860, being among the first in his class and taking the highest honors possible—the prize for excellence in English composition. He possesses rare gifts in this respect, his writings showing a clear, vigorous, but limpid style, which have brought him a national reputation, while his speeches

are eloquent, sparkling, logical, and corruscating with humor, sarcasm, and wit. No man surpasses him in readiness of repartee. No more enjoyable treat can be imagined than that of a debate in the House, where he is beset with all sorts of questions from political opponents. His instant replies are inimitable, and the man that can unhorse him in debate has not yet made his appearance, and is not likely to do so for an indefinite time to come.

It was only the other day that a newspaper reporter, while looking for President Cleveland, stepped to the door of the House restaurant, and believing he saw that distinguished personage, requested an attendant to bring him to him at the President's convenience. When the gentleman came forward it proved to be Speaker Reed.

"I beg your pardon," said the correspondent; "I am looking for the President and mistook you for him."

"For heaven's sake don't let the President learn of this," said the Speaker, with owl-like gravity; "he is already vain enough of his personal appearance."

After his graduation, Mr. Reed taught in a Portland high school, studying law at the same time. He went to California in 1863, expecting to make his home in that State. He taught school there and began the practice of law, but at the end of the year, for family reasons, returned to Maine. In April, 1864, he was appointed acting assistant paymaster in the United States navy and assigned to duty on the gunboat *Sibyl*, which patrolled the Tennessee, Cumberland and Mississippi rivers until the close of the war. He was discharged from the service in August, 1865, and returned to Portland, where he was admitted to the bar.

His advance was rapid. He was interested from the first in politics, and his power and popularity were so marked, that, without his knowledge, he was nominated by his party in 1868, for the State House of Representatives. His election followed as a matter of course, and his reputation as a brilliant lawyer going with him, he was placed on the Judiciary Committee. Maine was quick to see that she had secured the right man and re-elected him in 1869, promoting him to the Senate in 1870, but he resigned the senatorship to assume the duties of Attorney General, to which office he had been elected. Mr. Reed is the youngest Attorney General that Maine ever had. He held the office for three years, and added to his fame, during which he displayed courage, conscientiousness and ability of a high order.

He retired from office in 1873, and was appointed City Solicitor of Portland, where his course was marked by the same devotion to duty that had distinguished him when Attorney General. His name was well-known throughout the State, and it was in the natural order of events, that, in 1876, he was nominated for Congress in the district composed of Cumberland and York

counties. There was the bitterest fight conceivable against him, but by his indomitable energy and ability, he swept everything before him. It is a remarkable fact, that during this whole stirring campaign, the sum total of his traveling expenses, hotel parlors for delegates and cost for everything, was exactly $42.00. It may be doubted whether his subsequent nominations involved as much as that insignificant sum, for every year since, without a single vote against him in any convention, he has been enthusiastically renominated by his constituents. The leading Republican paper in Maine said: "Mr. Reed can represent his district in Congress for the rest of his natural life if he wants to; there's no question about that." His popularity made Mr. Reed the candidate before all others of New England for the Presidency in 1896, beside which, as has been shown, he had myriads of supporters in all parts of the Union.

Mr. Reed took his seat in Congress, October 15, 1877, the House having been summoned in extra session to pass the army appropriations, which had failed at the closing session of the Forty-fourth Congress. It was a Democratic House and remained in session until the following June. Mr. Reed made his first speech April 12, 1878, and drew the attention of the House by his keen, convincing logic.

At the beginning of his second term, Mr. Reed's abilities were recognized by his appointment as a member of the Judiciary Committee. His strength as a debater caused a number to vote for him as Speaker in the caucus of December, 1881, and he was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House. By that time, he was the recognized leader on the Republican side. He prepared and introduced a bill for the proper distribution of the Geneva award against Great Britain for the *Alabama* claims, and his accompanying report convinced the House that the bill was right and led to its passage.

His great ability was recognized by political opponents as well as friends. Without soliciting a single vote, he was unanimously chosen in caucus, in 1887, as the Republican candidate for Speaker. The House being Democratic, however, John G. Carlisle received the honor in the Forty-eighth and Fiftieth Congresses. Reed's turn came in 1889, when the Republicans had a bare majority, and, on the second ballot placed him in the Speaker's chair, he receiving 166 votes to 154 cast for John G. Carlisle.

There are few who are not acquainted with Speaker Reed's career as presiding officer of the House of Representatives. For a time indeed he was the central figure in the eyes of the country. There were many contested election cases and the Democrats used every means to obstruct legislation. It was impossible to have every Republican in his seat at all times, to meet the constitutional requirement that there should be a majority present to do business. The Democrats refused to answer to their names at roll call, and the custom had

always been for the Speaker, under such circumstances, to declare no quorum present. On January 29, 1890, when the Democrats had sat mute while their names were being called by the clerk, Speaker Reed coolly counted sufficient numbers "present but not voting," to constitute a quorum.

It was like a thunder clap from the clear sky. Pandemonium was let loose, and the Democrats, in a white heat of rage, protested and declared the proceeding unconstitutional and revolutionary. The Speaker, however, resolutely held to his decision and the business of the session which had been blocked so long moved forward, though it cannot be said without friction. The rule was finally adopted, February 14, 1890. It was sustained by the Supreme Court, and four years later, when a Democratic House was caught in precisely the same dilemma, it adopted precisely the same rule. Mr. Reed was chosen speaker again of Congress, in December, 1895, and again in March, 1897.

Mr. Reed lives in a comfortable home at Portland, with his wife, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Merrill, formerly pastor of a Congregational Church of that city. He has one daughter, who, at this writing is not yet out of her teens. He is popular with his neighbors, for he is genial, pleasant and charitable, manly and courageous, and whenever he runs for office, is certain to receive a great many Democratic votes, for what American can help feeling proud of him? In the words of Henry Hall, he is "in many respects the greatest all-around man in the United States to-day, of stainless record and unimpeachable integrity, bold but safe, brilliant but wise, masterful but heeding counsel, and a fighter without fear."

At the National Republican Convention, which met in St. Louis in 1896, Mr. Reed's name was prominently spoken of for President; but William McKinley, of Ohio, was nominated, and the "Courtly Knight" from Maine supported him in some of the most able speeches delivered during the campaign.

On the question of annexing the Hawaiian Islands in 1898 the Speaker was at marked variance with his party. Only three Republicans voted against the measure. Prior to announcing the vote, Mr. Dalzell, who, in the absence of Mr. Reed, was presiding, said: "The Speaker of the House is absent on account of illness. I am requested by him to say that, were he present, on this proposition he would vote 'no.'"

This incident serves to emphasize Mr. Reed's fidelity to principle. He believed it was wrong to annex the islands without allowing the Hawaiian people to decide the question by a popular vote themselves; but, most of all, he objected to the policy of inaugurating this first step in the acquirement of foreign territory. To him it was a portentous movement, fraught with the grave dangers which threatened to lead us into foreign complications and policies that would menace the peace of our nation. This independent attitude made it impracticable for Mr. Reed to participate as actively in the campaign of 1900 as he had prevously done.

THE DISTINGUISHED SENATOR AND ABLE FINANCIER.

WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

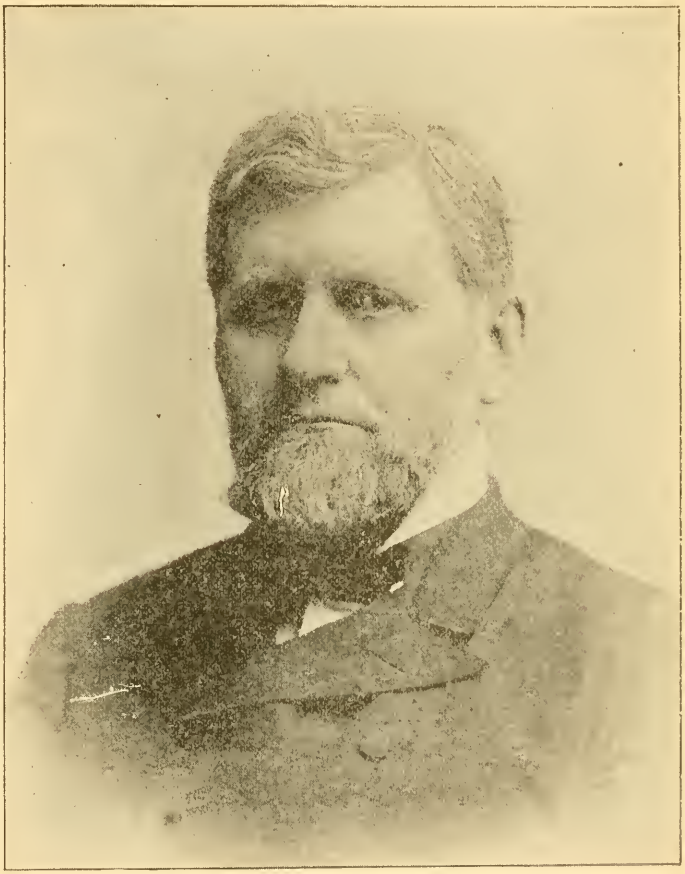
It is said that Senator Allison is distantly related to President McKinley on his mother's side, her maiden name being Nancy Allison. It was not on this account, however, but for the sterling worth of the man, that President McKinley when making up his Cabinet offered Senator Allison the first place in his Cabinet, that of Secretary of State. But Mr. Allison, as on former occasions when Cabinet places have been offered to him, preferred to keep his desk in the Senate, where his duties were so thoroughly congenial, and his able services so highly appreciated, that he could not get his consent to relinquish them. It was perhaps well for the country that Mr. Allison remained in the Senate, for at the head of the Finance Committee of that body during the war with Spain he was in position to render his country most valuable service.

Senator Allison, though for over forty years a resident of the State of Iowa, is a native of Ohio, the commonwealth which of late years has furnished so many statesmen to the Union. Some time ago, in a chat with the late General Sherman, he remarked to the writer: "There's something singular about Ohio; she has always a number of leading men at the front. Here at West Point, she has the largest number of members in the graduating class, and it has been so for years. The infusion of New England blood into that State seems to have produced the best sort of stock. General Grant was a native of the State, and," added the grim soldier with a smile, "if I wer'n't such a modest man, I might add that I also was born there."

Mr. Allison was born in 1829, and was graduated from the Western Reserve College. His first entrance into public politics, as he states, was in 1860, when he was appointed one of the tally secretaries at the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency. He was then practicing law in the little town of Ashland, near the centre of the State, some fifteen miles from where that other famous son of Ohio, John Sherman, was engaged in the same profession. Allison had removed to Iowa in 1857, where he found himself among many people from Ohio. It was as a delegate from Iowa that he attended the memorable convention which placed one of the greatest Americans that ever lived in nomination for the Presidency.

"I sat right in front of George Ashmun, of Massachusetts," said Senator Allison. "He was president of the convention, and I believe that I gave him the first news of Lincoln's nomination. I kept footing up the figures as they came

in, and some time before the members of the convention were aware of the fact, I saw that Lincoln would be successful, and I turned about and told Mr. Ashmun of the fact. A few minutes later the convention realized it, and then ensued one of the most wonderful scenes in our history. The convention was held in the old wigwam in Chicago, and there were about ten thousand people present. When the vote was announced a scream went up from thousands of throats and fully one thousand hats were thrown into the air. It rained hats for several minutes after the announcement, and I can still see the hats rising and falling. The people lost control of themselves, and I have often wondered what became of those hats, for there was not much possibility of recovering your hat in a mob like that."



WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

Although Mr. Allison was deeply interested in politics from the first, and always inclined to the principles of the Republican party, he felt no special ambition to become a politician. Nevertheless, his neighbors appreciated his ability, and he was nominated for Congress in 1862. Samuel J. Kirkwood was then governor of Iowa and Allison was on his staff. Being directed to raise troops for the armies in the field, he organized three regiments in North Iowa in 1861, but was attacked by a serious illness which laid him up for a year. As soon as he recovered, he set to work again and raised three more regiments. He was then nominated for Congress by the conservative element of the Republican party. His opponent was a Democratic editor of so pronounced secession proclivities that he was in jail by orders of the aggressive Secretary Stanton. Thus the issue was a straight one between the friends and enemies of the Union.

Had all of Iowa's citizens been at home, Mr. Allison would not have felt

the slightest misgiving as to the result, but the majority of the Iowa soldiers in the field were Republicans. In this dilemma, Allison persuaded Governor Kirkwood to call an extra session of the Legislature, which passed a law allowing the soldiers at the front to vote. Three commissioners were sent thither, the result being that Allison was triumphantly elected. The same system of soldier voting was afterward adopted by other States in the North. Mr. Allison remained in Congress until 1871, and two years later was elected to the Senate, where he has remained ever since, being re-elected, as already stated, in 1896.

From his first entrance into politics, Senator Allison has been profoundly interested in financial matters, and there is no higher authority on that question than he. He was early appointed a member of the Appropriation Committee. His seat was near that of Congressman Garfield and he became the intimate and trusted friend of him and of Blaine. Despite his friendship for Mr. Blaine, he was also the valued associate of the most bitter opponents of the Maine statesman. This was a tribute indeed to the worth and ability of Allison.

President Garfield was so impressed by Allison's attainments and complete mastery of financial questions, that, in the face of the strongest pressure from other quarters, he urged him to accept the portfolio of the Treasury. Allison would have done so, for the post would have been a congenial one to him, had it not been for the delicate state of his wife's health. She was a brilliant and accomplished woman, but was an invalid whose existence depended upon her living a quiet, restful life. Because of this, the affectionate husband declined the offer. The nervous malady of his wife became intensified, and some time later, when she had become a victim to melancholia, sad to say, she took her own life.

Mr. Allison enjoys splendid health, and is in the prime of his mental powers. His eye is bright, his complexion ruddy, and the iron-gray hair abundant. He is a handsome man, genial and fond of a good story, and he can tell one and join in the ringing laughter which greets a witticism. He is fond of books, art and travel, and is almost as familiar with the politics of Europe as with those of his own country. He is dignified and kindly without a trace of egotism or vanity. Senator Gear of Iowa, said of him: "There is nothing of a coward about Allison. He is cautious, but not cowardly. He has a stiff back-bone in him, and when the occasion demands, he always shows that he has convictions and the courage to support them. He has been in public life for a generation, and although he is about seventy years old, he looks more than ten years younger and in the prime of physical condition."

When he had been in public life for a generation, and when an old man, he bore himself with the vigor and alertness of youth, doing his work with ability and dispatch.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

LEADER OF THE FAMOUS ROUGH-RIDERS.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT is Andrew Jackson educated," said a prominent man, while the hero of the Rough-Riders was making the race for Governor of the State of New York in October, 1898.

No man of his age in America has been a more uncompromising reformer or waged a more relentless warfare against corrupt and designing public officials. Both in public and private, he has been always the staunch, fearless champion of the right.

Mr. Roosevelt is a native of New York City, where he was born October 27, 1858.

At the age of eighteen young Roosevelt entered Harvard College, where he graduated in 1880, shortly before he was twenty-two years of age, after which he went abroad and continued his studies for a time in Dresden, traveled in Europe and in Asia, and at the age of twenty-three returned to New York and studied law under his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt, but soon abandoned it for politics.

In 1882, when the members of the General Assembly met at Albany, Theodore Roosevelt went as the representative of his district. He was the youngest member of the Legislature, but he soon made himself what he has been ever since—a storm centre. Within two months he had studied his colleagues and divided them into two classes—the good and the bad—and, to

the astonishment of the latter, opened an uncompromising war, with himself the leader of the incorruptible minority. The antagonistic press lampooned him without mercy as "an egotistical popinjay." However, he knew it was right to fight and expose corruption, and his courage faltered not once. He was re-elected twice. The reforms which his aggressive daring effected during his three terms saved the public hundreds of thousands of dollars annually.

In 1889 President Harrison appointed the dauntless young reformer President of the United States Civil Service Commission, which position he filled for six years, four of them under President Cleveland, who, recognizing his ability, courage, and sterling integrity, continued him in that office.

In 1895, after the Parkhurst crusade against corrupt administration in New York City, which resulted in the overthrow of a municipal ring by the election of Mayor Strong, Roosevelt was chosen to head the Board of Police Commissioners and enforce the principles of reform. Within a month he was at once the most hated and the best beloved man in New York City.

When the Cuban war began to excite this country intensely in 1897, Mr. Roosevelt remarked to a friend, "We shall be compelled to fight Spain before a year passes." It was this belief that induced him to give up the position in the New York Police Department and accept the Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy when it was offered to him by President McKinley in 1897. His first work was to ascertain the needs of the navy. He put through a measure to get every American war-vessel in fighting trim, and to fill every foreign coaling station with a supply of fuel. It was this which enabled Dewey to move so promptly from Hong Kong to Manila, and it was Roosevelt who urged the sending of the dispatch instructing the Admiral to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet at Manila immediately upon the declaration of war. Six days after Dewey's victory Mr. Roosevelt resigned his portfolio in the Navy Department and organized the now famous Rough Riders (Seventy-first New York Cavalry), composed of cowboys, policemen, and rich young society men—all good horsemen, good shots, and full of courage.

When at home, he lives in a comfortable, roomy house with pleasant grounds surrounding it, on Oyster Bay, Long Island. He married Miss Edith K. Carow in 1886, and has six children, four boys and two girls. Mr. Roosevelt is a man of comfortable fortune, but he delights in constant employment. His literary work entitles him to renown, though one hardly misses the time in which he did it from the stirring scenes of public life. In 1900 the Republican Convention at Philadelphia unanimously nominated him for Vice President.

Governor Roosevelt is a thorough Republican in principle; but he is a patriot before a partisan. "Be sure you are right and then go ahead," has been no man's motto more than Theodore Roosevelt's in all his past public acts; and, in the pursuit of the course of right, as he saw it, for the public good,

IN THE WAR ROOM AT WASHINGTON

The above illustration shows President McKinley, Secretary Long, Secretary Alger and Major-General Miles consulting the map during the progress of the Spanish-American War. It is in this room that the plans of conducting war by land and sea are formulated and the commands for action are wired to the fleet and the army.

THE DISTINGUISHED TARIFF REFORM LEADER AND WAR PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

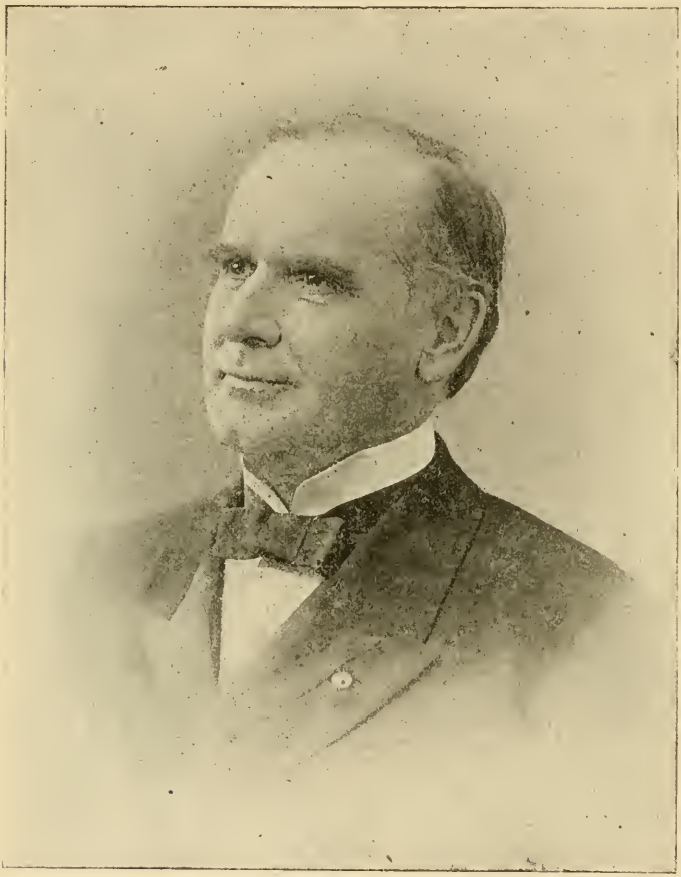
When William McKinley was inaugurated the twenty-fifth President of the United States of America, March 4, 1897, he took his seat amid troublous times. Cuba's cry of oppression and starvation for three years had been wafted on every breeze from the South, pleading to our country for succor. Congress and the Senate were wrought up almost if not quite to the point of recognizing the Cuban insurgents. On the other hand, the Monroe Doctrine and the admonitions of Washington bade us refrain from interfering in foreign difficulties. McKinley respected these injunctions and adhered to them even to the point of rendering himself unpopular with his party and with the country, wisely fighting against all rash acts on the part of the Government and using every effort in his power to bring about a peaceful settlement between Spain and Cuba, remitting not until Spain herself, arrogantly refusing all overtures, forced the United States into the conflict. The story of this conflict and the admiration and love which McKinley inspired in the hearts of his countrymen by his patriotic and wise administration during the same are too fresh in the minds of all readers to need repeating here. It is with McKinley the man that this short sketch must deal.

William McKinley, Jr., was born in Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, Jan- 29, 1843. His father was a German by birth and lived to his 85th year, his mother, of Scotch descent, being still alive at this writing. William was the third son. The eldest, David, is a resident of San Francisco, where, until 1894, he was the Hawaiian Consul General to the United States. The second son, James, died a few years ago, and Abner, younger than William, is engaged in business in the city of New York.

When five years old, William attended the village school at Niles, continuing his studies at a more advanced school at Poland, whither his parents removed in order to obtain better educational advantages for their children. When not quite sixteen, William was sent to the Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., but fell ill and had to return home. When he recovered, he began teaching school, receiving $25 a month and "boarding around." He was thus engaged, when the country was thrilled by the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon. Instantly the pale-faced, gray-eyed student, flung aside his books and enlisted as

a private in the war for the Union. It was patriotism of the loftiest nature which inspired the young teacher. He was mustered in at Columbus in June, by General John C. Fremont, who thumped the young man's chest, looked in his clear eye, and surveying him from head to foot said: "You'll do!"

Young McKinley was attached to the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and remainded with it to the close of the war. During that period, he served on the staff of Brigadier General Rutherford B. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States, on the staff of the famous Indian fighter, General Crook, and subsequently on that of Brigadier General Hazen. He was in all the engagements in which his regiment took part, and was made a second lieutenant directly after the battle of Antietam, upon the urgent recommendation of General Hayes. He became first lieutenant, February 7, 1863, captain, July 25, 1864, and was breveted major by President Lincoln for gallant conduct on the fields of Opequan, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, being mustered out with his regiment, in July, 1865.



WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Thus at the age of twenty-two, Major McKinley was a fire-tried veteran of the war for the Union, with a record to which he can always refer with patriotic pride.

But the war was over, the Union restored, and the modest young man, without pausing to boast of his deeds, entered upon the study of law. He was, graduated from the Albany (N. Y.) Law School, and settling in the little town of Canton, Ohio, waited for his clients to come to him. They straggled thither, and fortunate were all who secured the services of the brilliant, conscientious, and learned lawyer. His ability attracted the attention of Judge Belden, who invited him to a partnership with him, and the connection lasted until the death

of the Judge in 1870. His townsmen showed their appreciation of the young man by electing him, in 1869, prosecuting attorney of Stark county, an office which he held for a number of yours. He had already established his reputation as a powerful jury lawyer and one of the best speakers in the State.

At the age of thirty-three, the people of his district elected him their representative in Congress, his re-election following until 1890, when, through the gerrymandering of his district, he was defeated by a small majority. From January, 1892 to January, 1894, and again until January, 1896, he was Governor of Ohio, his election being among the most notable triumphs of his career.

While in Congress, McKinley was a member of the Committee on Revision of Laws, the Judiciary Committee, the Committee on Expenditures in the Post Office Department, and the Committee on Rules. Upon the nomination of General Garfield for the Presidency, McKinley took his place on the Committee on Ways and Means, serving with the committee for the rest of his time in Congress. It was while he was chairman that he framed the "McKinley Bill," which still bears his name. This tariff act became law, October 1, 1890, and provided for a high rate of duty on an immense number of articles imported from foreign countries, but made sugar free. Its purpose was to reduce the national revenue and to increase protection.

The work involved in the preparation of this bill is almost inconceivable. It contained thousands of items and covered every interest in the country. For four weeks, while the House was in session, he was almost constantly upon his feet, answering numberless questions, meeting objections and giving information. With the exception of two minor amendments, it passed exactly as it came from the hands of the committee.

A correspondent of the New York *Press* thus describes the man: "Quiet, dignified, modest, considerate of others, ever mindful of the long service of the veterans of his party, true as steel to his friends, unhesitating at the call of duty, no matter what the personal sacrifice; unwavering in his integrity, full of tact in overcoming opposition, yet unyielding on vital party principles, with a heart full of sympathy for those who toil, a disposition unspoiled by success and a private life as spotless as self sacrificing, he stands before the American people to-day as one of the finest types of courageous, persevering, vigorous, and developing manhood that the Republic has ever produced."

A peculiar proof of Major McKinley's exalted sense of honor was given at the dead-lock in the presidential convention of 1888. A movement on the fourth ballot suddenly set in in his favor, which could have been readily turned into a stampede. But he was there as the pledged friend of Senator John Sherman, and nothing could swerve him from his allegiance. He checked the movement at its beginning, and those who would have tempted him turned back at sight of that earnest countenance and at the ringing tones of that

eloquent voice. Almost precisely the same thing was repeated four years later at Minneapolis, when the nomination would have assuredly gone to him, had he not peremptorily checked it, and ordered the delegates from his own state to vote as they had been instructed.

A man like Major McKinley could not fail to make an ideal husband, when blessed as he is with an ideal wife. Both of their children died in infancy, and the wife is an invalid, but though their silver wedding was celebrated in January, 1896, no lovers were ever more chivalrously devoted to each other than are they, now that they have reached the meridian of life. Major McKinley was nominated for the Presidency by the National Republican Convention held at St. Louis in June, 1896, and the following November was elected President of the United States by a magnificent majority. The chief issues of the campaign were the maintenance of the Gold Standard and the protection of American industries.

President McKinley's administration was a success from the beginning. Lack of confidence which pervaded the country during three years of the previous administration was quickly dispelled. Business rapidly revived under the new Dingley Tariff Bill, which was the first important act of the new administration. The most important event of his administration was the war with Spain, which began in April, 1898, and was successfully terminated in the summer of the same year, and thereby Spanish sovereignty in this hemisphere was ended, and by the provisions of the Treaty of Peace, the Philippine and Porto Rican Islands were added to the territory of the United States.

On June 21, 1900, Mr. McKinley was again nominated for the presidency by the Republican Convention which met at Philadelphia.

CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW

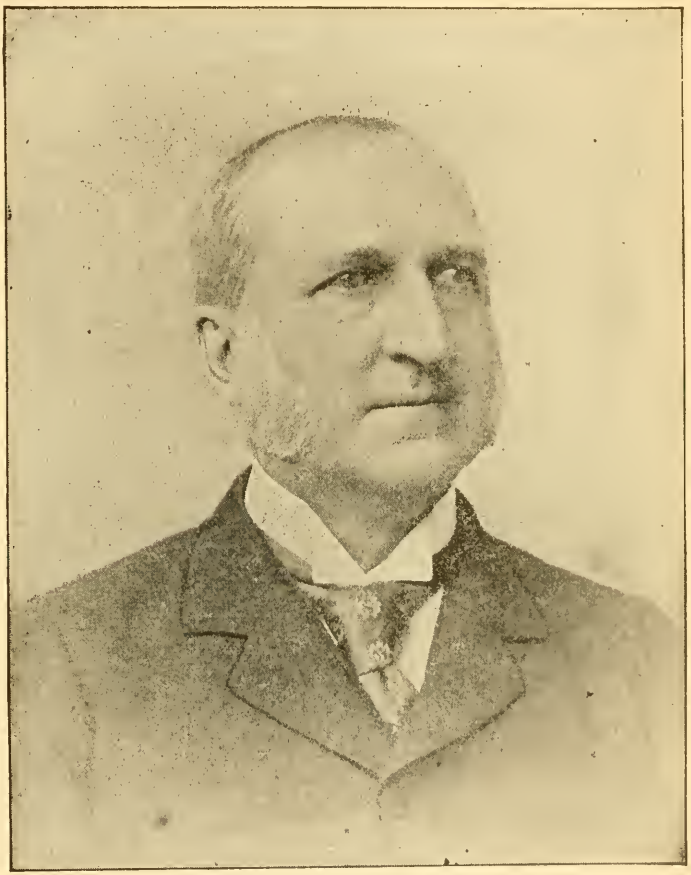
THE APOSTLE OF SUNSHINE AND CHEERFULNESS

Chauncey Mitchell Depew was born at Peekskill, N. Y., April 23, 1834. His remote ancestors were French Huguenots, who founded New Rochelle, in West-chester county. His father, Isaac Depew, was a prominent and highly esteemed citizen of Peekskill, and his mother, Martha Mitchell, was a representative of the distinguished New England family, one of whose members, Roger Sherman, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Chauncey spent his boyhood in Peekskill, where he prepared for college. He was a bright student, and at the age of eighteen entered Yale College, from which he was graduated in 1856, with one of the first honors of his class. In June, 1887, Yale conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. It will be noted that Mr. Depew reached his majority at about the time of the formation of the Republican party. Although of Democratic antecedents, he had been a close

student of politics and his sympathies were with the aims of the new political organization, to which he speedily gave his allegiance.

Mr. Depew studied law in his native village, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. In the same year, he was elected as a delegate to the Republican State convention, this being an acknowledgment of the interest he had taken in the party, and the skill and energy he had shown in advocating its policy. He began the practice of law in 1859, and was highly successful from the first. Few men of the present day are so gifted with eloquence, wit, and the power of giving an instant and happy turn to the most unexpected interruptions or occurrences. In his early manhood, his striking power as a stump speaker, his readiness at repartee, and his never failing good humor, made him a giant in politics, to which he was literally forced to give attention. But with all these extraordinary gifts, he could launch the thunderbolts of invective against wrong and stir the profoundest depths of emotion by his appeals. He loved liberty and hated oppression, and has always believed that the United States of America is the happiest and greatest country upon which the sun ever shone. His patriotic speeches are models of eloquence and power.



CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW.

In 1860, he took the stump for Abraham Lincoln and added greatly to his reputation as a ready, forceful and brilliant pleader for that which he believed to be right. No speaker was so welcome as he to his audience, whether composed of scholars, of business men, or of the uneducated masses. He was sure to say something entertaining, something instructive and something worth remembering. He was never dull; he was logical and luminous, and no matter how lengthy his addresses, he was sure to be greeted with cries of "Go on! go on!"

at their conclusion. It cannot be denied that he contributed much to the success of that memorable election.

In 1861, Mr. Depew was nominated for the Assembly in the Third Westchester County District, and although the constituency was largely Democratic, he was elected by a handsome majority. He fully met all the high expectations formed, and was re-elected in 1862. By his geniality, wit, integrity and courtesy he became as popular among his political opponents as among his friends. He was made his party's candidate for Secretary of State, directly after the Democrats had won a notable triumph by the election of Horatio Seymour as governor ; but by his dash and brilliancy and his prodigious endurance (he spoke twice a day for six weeks), he secured a majority of 30,000. So admirably did he perform the duties of the office that he was offered a renomination, but declined.

During the administration of President Johnson, Secretary of State Seward appointed Mr. Depew Minister to Japan, but after consideration, the offer was declined. He seemed to have decided to withdraw from politics and to devote his time and energies to his profession. That shrewd railway man and financier, Commodore Vanderbilt, had watched the career of Depew, and had formed a strong admiration for him, while the eldest son, William H. Vanderbilt, became his firm friend. In 1866, Mr. Depew was appointed the attorney of the New York and Harlem Railroad Company, and three years later, when that road was consolidated with the New York Central, he was made the attorney of the new organization, being afterward elected a member of the Board of Directors.

As other and extensive roads were added to the system, Mr. Depew in 1875, was promoted to be general counsel for them all, and elected to a directorship in each of the numerous organizations. The year previous, the legislature had made him Regent of the State University, and one of the Commissioners to build the Capitol at Albany.

In 1884, the United States senatorship was tendered to Mr. Depew, but he was committed to so many business and professional trusts that he felt compelled to decline the honor. Two years before, William H. Vanderbilt had retired from the presidency of the New York Central, and in the reorganization Mr. Depew was made second Vice-President. The President, Mr. Rutter, died in 1885, and Mr. Depew was elected to the presidency, which office he still holds.

His previous experience had made him thoroughly familiar with all the intricacies and minutiæ of the immense business, its policy, its relations with other corporations, its rights, responsibilities and limitations, and none was so well equipped for the responsible post as he. "The basilar fact in Mr. Depew's character is a profound and accurate judgment, and this asserts itself in all his manifold relations with men and affairs, and in every effort he puts forth in any direction. Practical common sense, tact, an exquisite sense of the proprieties, a

singular aptitude for business, and an intuitive appreciation of the value of means with reference to their ends, are manifestations of this judgment; and if we add a strong will, great executive ability, untiring industry, and instinctive love of order, and a readiness to adopt the best method, an intellect of astonishing range and remarkable promptness in the solution of intricate problems, we have a correct estimate of the qualities which place him in the first rank of railway managers."

At the National Republican convention of 1888, New York voted solidly for Mr. Depew as its candidate for the Presidency, but he withdrew his name. At the convention at Minneapolis in 1892, he was selected to present the name of President Harrison, and made one of the best speeches of his life. When Mr. Blaine resigned as Secretary of State, President Harrison urged Mr. Depew to accept the place, but after a week's deliberation, he felt obliged to decline the honor.

It is impossible in a sketch like this to do justice to the remarkable versatility of Mr. Depew. His admirable addresses would fill several bulky volumes. As an after dinner speaker, he is without a peer, and his wit, logic and eloquence never fail him. Dr. Depew's counsel and oratory were much sought and effectively used in the interest of the Republican Party during the stirring campaigns of 1896 and 1900 between William Jennings Bryan and William McKinley.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN,

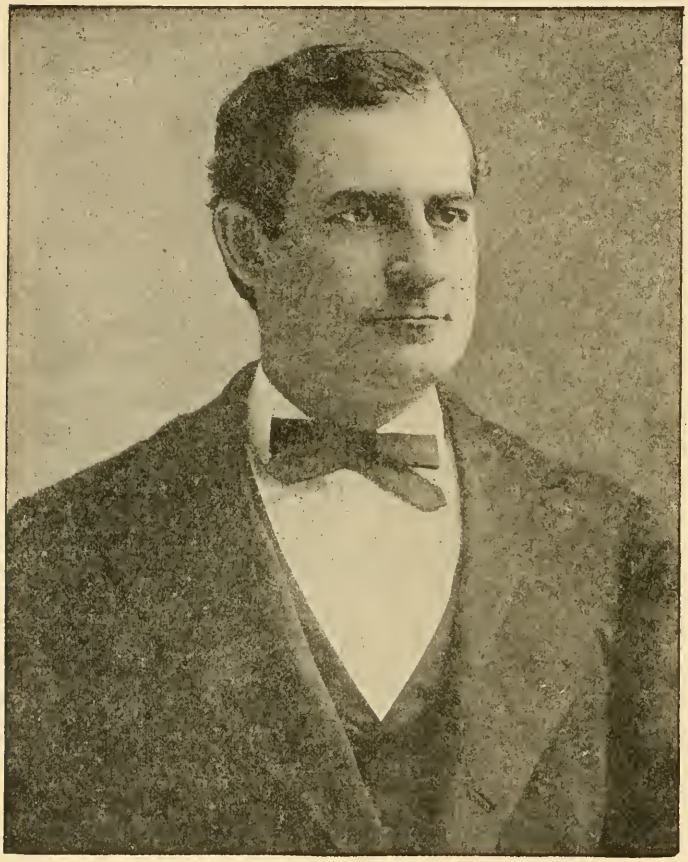
THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT IN 1896.

William Jennings Bryan, of Lincoln, Neb., who is sometimes known as "the Boy Orator of the Platte," is a native of Illinois. He was born in Salem, Marion County, in that State, March 19, 1860. His father, Silas L. Bryan, a native of Culpepper County, Virginia, was a prominent and respected lawyer, who represented his district for eight years in the State Senate, and later was a Circuit Court Judge for twelve years.

The son entered the Illinois College at Jacksonville in 1877, and completed the classical course, graduating with honors in 1881. He later attended a law school in Chicago, working in the late Lyman Trumbull's law office in order to pay his way through college. He began the practice of his profession at Jacksonville, Ill., but in 1887 he removed to Lincoln, Neb., establishing a law partnership with one of his college classmates. From his earliest years he had a fancy

for public speaking, which developed his oratorical powers. In 1880 he won second prize as the representative of Illinois College in the State collegiate oratorical contest. He was valedictorian of his college class, and came within one vote of being elected to the same position in the Law School. From 1880 on he spoke in political campaigns.

Bryan supported J. Sterling Morton for Congress in 1880, but the man who was later to be Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of Agriculture was defeated at the polls by 3,500 votes. Next time, in 1890, Bryan took the nomination and ran against the same Republican who had so badly defeated Mr. Morton. Bryan had much better luck. He challenged his adversary to a series of joint debates, and made so brilliant a showing that he carried the district, which had given the Republicans 3,500 majority two years before, by a majority of 6,700 votes. The fame he gained in the joint debates, of which the tariff was the theme, induced Speaker Crisp to appoint Bryan on the Ways and Means Committee, an honor which few Congressmen have ever won during their first term in the House. On March 12, 1892, he scored his first great oratorical success with a speech on free wool. This deliverance led Mr. Kilgore to declare it the best speech made on the floor of the House for ten years, and Mr. Culberson to remark that it was one of the ablest addresses he had ever listened to.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

In 1894 Bryan was nominated for United States Senator by the Democratic Convention of Nebraska. He made a vigorous canvass of his State, but the Republicans secured the legislature, and Mr. Thurston was elected. During the two years between this time and the Chicago Convention of 1896, Mr. Bryan devoted his time to lecturing on financial topics, advocating the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

During the famous Democratic Convention at Chicago in July, 1896, Mr. Bryan was given the opportunity to close the debate on the platform. The brilliant speech which he made on this occasion electrified the Convention, and secured him the nomination for President of the United States. He was afterwards nominated by the National (Silver) Republican Party and also by the People's Party.

The campaign which followed was remarkable beyond precedent. It is doubtful if during the days of slavery agitation there was ever so general and so intense interest taken in a presidential election.

Mr. Bryan, departing from the usual custom of presidential candidates, made a personal canvass. The influential press of the country was against him on account of his views on the money question. He knew his hope of success lay in getting at the people and speaking to them personally. Within about ninety days he traveled over almost the entire country east of the Rocky Mountains, covering 18,831 miles, visiting 477 cities, in which he delivered by actual count 600 speeches. For the entire time—excepting Sundays, when he always rested—his daily average was about 275 miles traveled, five towns visited, and six speeches delivered. No public speaker ever approached such a feat of endurance, or spoke so often or to so many people in the same length of time.

When it was determined that McKinley was elected—he receiving 7,104,779 and Bryan 6,502,925 of the popular vote—Mr. Bryan accepted his defeat without apparent discouragement, and with that admirable characteristic Americanism which does what it can when it can't do what it prefers to, the would-be president went back to his law practice in his same old quarters at Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. Bryan also lectured in answer to many calls throughout the country on social, financial, and political topics; and in 1897 he made an extensive tour in Mexico to study the conditions of the people, and especially to investigate the financial progress of the government under free coinage of both gold and silver.

Early in 1898 Mr. Bryan was several times interviewed regarding the war with Spain. He approved President McKinley's policy of prudence in entering upon hostilities, but when war had been declared he favored its prompt and rigorous prosecution as the most speedy and least expensive means of bringing it to a successful close. He was the first man to enlist as a private in the Third Regiment of Nebraska Volunteers on May 19, 1898. So contagious was his example that "Company A" was filled within five hours, and Bryan was made its captain. When the regiment was completed, Mr. Bryan was appointed Colonel by the Governor of the State, and promptly accepted the honor.

In 1900 the Democratic Convention at Kansas City nominated Mr. Bryan for the Presidency the second time.

ADMIRAL MONTOJO. **THE BATTLE OF MANILA, MAY 1, 1898** ADMIRAL DEWEY.

This illustration is historically correct. It shows the positions of the vessels in that memorable battle which sounded at once the death knell of Spanish authority in the East and West Indies.

HEROES OF SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

COMMANDER OF OUR NAVY FOR THE CONQUEST OF CUBA,

WILLIAM T. SAMPSON.

History is made rapidly during the days of war, and men whose names were before comparatively unknown to the world suddenly rise like rockets above the public horizon, and attract like shooting meteors the attention and admiration of the multitude.

America has never yet needed a man for any occasion which she could not furnish; and the fact that he usually steps forth from some quiet, unexpected corner in the person of some modest, thoroughly equipped, but unobtrusive man, only emphasizes the enormous reserve forces at the command of our nation, as it also adds to the fame of him who comes as a successful surprise—a trained and long-waiting hero—upon the stage at the critical moment when his country needs him.

Such a man is the now famous Rear-Admiral Wm. T. Sampson, Commander of the North Atlantic Squadron. Many events have gone to show that our government acted wisely when it raised Captain Sampson, early in 1898, to the rank of acting Rear-Admiral and gave him supreme command of our naval forces in Cuban waters. In all the operations of his fleet Admiral Sampson has shown himself a brave, discreet, and thoroughly competent commander; and, after thorough trial under the most trying circumstances, with the eye of the naval experts of the world upon him, he has not been found wanting in any particular.

Admiral Sampson does not come to his important position without long and thorough training for it. He was born in Palmyra, New York, February 9, 1840, consequently was fifty-eight years old at the beginning of the Spanish-American War—three years younger than Admiral Dewey of Manila fame; one year

younger than General Miles; four years younger than Wesley Merritt; and five years the junior of Fitzhugh Lee of the army.

Like Franklin, Lincoln, and Grant, Admiral Sampson came of very humble parentage. His father was a day laborer, who did odd jobs and sawed wood from house to house, while his son, "Billy," followed him and split it up the proper size and laid it in piles or packed it away in the woodsheds. Every moment he could spare he was at his books and attended the public schools when he could. That he diligently improved every moment and that he was a popular boy is shown by the fact that, at the age of seventeen, he secured an appointment to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he graduated just before the Civil War at the head of his class, and promptly entered the naval service, in which he continued to the close, rising to the rank of lieutenant. His career was uneventful, except in the ordinary lines of duty, affording him no opportunity for individual distinction, but he was always a very close student along the lines of his profession, to which he was thoroughly devoted; and his mastery of naval science, tactics, and seamanship no doubt accounts for his present high and honorable position. During the Civil War he was on board the ironclad *Patapsco* as executive officer, when that vessel was blown up, at the bombardment of Charleston in January, 1865. An account of this disaster, related by Sampson himself, is interesting. "On the 15th of January," said he, "the monitor *Patapsco* and the *Lehigh* were sent up the Charleston harbor to drag for torpedoes, and if possible to learn the nature and position of any obstruction placed in the channel by the Confederates. I was on the top of the turret and the *Patapsco* was drifting slowly up the harbor when the explosion came. My first impression on hearing the report was that a shot had struck the overhang just below the water; but the column of smoke and water which immediately shot upward convinced me of the real nature of the explosion." At this juncture, in reporting the details to his superior, Lieutenant S. P. Quackenbosh, he said: "The order to start the pumps was immediately given by you through the turret. So impractical did the order appear the next instant that I did not repeat it. You immediately afterwards gave order to man the boats. Although these orders were given in rapid succession, only the officers of the deck, who stepped from the turret into the boat, had time to obey the last order before the boat was afloat at the davits. Owing to the wise provision of having the picket boats near at hand, all those who were on deck at the time were saved. None escaped from below except the engineer and fireman and one other man. I was picked up by one of the picket launches and immediately gave order to the officer in command to pull up the harbor in the hope of picking up others."

In his report to the Secretary of the Navy the commanding officer gave due praise to young Sampson, saying: "The cool intrepidity displayed by Lieutenant

Sampson, my executive officer, deserves the highest praise." The following year young Sampson was further honored by being made Lieutenant-Commander.

"The after-career of Admiral Sampson has evinced," says a recent writer, "just such qualities as he displayed aboard the *Patapsco*. He is not an affable man; but he is always the gentleman, and he is as unassuming as he is sagacious and brave. The chiefs of bureaus in the Navy Department are entitled by courtesy to the rank of Commodore, but Sampson never availed himself of the privilege. When he was at the head of the Bureau of Ordinance, strangers entering his office would frequently address him as 'Commodore.' 'Captain, if you please,' was his invariable reply, spoken modestly and simply. He never cared for honors which he had not fairly won."

Throughout the long interim of rest from warfare since the close of the Civil War, Admiral Sampson has held various naval appointments under the government; and, as suggested above, he has been a constant student of his profession. His specialty has been torpedo work, and his interest in it has amounted almost to the proportions of a hobby. The deeply marked face shows him to be a student, and it was his proficiency of knowledge in torpedo and submarine mining which suggested his appointment as President of the Maine Board of Inquiry early in 1898, in which his judicial qualities challenged the admiration of the entire country, and, coupled with his former record as a sailor and a prudent fighter, accentuated the propriety of commissioning him Rear-Admiral and placing him in command of the North Atlantic Fleet. In 1886 he was made Superintendent of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and before his appointment to the Presidency of the Board of Inquiry he had commanded the cruiser *San Francisco*, and, later, the battleship *Iowa*.

It fell to Admiral Sampson's fortune to open the war by firing the first shot from his gunboat *Nashville*, and capturing the first prize of the war, the merchant steamer *Pedro*, which he sent to Key West with a prize crew on board, April, 1898. Several others were taken in short order during the next few days, and successively towed or carried under their own steam into Key West. On April 27th, Admiral Sampson steamed on an inspecting expedition into the harbor of Matanzas, and from his flagship, the *New York*, opened fire on the newly erected sand forts, which he destroyed with about fifty shots. The Spaniards returned the fire, but did no damage to the American fleet. Having drawn the fire from the forts, and learned the location of the fortifications and the probable number and style of the Spanish guns, Admiral Sampson sailed away to await the proper time of positive and vigorous attack. This was the beginning of active hostilities in the war with Spain for Cuban independence; the first great battle of which was fought and won so gloriously by Admiral Dewey a few days later, May 1st, off Manila, Philippine Islands.

To those who like to peep behind the curtain into the private lives of

public men, the following bit of information concerning the home-life of Admiral Sampson will be interesting. In one sense he is a farmer; that is, he owns a farm near Palmyra, New York, which his plain brother George manages for him, and it is interesting to note that this farm is situated on the very spot where the notorious Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, claims to have discovered the famous engraved gold plates, from which, with the aid of the revealing glasses, Urim and Thummin, he wrote the Book of Mormon.

But the family home of Admiral Sampson is not in New York. It is at Glen Ridge, N. J., presided over by a prudent and industrious wife, with several daughters and two stalwart, round-cheeked, growing boys, who delight to dress in sailor costumes. "Of course, we are anxious," said Miss Nannie, the oldest of Admiral Sampson's unmarried daughters, when the war began, "but I don't think we are worried about papa. You see we all have perfect confidence in his ability to whip the Spaniards, and we have no doubt he will do it when the opportunity comes." When incidents or anecdotes illustrating his character were requested, Mrs. Sampson replied: "He is not exactly an easy person about whom to tell anecdotes. He is very dignfied, you see, and anecdotes do not cluster about him." "Father never talks at home about his business" said the Admiral's daughter. "In Washington when he used to come home from a meeting, and we would ask him for the news, he would tell us gravely that the Dutch had taken Holland, and with that we had to be content." "But in spite of his dignity," rejoined Mrs. Sampson, "he is always ready to enter into any fun, or, when there is none to enter into, to make it. He is fond of outdoor sports too." "Yes," his daughter declared, "he plays tennis to admiration. He has never played in a tournament, you know," she said, "but at Annapolis, when he was Superintendent of the Naval Academy, there was no one who could match him. He likes wheeling, too; but golf! I have tried to get him to play golf, and he won't. He says," she continued, "'that golf is an *old* man's game.'"

Leaving the blockading fleet at Havana under command of Commodore Watson, Sampson sailed to Porto Rico. On May 12th he bombarded San Juan and again turned eastward to join Commodore Schley in the Caribbean Sea hunt for Cervera's much dreaded Spanish fleet. On May 30th it was found that the enemy had taken refuge behind the fortifications at Santiago. After a month's seige Cervera made a bold dash to run the American blockade, and one of the most fierce naval battles of the century was fought, resulting in the complete destruction of the Spanish fleet, the killing or capture of 1800 Spanish sailors and officers, including Admiral Cervera, with the loss of only one American killed and three wounded. Unfortunately, however, for Admiral Sampson he had gone to consult with General Shafter, and was so far away when the battle began that Comodore Schley won the victory before the flag-ship could steam to the scene of action.

DEWEY ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "OLYMPIA," MAY 1, 1898.

THE HERO OF THE BATTLE OF MANILA,

GEORGE DEWEY.

THE FIRST command given to an American squadron to fight in nearly thirty years was contained in this eight-word cablegram to Commodore Dewey, April 25, 1898: "*Capture or destroy the Spanish squadron at Manila.*" "Never," says James Gordon Bennett, "were instructions more effectually carried out. Within seven hours after arriving on the scene of action nothing remained to be done."

At every great emergency in our history we have had men equal to the duties that faced us. The men of the Revolution were giants of their generation. Our Civil War brought forward the most striking personalities of the century. The great merit of democracy is that out of its multitudes, who have all had a chance for natural development, there arise, when occasion demands, stronger and wiser men than any class-governed societies have ever bred.

As during a long period of the routine of domestic politics we have not lost our capacity for the largest statesmanship, so during our period of peace we did not forget our courage and efficiency in war. Sufficient proof was given us of this in the magnificent and brilliant achievement of Commodore Dewey, who on May 1, 1898, destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila, Philippine Islands, without the loss of a ship or a man from his squadron, making himself for the time the most famous living naval commander of the world. "It may surprise some Americans," says a foreign diplomat, "to know that Dewey's victory carries with it spoils of war, probably larger than were ever before decided by the issues of one battle. The future value and influence of this conquest are almost incalculable."

George Dewey was born in Montpelier, Vermont, on December 26, 1837. His father was Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, a prominent life insurance authority, an estimable business man, and also a physician. The Dewey family belongs to New England's best stock, and dates its ancestry back to colonial times. After a preparatory course in the Norwich Military School of Vermont, George Dewey was appointed, at the age of seventeen, as a cadet to Annapolis, where he graduated in 1858 When the Civil War broke out, young Dewey was made a lieutenant and assigned to duty on the seventeen-gun steam-sloop *Mississippi*. His ship was in Farragut's squadron, which forced a passage up the Mississippi

River in 1862. This was Dewey's first experience in real war. In passing Fort Philip, Dewey's ship was subjected to severe fire from the Confederate artillery, at such close range, it is said, that the men on board the ships and those on the fortifications exchanged profane compliments which were clearly audible to each other. Later an incident occurred which is parallel to the daring feat performed in entering Manila Harbor, and, to a less courageous man, would perhaps have been sufficient warning against braving the dangers of the Spanish magazines. One of the crew in telling of the incident says: "In the middle of the night we attempted to pass Port Hudson on the Mississippi River. All lights were extinguished in our endeavor to slip by without being discovered. I distinctly remember Dewey giving orders to whitewash the decks of the ship so that the gunners would be able to see to do their work without lights; but we were discovered when opposite Port Hudson, the *Mississippi* was riddled with shot and set on fire by the enemy's batteries. The officers and crew quickly abandoned the ship and made their way to the other shore, just as the flames reached the *Mississippi's* magazine and she exploded."

Dewey was also on one of the gunboats at the engagement at Donaldsonville in 1863. In 1864 and 1865 he was an officer on the *Agawam*, which was engaged in battle at Fort Fisher. In March, 1865, he received his commission as Lieutenant-Commander, and for two years served in this capacity on board the *Kearsarge* and the *Colorado*. For the next two years he was attached to the Naval Academy, which position he retained until 1870, when he was transferred to the *Narragansett*, and it was during his five years' charge of her that he rose to be a Commander. In 1876 he was attached to the Lighthouse Board, and again in 1882 went on sea duty in the Asiatic squadron as Commander of the *Juniata*. When the coast dispatch boat, the *Dolphin*, the first vessel in our new navy, was completed, in 1884, Dewey was made Captain of this ship. The next year he was transferred to the flagship of the European squadron, the *Pensacola*, which he continued to command until 1888, when he was again transferred to shore duty, in which he served successively as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, then on the Lighthouse Board, and, when made Commodore in 1896, he was placed at the head of the Inspection Board. In January, 1898, he was given command of the Asiatic squadron, stationed then at Hong Kong, China. He had been but a few weeks in his new position when the declaration of war with Spain gave him the chance of his life for distinction, which he so brilliantly improved by falling upon and annihilating the Spanish fleet and forts at Manila, Philippine Islands, May 1st, just six days after the declaration of war.

It is little wonder Dewey has acquired among his naval associates the title of "The Lucky," for had he not been transferred from the land service and placed in command of the fleet just when he was, or had the opportunity occurred a few months earlier, the honor and reputation which are his would

have fallen to his predecessor. Again, Admiral Dewey, at the time of his great victory at Manila, was sixty-one years of age. Had the war with Spain come a year later he would have been on the retired list. Was Dewey's fame, after all, a matter of "luck," or is it better to take the philosophic view and regard it as an illustration of the truth of the old adage that "honor and reward are sure to come to those who faithfully labor and patiently wait?"

However this may be, it is a mark of Dewey's greatness that he so brilliantly and successfully embraced and used his opportunity when it did come. In the minds of the American people and of the world at large, it is seriously doubted whether any other Commander of our navy would have won this victory as Dewey did, destroying eleven Spanish vessels, killing and wounding about one thousand of the enemy, and that without serious damage to one ship of his squadron or the loss of a single man. The parallel of this achievement is not to be found elsewhere in the pages of naval history.

The Spanish officers attribute their defeat to the fact that they were outmatched in the efficiency and strength of the American fleet, and also to the fact that the American ships were painted a lead color, so that they could not be distinctly seen by the Spanish gunners. They also give due credit to the accuracy and rapidity of Dewey's fire. Admiral Montojo, in the face of his overwhelming defeat, on Monday after the battle on Sunday, sent Commodore Dewey his compliments on the American marksmanship, declaring he had never witnessed such rapid and accurate firing. Commodore Dewey generously complimented the Spaniards for their bravery in return, and attributed their defeat to inferior ships and not to any lack of courage.

When the official reports of the battle were received, President McKinley said: "It is the triumph of a just cause by the grace of God;" and he promptly nominated Commodore Dewey to be appointed a Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy. The Senate unanimously confirmed the nomination, and he was accordingly promoted to that position.

The battle of Manila must ever remain a monument to the daring and courage of Admiral Dewey. However unevenly matched the two fleets may have been, we must agree with the naval critic who declared: "This complete victory was the product of forethought, cool, well-balanced judgment, discipline, and bravery." Dewey entered with his squadron an unknown harbor, supposed to be strewn with deadly mines, and blew up the Spanish navy that was protected by the heavy guns of the shore batteries; and not only did he sink the vessels, but he silenced those batteries. It was magnificent; and Dewey will go down in history ranking with Paul Jones and Lord Nelson as a naval hero. Almost with the echo of his own guns, the praises of the civilized world greeted the conqueror's ears. The poetry, rhymes and eulogies written of the victor and his victory would fill volumes.

But great as was the victory at Manila, in one sense it was the least difficult of the tasks performed by Admiral Dewey in the Philippines, for it was followed by a year in that tropical climate with all the resources of his unusually resourceful nature taxed to the last degree. In the first place, the force under his command was too small to occupy the captured city. Aguinaldo was crafty and treacherous. Germany manifested an unfriendly disposition. Those were anxious months before the American army came under General Merritt, and with Dewey's assistance fought the final battle August 13th, when the Spaniards surrendered Manila. In February, 1899, war with the Filipinos broke out, entailing another constant strain. Besides this, he was the adviser of General Otis, who succeeded General Merritt as commander in the Philippines, and also a member of the United States Philippine Commission.

Perhaps no other naval commander was ever taxed with such a multiplicity of important duties, and yet so well were all his duties performed, that from May 1st, 1898, to May, 1899, when he left for the United States, the voice of our nation and of the world universally proclaimed, "*He made no mistake.*" Nor was our country slack in its rewards. On February 13th, 1899, Rear Admiral Dewey was made full Admiral. Only two men, Farragut and Porter, had ever before held this title in America. After the death of Porter the rank became extinct, and it was revived especially to honor the hero of Manila.

On May 20th the Admiral left Manila on his famous flagship *Olympia* for America. On his journey home he stopped at a number of foreign ports, and received ovations such as no other naval hero ever had accorded him by foreign powers, his own modesty and good sense often checking extravagant demonstrations; but when New York was reached, September 30th, 1899, the hero resigned himself to the inevitable fate of receiving the unavoidable adulation of a country intoxicated with the glory of his fame. No other mortal man, ancient or modern, ever witnessed such a demonstration prepared in his honor as the United States gave Admiral Dewey in the naval and land parades in New York City. A description of them is impossible here.

With characteristic modesty the great man passed through this blaze of magnificent display, received the $5,000 loving cup of pure gold from New York City, and then went to Washington, made his official report to President McKinley, received a $10,000 sword as a gift from the United States, and a $50,000 home as a gift from the private citizens all over America, who voluntarily sent in their contributions to buy it for him.

Such a splendid home was too much for a widower and on November 9th Dewey again surprised and pleased the nation by quietly marrying the charming widow, Mrs. Mildred Hazen, who had won his heart years before he won the battle of Manila. The Admiral's first wife, the daughter of Governor Goodwin of New Hampshire died in 1875.

NELSON APPLETON MILES

COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

"If young Miles lives he will be one of the most distinguished officers in the service," said Major-General Hancock when the subject of this sketch was little more than a boy.

Such remarks have been made of thousands of youngsters in all the walks of life by their admiring friends, and yet these young hopefuls seldom fulfilled the friendly prophecies in the smallest degree; but that General Hancock was a true prophet, or a good guesser, the after-life of his young friend fully proved.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, Commander of the United States Army, was born in Westminster, Mass. August 8, 1839. Hence he was fifty-nine years of age when the Spanish-American War began in 1898. His distinguished services had at that time endeared him to the American people to such an extent that Congress had already seriously considered the matter of appointing him Lieutenant-General, an honor which had been conferred only upon six Americans—George Washington, Winfield Scott, Ulysses S. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Schofield.

Curiously enough, General Miles is the only soldier in the last half-century who has reached the position of chief in command of the American Army without having graduated at West Point. His success must be attributed to the fact that he is a born soldier—brave and wise—and that he is a man of the most extraordinary strength of character, combined with irresistibly winning personal characteristics.

The story of General Miles' career is one filled with varied and interesting episodes. To begin with, he was born and grew up on a farm. He came from old American stock. His ancestors were among the earliest pioneers and explorers, having settled in Massachusetts Colony in 1643, and their descendants were among the patriots who struggled for freedom in the Revolutionary War, and others of them served in the War of 1812. During his boyhood young Miles received an academic education, and in early manhood engaged in mercantile pursuits, in which he was engaged in the city of Boston when the great Civil War broke out in 1861. Inheriting the spirit of patriotism, he generously devoted all of the little he possessed toward the expense of raising a company of volunteers and offered his services to his country. For the zeal and patriotism manifested he was given the commission of a Captain, but being considered

too young for the responsibility of that command, he did not assume it, but instead went into the army of the Potomac as Lieutenant of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers. His capacity was soon made manifest, calling forth the opening remark of this sketch by General Hancock, and in 1862 he was commissioned, by Governor Morgan of New York, Colonel of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers. In this capacity his services proved so efficient that Generals Meade and Ulysses S. Grant joined in a request that he be made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, which commission was afterwards conferred upon him by President Lincoln.

During his career General Miles was engaged in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac except one—and this his wounds at the time rendered him incapable of participating in. He commanded successively regements, brigades, and divisions, and in 1865 was put in command of the Second Army Corps, numbering over 25,000 men, said to be the largest command ever held in America by an officer only twenty-five years of age.

General Miles was particularly prominent in the closing scenes of the war. His immediate command was the First Division of the Second Army Corps, which was in such close proximity to the Confederate forces that all the correspondence between Generals Grant and Lee regarding the terms of surrender passed directly through General Miles' command, and it was to his line that General Lee first came when he surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia, April 9, 1865, at Appomattox Court House.

The distinguished soldier wears upon his person the marks of his profession. Always in the thickest of the fight when opportunity afforded, it is perhaps remarkable that he escaped with the few scars which he carries. At the battles of Fair Oaks, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville he was wounded, and for gallant and distinguished services was four times brevetted. Another mark of the oonfidence reposed in him was his appointment to take charge of the person of the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, when he was captured and sent to Fortress Monroe as a prisoner, and the fact that he manacled his distinguished prisoner made young Miles for a time exceedingly unpopular in the South, where the fallen leader had the full sympathy of his followers; but these were war times, and by the North Jefferson Davis was then regarded as an arch-conspirator, and as a military officer the young commander felt the supreme importance of keeping his prisoner so securely that there should be no possibility of escape. Hence the liberal-minded Southerner of the present must regard the action of General Miles in this incident as induced by a soldierly sense of duty to his country, in the discharge of which he could not afford for himself, or for the nation, to take the slightest chances of failure. Certainly those who know General Miles personally regard the great-hearted soldier as incapable of inflicting upon an old man, and especially so distinguished a

personage as the President of the fallen Confederacy, unnecessary pain or humiliation.

At the close of hostilities young Miles was further honored by being placed in command of the district of North Carolina during the work of reconstruction, and in that State he is still remembered as a wise administrator, and in the heat of sectional animosity, which then existed, his actions are now regarded by the best people of North Carolina as generous and sympathetic.

Since the war General Miles has been perhaps the most prominent active soldier in the service of the government. When the army was first reorganized he was appointed Colonel of Infantry. In 1880 he was made Brigadier-General, and in 1890 Major-General of the United States Army, and has since succeeded General O. Howard as chief-in-command of the land forces. During the past twenty-five years he has figured prominently in our frontier troubles, and successfully conducted an Indian campaign against the Kiowas, Comanches, and Cheyennes in the Indian Territory and the Southwest; the Sioux, Cheyennes, Perces, and others in the Northwest; and the Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico. For his efficient services he received the public thanks of the States of Montana, Kansas, Arizona, and New Mexico, where he not only quelled outbreaks of tbe savages, but on several occasions prevented Indian wars by the judicious and humane settlement of difficulties without the use of military power.

After General Miles' active life in the West, and prior to the opening of the Spanish-American War, he devoted a considerable portion of his time to literary work. His articles on various phases of military science, tactics, history, and achievements have contributed very materially to that branch of American literature, and added to his high distinction as a commander the honors of authoritative authorship along the lines of his professional calling.

With this brilliant record behind him, and occupying the chief position in command of the regular army when war was declared, General Miles was the logical leader of our forces for the invasion of Cuba, as he was unquestionably the choice of an appreciative nation for that distinguished honor. The administration, however, ordered otherwise. General W. R. Shafter was put in command of the army of invasion and conducted operations against Santiago. General Miles arrived on the field with re-inforcements a few days before the fall of the city, and was present with Shafter when Toral, the Spanish general, met him between the lines and formally surrendered, July 17, 1898. Promptly after this General Miles went to Porto Rico with an army of invasion. He landed at Ponce early in August, and while conducting a triumphal but slightly opposed advance toward the Porto Rican capital, the protocol of peace was signed by the United States and Spain.

In the year 1900 General Miles was made Lieutenant-General, and under the new army bill of 1901 his influence was greatly enlarged.

FITZHUGH LEE

THE BRAVE UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL TO CUBA.

If there remains one lingering question about the sincere abandoning of the "lost cause" of the South, and the final furling of the Confederate flag on the part of its noble defenders, that doubt has been forever settled by the Spanish-American War; and it is now recognized as never before that the magnanimity of the Northern conqueror has been fully matched by the generosity of the vanquished Southerner, who returned to the fold of the Union with a speediness and forgetfulness of the past and an ardor of patriotism which is at once the pride of our nation and the marvel of the world.

If the war with Spain should have accomplished no other direct good for our country, it has at least proven beyond the shadow of a doubt to Americans themselves and the world at large that the spirit of disunion has now no place in the United States, and that our government stands to-day *the most firmly cemented*—as well as the most humane and the most progressive—nation upon the earth. What better testimony does anyone ask for the establishment of this fact than the unprecedented spectacle of two such Confederate Generals as Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, and Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, marching with thousands of their old Southern comrades-in-arms to fight the battles of the Union?

A little more than three decades ago these renowned Confederate Generals wore the gray, and under the stars and bars of secession led their cavaliers and the chivalrous sons of the South, in a cause which they believed to be just, against the stars and stripes and their equally brave brothers in blue from the North.

Now beneath the old flag of a reunited country, the grizzled foes of thirty years ago—aye, even the liberated slave and his former masters—march shoulder to shoulder, united by a common bond of patriotic pride, actuated by the same spirit of liberty—"Forward, in the name of humanity and of freedom!" The gray hairs of riper age and riper judgment and a ripe, exalted patriotism are now the only suggestions of the gray uniform on the old Southerner; for now—

> As the long line comes marching on
> It is all blue!
> And the star-spangled banner waves over them all—
> They are all true!

Major-General Fitzhugh Lee is not, as has been sometimes supposed, the son of the famous Commander-in-Chief, General Robert E. Lee. Robert E. Lee had a son by the name of William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, who was born in 1837 at Arlington, and was a distinguished commander in the Confederate service. This, perhaps, accounts for the popular error.

Fitzhugh Lee, the subject of this sketch, was born on November 19, 1835, at Clermont, Fairfax County, Virginia. He is a nephew of General Robert E. Lee and a grandson of the famous "Light-horse Harry Lee" (Robert E.'s father) of Revolutionary fame. His well-deserved popularity is not merely incidental to his late office as Consul-General to Cuba, and as one of the commanding generals in the Spanish-American War, but is built upon a splendid career as a man, a soldier, and a patriot. In every relation of life he has proved himself a worthy descendant of a long line of illustrious ancestors, dating back for more than a century in Virginia, and of no small fame in England before their coming to America. Sydney Smith Lee, the father of Fitzhugh, was a naval officer, and was Fleet-Captain of Commodore Perry's Squadron when it opened Japan to the world. But the son did not desire to follow the sea. The daring brilliancy of his grandfather, Light-horse Harry, charmed him and he wanted to be a cavalryman. He loved horses, and it is said when he was fourteen "he could ride like a Comanche."

Fitzhugh Lee entered West Point Military Academy in 1852 and graduated in 1856, as he humorously says, "third in my class if you commence to count from the bottom." But Lee was when young, as he has been always since, a man of action rather than a man of books. It is also said he might have ranked a little higher had not his strict uncle, Robert E. Lee, been Superintendent of the Military Academy while he was there. After graduation he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Second United States Cavalry, and sent to a frontier post, where in 1859 he was severely wounded in a fight with Indians, in consequence of which he had to give up active service temporarily, and in May, 1860, was ordered to West Point, where he was made instructor of Cavalry. This post he held until the beginning of the Civil War in 1861, when he resigned his commission and entered the Confederate service and served as Adjutant-General of Ewell's Brigade, until September, 1861, when he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Virginia Cavalry, and was afterwards promoted to Colonel. During the war he participated in all of the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia.

On the 25th of July, 1862, Colonel Lee was made a Brigadier-General, and on the 3d of September the next year was promoted to Major-General. In the Battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, where General Sheridan made his famous ride, three horses were shot under Lee, and he was himself disabled by a severe wound, which kept him from duty for several months.

In March, 1865, Fitzhugh Lee was honored by being put in command of the whole cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, which position he held until a month later, when the fall came. Fitzhugh witnessed the memorable meeting between his uncle and General Grant, and he has frequently expressed his appreciation of the magnanimity displayed by the victorious commander on that occasion, when "General Grant not only refrained," says Fitzhugh Lee, "from asking for my uncle's sword, as was the custom, but actually apologized for not having his own sword on at the time."

General Lee loves a good joke, even at his own expense, and he tells this amusing story on himself: After the surrender of the Confederate forces at Appomattox, he rode to his home in Stafford County on horseback. He stopped at an old farmer's house for dinner, and his host inquired the news from the front. "Very sad news," answered the visitor "The war is over. General Lee has surrendered." His farmer host, not knowing who his soldier visitor was, rose up indignantly and said with great emphasis: "Never, sir, never. I don't believe a word of it. That little whipper-snapper Fitzhugh Lee might have surrendered, but Uncle Robert, never, sir, never!"

After the war Fitzhugh Lee, like other Southern men of note, returned to his ordinary vocation, and lived in a quiet, retired way during the days of reconstruction.

In 1871 he was married to Miss Ellen Bernard Fowle, of Alexandria, Virginia. Mrs. Lee's ancestry is equally divided between Puritan and Cavalier. Her grandfather came from Salem, Massachusetts, where she is related to the Hoopers, Wentworths, Holmes, and other distinguished New England families. On her mother's side she has a long line of Virginia and Maryland ancestors, including the Bernards and others.

In 1874 Lee made a speech at Bunker Hill, which attracted wide attention throughout the country. In the winter and spring of 1882–3 he made a tour of the Southern States in the interest of the Southern Historical Society, during which time he gathered a vast amount of war history, relics, etc., which are preserved in the archives of the Society at Richmond, and become more valuable and interesting with each advancing year. In 1885 General Lee was elected Governor of Virginia, in which capacity he served his State for four years, with marked credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents. In 1886 the Washington celebration was held in New York City, and the Governors and the pick of the State troops of the various States were present and took part in the procession. General Lee, with a full flowing beard and a magnificent physique and soldierly bearing, riding at the head of the Virginia troops, was a conspicuous figure, and received an ovation second to that accorded to no public man present.

After the expiration of his term as Governor, General Lee returned to private life until he was appointed Consul-General to Cuba by President Cleveland

in 1897. In this capacity his services were so satisfactory and valuable that, though he tendered his resignation to the new administration in 1897, President McKinley requested him to retain his position, which he did until the breaking out of hostilities between this country and Spain in 1898. So eminently courageous and diplomatic were General Lee's services during the three years' desperate struggle of the Cuban patriots, which reduced the fertile island to a land of mourning and desolation, that he possessed the confidence not only of the two administrations, but of the whole country as well.

When hostilities were declared he returned to the United States and was appointed Major-General in the army of invasion, and placed in command of the Seventh Army Corps, comprising five regiments of troops at Tampa and the troops at Jacksonville, numbering at the beginning of June, 1898, about 10,000 men.

One beautifully significant fact in connection with General Lee's command is that he chose Algernon Sartoris, the grandson of his old foe, General U. S. Grant, to serve with his own son, Fitzhugh, junior, in the capacity of his First Lieutenant. It is said that young Sartoris had the most profound respect for the soldierly qualities of his chief, and that his admiration for him personally caused him to seek a place on his staff in preference to that of any other commander.

General Lee is a typical American, chivalrous, patriotic, magnanimous, and as great in forbearance as he is valorous in defense of the principles of justice and humanity.

We are indebted to "The Puritan" of May, 1898, for the following domestic picture of the General's household:

"General and Mrs. Lee have five children, Fitzhugh, junior, Ellen, George, Nannie, and Virginia. They were all born on the Lees' country estate in Stafford County, excepting the youngest, Virginia, who was born in the gubernatorial mansion at Richmond, during her father's term as Governor of the State for which she is named.

"The home of the family at present is in Park Avenue, Richmond. For many years past they have resided in the seven-hilled historical capital of the Confederacy, though they removed temporarily to Lynchburg, a few years ago when General Lee was appointed by President Cleveland as a collector of internal revenue, with headquarters in that city. Mrs. Lee is a handsome, sweet-faced matron, with black hair now turning to silver, and high-bred features. Miss Lee is a very pretty girl of twenty or twenty-one, rather slight in figure, with red-gold hair, dark eyes, and regular features, in which both her father's firmness and her mother's gentleness are mirrored. She speaks with just a suspicion of Southern accent—or, rather with that softness peculiar to Virginia, where such names as, for instance, Carter of Cartersville, are not pronounced precisely as they are spelled.

"When General Lee was first appointed to his post in Cuba, two years ago, he took his elder son with him, and left the rest of the family at home in Lynchburg. His wife and daughter would gladly have accompanied him then; but it was at the beginning of summer, a very trying season on the island of Cuba, and neither a desirable nor a safe change from the temperate climate of Virginia. In the fall of the same year (1896), however, General Lee came home on a brief furlough; and when he returned to Havana, he took Mrs. Lee and Miss Ellen along with him.

"The ladies spent the winter in the then beleaguered capital and base of operations of the Spanish army, and were delighted with the experience. Miss Lee took her bicycle along, though probably there is less cycling in Havana than in any other city of its size in the world, excepting Venice. The United States consulate was in the triangular building of the English Mercantile Insurance Company, at the intersection of Cuba and Obispo Streets. General Lee's family, however, lived in a private house on the Prado, which is the principal residence section of the city. They were treated with uniform courtesy by Spaniards and Cubans generally."

Fortunately for the lives of many of the brave soldiers of General Lee's corps, but disappointing to their ambitions, they were not so unlucky in one sense, nor so lucky in another, as to be ordered to Cuba before the war closed. For many weary months they remained in camp in the southern portions of the United States, not only until after peace was declared with Spain, but even until it was found that their services as a body were not needed in the Philippines. Therefore, neither they nor their gallant commander were permitted to share personally in the active work and the consequent honor of the conquest.

In 1899, when the Spanish soldiers had been returned to Spain, the island of Cuba was put under military government, and General Lee was sent by the United States as military governor of the province of Havana, which office he administered with his usual marked ability and fairness, to the satisfaction of his own countrymen and the Cubans. His appointment was hailed with delight by the natives, for they had learned to love and trust him while he was United States minister at Havana, previous to the breaking out of the Spanish-American War. On account of his fearless and brave championship of the cause of humanity and justice, at that time, many leading Cubans regard his influence as the real power which induced the United States to come to the rescue of Cuba in time to save them from utter destruction. Later he was made Major-General in the regular service, and placed in command of the Department of the Missouri.

WESLEY MERRITT

OUR FIRST MILITARY GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

This distinguished soldier, appointed by President McKinley in 1898 as Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, although junior in rank to General Miles, is the senior of his brilliant chief by three years. Like General Miles, Wesley Merritt served with the famous Army of the Potomac during the Civil War. He commanded seventeen regiments of cavalry; and it was he who, under Sheridan at Winchester in 1864, made the celebrated charge which drove General Early like a whirlwind through the valley of Shenandoah.

General Merritt is an extremely soldier-like type of man—tall, broad-shouldered, athletic—and looks every inch the fighter that his reputation claims him to be. His handsome face is surmounted by a thick crop of gray hair, he has the executive nose, his mouth is square-cut and firm, his chin is strong and bold, and his eyes, when he is at ease, are full of gentle kindness, counteracting the otherwise stern expression of his countenance. General Merritt is strict, but just and generous and is greatly respected and beloved, not only by the men who serve under him, but by the whole United States Army.

He is one of the few living regular officers of great rank who, by his presence alone, has elicited a burst of cheering from regular troops while they were on parade. It was against all precedent in time of peace, but on the occasion that General Merritt made his last trip to Fort Snelling, he reviewed the Third Regiment, and, to the astonishment of Colonel Page and his officers, the men threw discipline overboard and cheered wildly while lined up in battalion formation. The value of this as an evidence of sincere admiration lies in the fact that they were not cheering for one of their own officers, for Merritt was never attached to the Third or brought into close contact with the men. It was a spontaneous outburst of admiration for a soldier.

Great latitude was given General Merritt respecting his important command. In absence of means of communication with his Government, the combined naval and military campaign was put under his absolute control. He, in fact, holds such position under this Government as that occupied by the Captain-General of Cuba under the Government of Spain.

Wesley Merritt was born in the State of New York in 1836, but in early life emigrated to the State of Illinois. That he was a born commander became

clearly evident early in life. He was a great reader of military books, and when he was appointed, in 1855, as a cadet to West Point from Illinois, it was found that he was already fairly equipped as a soldier by his general reading. When young Merritt graduated in 1860 he was given the brevet rank of Second Lieutenant in Second Dragoons. A year later he was promoted to the regular rank and within three months thereafter was appointed First Lieutenant.

General Merritt's military career really began when he was made Captain in the cavalry in April, 1862, where he promptly displayed such abilities as a leader of men as attracted the attention of his superiors. There was a superior dash to his work, and during the Civil War it was his general great capacity in handling men on all sorts of occasions which distinguished him, rather than any conspicuous individual act. He was one of the few officers who on their merits alone passed over the intervening ranks from Captain to Brigadier-General, which distinction he reached in June, 1863, when he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers and attached to the staff of General Sherman.

This distinguished soldier soon became his close personal friend, and when the war closed honored his young aid by declaring "Wesley Merritt was the cleverest cavalry officer in the army." In 1864 he was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers, and a few months later was promoted to the honors of a full Major-General, on which occasion the whole army, volunteer and regular, indulged in vociferous applause.

After the war was over General Merritt was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth Cavalry, and his frontier service began with a command in Texas, in which position he served against the Indians in the Southwest. In 1876 he was put in command of the Fifth Cavalry, and his original ideas did much to establish the present effectiveness of the cavalry arm. In the winter of 1879, General Merritt practically closed his work in the field by a campaign against the Uintah Indians, making a record that has stood ever since as the standard of speed for the movement of mounted troops. It was on this occasion that he by a dashing ride of his cavalry relieved Major Thornburg at Fort Rawlings, two hundred miles away, when surrounded by a band of hostile Indians. Wm. F. Cody, the world-famous "Buffalo Bill," was his scout and guide.

In 1881, General Merritt was selected for the post of Commandant at West Point, where his executive ability was again demonstrated in the making of a new standard for the Academy. At the close of his services at West Point he was made a Brigadier-General, and in 1891 was sent to St. Paul to take command of the Department of the Dakotas, where he remained until 1895, when he was made a Major-General and transferred to the Department of the East, and he remained stationed at Governor's Island, N, Y., until his appointment as Commander of the expedition against the Philippine Islands.

As in the case of Admiral Dewey, the supreme honor which fell upon General

Merritt was quite opportune ("lucky," many would say), coming as it did so short a while before he reached the age of retirement.

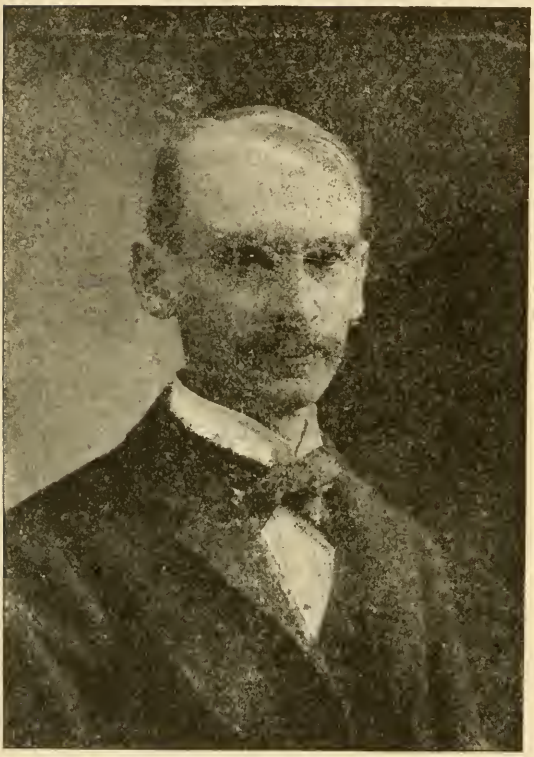
On the 25th day of July General Merritt reached the Philippines, whither a large body of United States troops had preceded him. After a few days consultation with Admiral Dewey, a joint land and naval attack was planned, and surrender was demanded but declined by Governor-General Augustin. August 13th, the general attack on Manila began, and by a daring charge of the land forces, backed up by a galling fire from Dewey's ships, the Spaniards were driven from trench to trench completely into the walled city, and the Spanish commander sent a note, requesting that firing should cease. At 4 P.M. they had agreed to surrender, and at 5.30 Lieutenant Brumley, of Dewey's flagship *Olympia*, raised the American flag over the Governor-General's palace. In the meantime it was discovered that the Governor-General had, some days before, fled to Hong Kong.

This battle took place the day after the protocol of peace had been signed between the United States and Spain, but the cable having been previously cut at Manila, no knowledged of the fact reached General Merritt for some days after. The military government of the islands was speedily organized and General Merritt was called home to consult with the President of the United States on important matters concerning the future disposition of that far-away new possession, and General Elwell S. Otis was appointed to succeed him in command of the army and as Governor of the islands.

In view of his knowledge of the situation, it was further decided to send General Merritt to Paris to advise with the United States Peace Commissioners in conference with the commissioners of Spain at that city. But some time before he was to start on this mission, a little sensation struck scocial circles when it was learned that the valiant warrior had himself been conquered, as Mark Anthony, and many a hero, ancient and modern, had been, by a piercing arrow from Cupid's bow. Yes, before he went to the Philippines, the gallant soldier had become engaged to a charming young lady of Chicago. What could be more natural or appropriate, under the circumstances, than that he should marry at once and take his fair bride with him to Paris? That is exactly what he did. And, though, at the time, General Merritt was about sixty-two years of age, neither his looks nor his spirits would justify anyone in calling him an old man. Having reached the proper age he was retired early in 1901

WILLIAM R. DAY

SECRETARY OF STATE DURING THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



WILLIAM R. DAY.

On April 25, 1898—the day that war was formally declared against Spain—the venerable John Sherman, on account of the infirmities of age, which he feared would not permit him to bear the enormous burdens of the Secretary of State during the stormy period of war, resigned his important position in the Cabinet, and his acting first assistant, Judge William R. Day, was appointed his successor. There was a bit of pathos in the occasion for the friends of the retiring old statesman, as there was no doubt for Sherman himself. He was born in Ohio in 1823. He was largely a self-made man, and his public service had been continuous for a period of over forty years, during which time he had filled many prominent positions, such as Congressman, Senator, President of the Senate, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of State, and had also several times been close to the nomination for President. But he, with President McKinley and the nation, recognized that the weight of seventy-five years, coupled with bodily infirmities, rendered his strength inadequate to the task required of the position he held, and with that deferential patriotism which should mark every servant of his country, he cheerfully surrendered the honor to one younger and physically better able to carry the burden.

William R. Day was born at Ravenna, Ohio, April 17, 1849. After a grammar-school training he entered the Wisconsin University, from which he graduated in 1870. He subsequently studied law at the University of Michigan, at the same time serving that institution as librarian. In 1872 Mr. Day began the practice of law at Canton, Ohio, where he met and formed a friendship with

William McKinley, then a rising young lawyer of that city, which friendship ripened with association in their professional duties, and the mutual esteem and admiration of the two men for each other increased with advancing years.

Mr. Day's first prominent public position was assumed in 1886, when he was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the Ninth District of Ohio. He was afterwards appointed by President Harrison United States District Judge of the Nothern District of Ohio, and, though his appointment was duly confirmed by the Senate, ill-health compelled him to decline.

When the condition of the Cubans was absorbing the attention of the United States, prior to the war with Spain, President McKinley appointed Judge Day to visit the island, thoroughly investigate, and make a report upon the situation as he found it.

He returned to the United States after his mission was accomplished and submitted his report, presenting the condition of the islands and the people with a fairness, a clearness, and so complete in its details, that he was at once settled upon as an important man for the State Department, and he was chosen Assistant Secretary of State to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Mr. Rockwell as Minister to Greece. His elevation to the chief place in the Cabinet as Secretary of State, as has already been cited above, took place on the day war was declared against Spain, on April 25, 1898.

At the close of the Spanish-American War Secretary Day yielded to the urgent request of President McKinley to take the chairmanship of the Peace Commission of the United States, on which were associated with himself Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, William P. Frye, of Maine, George Gray, of Maryland, and Whitelaw Reid, of New York. The Commission went to Paris in October, and at the conclusion of the treaty with Spain in December, which was promptly ratified by the United States Congress, Mr. Day returned to America, and settled down again to the practice of law in his old home at Canton, Ohio. Hon. John Hay succeeded Mr. Day as Secretary of State.

Mrs. Day is a helpful wife who attunes her life to that of her husband, and lives for him and her children. So intense has been this devotion that she has taken no leading part in the social circles of Canton, though by loveliness of character and every grace of mind and heart she is eminently fitted to do so. She is a tireless reader, devouring and assimilating, with equal relish and certainty, fiction, history, travel, biography, popular science, and sociological essays. She is also an accomplished musician, and possesses other qualifications calculated to make the home of her husband and children the best and happiest place in the world to them.

MARY BALL AS A YOUNG WOMAN SPINNING FLAX.

THE MOTHER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MARY BALL.

If, indeed, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," what a stupendous debt of gratitude this nation and humanity owe to the mother of George Washington!

But let us not doubt that Mary Washington herself found full compensation for all she did to make her son great and good. It is the proudest day in any woman's life, if she be true to the instincts of her sex, when she sees her son exalted to an honorable position among his fellows, and hears his praises sung by mankind. Mary Washington was no exception to the rule. It was a proud day for her when George turned Braddock's defeat into victory and the young surveyor became a military hero whose fame resounded over the plantations of Virginia and through the forests of the frontier of the new world, and crossed the Atlantic and furnished food for comment at the court of his King, and came back in marked copies of the current literature of the day.

It was a prouder day for this Virginia farmer's wife when this country called her son to be commander-in-chief of her armies, after the King, who had honored him, became his enemy. Washington knelt, like a giant, at his mother's feet on that memorable occasion, and, beneath the tears which dimmed her vision as she delivered her parting blessing upon his head, there was an exulting pride which blushed like a rose at her heart. Up to that hour her son had never looked so grandly noble as when he rode away on his journey to Boston to take command of the Army of the Revolution.

It was a prouder day yet, when, after the long seven-years' war, Lord Cornwallis had delivered his lordly sword into the hands of her son, and caused the King's army to march before him and throw down their weapons; and she met this long absent son covered with glory—the most loved man of the world

—at the grand ball given in his honor. With queenly bearing she leaned upon his great, strong arm and walked the halls of that old Virginia mansion with a dignity becoming the mother of some ancient god.

But the proudest day, perhaps, in all her life was when they wanted to make him King, and he would not. Yet, for his love and affection for his country and her people, he consented to become, for a limited period, the first President of the United States.

The mother's blessing at the old home on this occasion was more fervent than when he went away to fight his country's battles with musket, cannon and sword, and her prayers were more earnest, because the task he had undertaken was greater. The victories of peace are harder to win than the victories of war. Therefore she prayed that the God of Battles who had spoken from the cannon's mouth, and led the sword of Washington to triumph over his enemies, would now guide the hand and temper the sceptre with which he should rule his brethren in peace.

It was in the blaze and glory of this, her son's proud ascendency, that Mary Washington—mother of the Father of his Country—passed the cloudless hours of the gathering twilight-age which ushered her, without an intervening night, from the glories of time into the glories of eternity.

It is a matter of regret to the admirers of Washington—and who is not?—that more of the details of his mother's life are not known. It is natural to suppose there must have been something extraordinary in the mother of so great a son. But we must be content with those scant incidents which history furnishes us. These would never have been known had not the greatness of her son called them out, for she was a plain old Virginia housewife, as devoted to her humble duties and as devoid of selfish ambition, as persistent in truth, as noble, as brave, as firm and uncompromising in the right as Washington proved himself to be. These principles were the keys to his greatness—and they, with his qualities of mind and physical vigor, were a heritage from his mother.

Before him no Washington had achieved fame, and since his day none of the name have acquired even a prominent reputation.

His father, Augustine Washington, was a country gentleman of a vast landed estate, a prosperous farmer, a man of fortune, and the owner of numerous slaves.

It was during the reign of Cromwell, in 1657, that John and Lawrence Washington, two brothers, came to America and settled in Virginia. The English and Dutch slave ships were then busy catching savage negroes in Africa and unloading them in the slave markets of the world at a very low price as compared with their later valuation. Land was cheap and the soil fertile along the James and Potomac Rivers, and the Washington brothers soon

established themselves upon vast estates, which they ruled with the dignity of feudal lords. As population increased and better markets came for the produce, these vast farms made their owners rich. Augustine Washington, the grandson of John Washington and the father of George, inherited much of his father's and grandfather's vast estates, and became one of the wealthiest farmers in Virginia.

Augustine Washington lived near the Widow Ball, who had a beautiful daughter by the name of Mary. She is said to have been always a great favorite with Mr. Washington. He had known her father, who died when she was a child. The little girl was known in the neighborhood as "Sweet Molly," for her amiable disposition and sunny beauty. An old letter, under date of Williamsburg, October 17th, 1720, gives us the only description of her personal appearance, as at the age of sixteen we find her

> Standing with reluctant feet,
> Where the brook and river meet—
> Womanhood and childhood sweet.

This old letter, written from one girl friend to another, we copy just as it has been read:

"Madam Ball, of Lancaster, and her Sweet molly have gone hom. Mama thinks Molly the Comeliest Maiden she Knows. She is about sixteen years old, and taller than Me, is verry Sensable, Modest and Loving. Her Hair is like unto Flax. Her eyes are the Color of Yours, and her cheeks are like May Blossums."

Hence, we conclude that "Sweet Molly," with all of her beauty, had little opportunity to acquire an education in the modern sense of that term. She is said to have been a bad speller and to have read very few books. Few of her letters remain, and it is possible very few were ever written. The writing was stiff and cramped and the spelling was bad. The only one of her girlhood which seems to have been preserved was written at seventeen years of age to her half brother, Joseph Ball, in England, in which she says:

"We have not had a schoolmaster in our neighborhood until now in four years."

When Mary Washington had grown to womanhood the name of "Sweet Molly" was dropped, and she was christened, in the flowery language of those times, as "the Rose of Epping Forest," "Epping Forest" being the name applied to their country home and plantation. Washington Irving calls her "the Belle of the Northern Neck," that being the designation for the section of country in which they lived. Hence, we are justified in concluding that she was a beauty, not only the flower of her home, but the reigning social queen of the community. The family of Ball was an old and an honorable one.

Their ancestors came to America from England in 1650, seven years before the Washingtons, and the two families had been neighbors for three-quarters of a century. When Mary was twenty-two years of age she was bereft of her mother, and it is not known positively whether she remained at home after this or went to live with her brother Lawrence, a lawyer, in England. The only foundation for the supposition that she did go to England is found in a single sentence of an old letter from one friend to another, written shortly after her mother's death: "I understand that Molly Ball is going home with her brother Lawrence, who lives in England." Upon this slender thread certain of her biographers have hung their statement that she and Augustine Washington were most likely married in England. Others maintain that she remained on the old homestead, and here, in the old-fashioned Southern way, the beautiful Mary Ball became the wife of Widower Washington, and assumed, with the duties of wife, those of stepmother to his four children. An old family Bible gives the record as follows: "Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was married the 6th of March, 1730–31."

Hence, we deem it most probable that the wedding was celebrated on March 6th, 1730, at "Epping Forest," in the grand old Colonial style which remained a feature of Southern nuptials until within recent years. Let us picture the scene as the writer of this sketch has witnessed it in his childhood days in other Southern homes.

All the white people for many miles around were invited, and the slaves were given a grand holiday. The ceremony occurred at the house of the bride, in the evening, and a great wedding supper was spread, which days before had been spent in cooking. After that there were music and dancing in the "White House" or "Big House," as the master's house was called by the negroes. The porches and piazzas and the yard were thronged with the joyful blacks, who made merriment on the outside, while the invited guests danced within.

The next day the company were all invited to go to the house of the groom, where a great dinner was prepared, being served usually at 12 or 1 o'clock. This was called the "Infare Dinner," and the joy of the occasion was often greater than that of the wedding supper.

Mary Ball was eminently fitted for the position she had assumed as wife and stepmother. In a word, she was a great woman. Subject her life to whatever side-lights we may, we find no irregularities, no painful contrasts, no contradictions. She was a consistent Christian, and from beginning to end, through eighty-three eventful years, she was, in all places, wheresoever placed, a good woman.

As a girl she had been trained, as all children were then, to do all kinds of housework, cooking and spinning, weaving, making dresses for themselves, and all kinds of garments. The religious training was also regarded as most im-

portant. Mary Ball became a church member in early life. Her mother was deeply pious, and her ancestors were Covenanters, and all their ancestors were strenuous advocates of church worship, and gave their means and time to building "meeting-houses." The Sabbath was the day of all others most filled with important duties. There was a solemnity and seriousness about their worship unknown in modern times. They studied the Bible almost to the exclusion of other literature, and the children learned to repeat large portions of it from memory. Such was the early training of Mary Ball, now Mrs. Washington. And this is why she, like the mothers of nearly all great men, was a praying woman. This is why her Bible was her constant companion, its precepts ever on her lips. This is why she was so silent, self-respecting, reserved and serious a woman. She believed De Tocqueville told the truth when he declared life to be "a state of neither pain nor pleasure, but a serious business, to be entered upon with courage in the spirit of self-sacrifice." It is doubtful if she ever read De Tocqueville—or, indeed, many other books except her Bible, but certain it is that this sentence was her definition of life, and that it formed the key in the arch of both her and her son's great characters.

The home to which Augustine conducted his young wife was one of the most comfortable in that section of the country. The house was situated on an eminence about half a mile from the Potomac River, and commanded a view of the Maryland shore for many miles. The dwelling was of frame, with a steep roof which sloped down into projecting eaves. It was but one story, and contained four large rooms and an entrance hall of considerable dimensions. At each end of the house on the outside was an enormous chimney. From the river the house was an attractive one, and the grounds about it were well tended and adorned with fine shrubs and flowers.

In this pretty country home was born on the 22d of February (11th of February old style, as they then counted it), 1732, George, the first child of Mary and Augustine Washington.

During the next ten years five other children, six in all, were born to Mr. and Mrs. Washington, all except one living to maturity. When George was six years old the family removed from their Westmoreland home to a large tract of land on the Rappahannock River, opposite Fredericksburg. It was not a thickly settled portion of Virginia at the time, and the Indians, though ostensibly friendly, were still a menace to the settlers. The conversation of the parents, which their little son listened to with interest, was often on this subject, and it was in this new home that he first exhibited his strong liking for military life.

As said before, Mr. Washington owned many slaves, and it required an industrious housewife to manage and provide for these and so large a family. The spinning-wheel and the weaver's loom, the sewing-room and the seam-

stresses required constant watching. There could be no better position for the development and cultivation of order, discipline, habits of economy, and method than this one filled by Mrs. Washington. But the home was one of plenty and order, and there were no grinding cares or pecuniary anxieties to strain the nerves of the wife and mother or mar the contentment of the home circle. It was a very religious household; both father and mother were members of the Episcopal Church, and were strict observers of the rules of their denomination. Family prayers were said morning and evening. The Bible was read, and the servants of the household were always present. The old Bible which Mrs. Washington read is still preserved, with its curious old-fashioned pictures, its yellow leaves, and pencil-marked pages. On the outside it is covered with a piece of homespun cloth, no doubt placed there by her own hands, and spun and woven in her own home. Though it is now faded, the blue and buff checks — the Continental colors — are plainly discernible. The cover is much worn and has many patches and darnings to preserve the sacred original fabric.

Mr. Washington died at the age of forty-nine years, leaving his young wife the responsibility of raising the family and managing his affairs, for he made her his executrix. George was then about eleven years old. He said afterward that he remembered little of his father, except that he was tall in stature, of manly proportions, fair complexion, and very fond, loving, and indulgent to his children, but leaving their management entirely to the mother.

Mrs. Washington found little difficulty in bringing up her children. They were disciplined to obedience, and a simple word was her command. She was not given to any display of petulance or rage, but was steady, well balanced, and unvarying in her mood. Not only did her own children look up to her and venerate her, but her stepchildren seemed equally devoted and obedient to her, as were also the neighbor boys who came to play with her sons.

That she was dignified, even to stateliness, is shown us by the statement made by Lawrence Washington, of Chotank, a relative and playmate of George in boyhood, who was often a guest at her house. He says: "I was often there with George—his playmate, schoolmate, and young man's companion. Of the mother I was ten times more afraid than I ever was of my own parents. She awed me in the midst of her kindness, for she was indeed truly kind. I have often been present with her sons, proper tall fellows, too, and we were all as mute as mice; and even now, when time has whitened my locks and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner so characteristic in the Father of his country will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed."

Allied to this spirit of command were gentle qualities which made obedience to her wishes an easy task. Her servants and slaves rendered the same implicit obedience. It is related of her that on one occasion, having ordered a person in her employ to do a piece of work in a certain way, she was surprised to find that he had disobeyed her. He explained that he had a better plan, when she reminded him that she had commanded, and there was nothing left for him but to obey. There was no occasion for a second reprimand in that direction.

George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of Washington, said of her: "The mother of Washington, in forming him for those distinguished parts he was destined to perform, first taught him the duties of obedience, the better to prepare him for those of command. In the well-ordered domicile where his early years were passed, the levity and indulgence common to youth were tempered by a deference and well-regulated restraint which, while it curtailed or suppressed no rational enjoyment usual in the spring-time of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety.

"The matron held in reserve an authority which never departed from her, not even when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say, 'I am your mother, the being who gave you life, the guide who directed your steps when they needed the guidance of age and wisdom, the parental affection which claimed your love, the parental authority which commanded your obedience; whatever may be your success, whatever your renown, next to your God you owe most to me.' Nor did the chief dissent from these truths, but to the last moment of the life of his venerable parent he yielded to her will the most dutiful, implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the most holy reverence and attachment."

Mrs. Washington permitted her son to spend his holidays at Mount Washington, with his brother Lawrence, and there he was brought into contact with military men, naval officers, and the captains of merchant vessels. Thus George conceived the idea of going to sea, which was encouraged by Lawrence, who urged Mrs. Washington to let him accept it. George also petitioned her, and the trial was a severe one on her. She refused finally, on the ground that there was no reason why her son (he was then fourteen years of age) should be thrown out into the world and separated so far from his kindred. The profession she objected to also as one that would take her boy from her permanently. She could not bring herself to see that it was to his advantage to go to sea, and we may feel assured she made it the burden of many prayers.

One of Washington's biographers affirms that he made up his mind to go against his mother's wishes. "The luggage," he says, "of the young aspirant for naval honors was actually conveyed on board the little vessel destined to convey him to his new post, and that when attempting to bid adieu to his only

parent his previous resolution to depart was for the first time subdued in consequence of her ill-concealed dejection and her irrepressible tears."

It is hardly likely that this version of the matter is true, since her son had never in his life exhibited a disobedient spirit, and it is thought Lawrence Washington's respect for her would not have permitted him to advise George against her wishes or pleasure.

Washington Irving says, after speaking of the exemplary manner in which she had reared her children :

"The deference for her then instilled into their minds continued through

MARY WASHINGTON HOUSE AT FREDERICKSBURG.

It was to this house that Washington removed his mother from the farm during the Revolutionary War, for safety. It was her permanent residence thereafter, though during her last illness she was taken to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, where she died.

out life, and was manifested by Washington when at the height of his power and reputation. Eminently practical, she had thwarted his military aspirings when he was about to seek honor in the British navy."

Though she objected to his joining the British navy, Mrs. Washington was not deaf to the call of patriotic duty. When the French and Indian war broke out George Washington received not only his mother's consent but her blessing when he made known his desire to go. From that time henceforth he was with her only on occasional visits, for he soon after married and settled at

Mount Vernon, while his mother remained on her own farm. But that there were many meetings and visits back and forth we are almost certain. Washington, we know, was often a guest in his mother's house at Fredericksburg.

When the War of the Revolution broke out Washington, fearing his mother would not be safe on the farm, induced her to remove to a house in the city of Fredericksburg, where she ever afterward continued to reside. It was here he paid her, as has been said, a visit and received her blessing before starting North to assume command at Boston. When Benedict Arnold with the British vessels ascended the Potomac River and began his devastations not far from Fredericksburg, the anxiety of Washington for his mother was very great. When she heard of it she said: "My good son should not be anxious about me, for he is the one in danger, facing constant peril. Tell him I am safe enough. It is my part to feel most anxious and apprehensive over him."

In the long years that passed before she saw him again he wrote her repeatedly, and lost no opportunity to relieve her mind of anxiety concerning him, but we have no letters of hers to him. The lavish praises bestowed upon him by all who saw her hardly ever received any other recognition than a quiet reminder that Providence was ordering all things. For herself she found her self-control in prayer, and much of her time was spent alone. When the comforting and glorious intelligence of the crossing of the Delaware (December, 1776) arrived, a number of her friends waited upon the mother with congratulations. She received them with calmness, observed that it was most pleasurable news, and that George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal service, and continued in reply to the gratulating patriots (most of whom held letters in their hands, from which they read extracts, for gazettes were not so plenty then as now), "but, my good sirs, here is too much flattery; still, George will not forget the lessons I early taught him; he will not forget himself, though he is the subject of so much praise."

The surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown was the auspicious event that hastened their reunion. A messenger was sent to apprise her of the fact, and as soon as possible public duties were laid aside and Washington visited her, attended by his staff. She was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced, and it was further told that the victor-chief was in waiting at the threshold. She bade him welcome by a warm embrace and by the well-remembered and endearing name of George—the familiar name of his childhood. She inquired as to his health, remarked the lines which mighty cares and many toils had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory not one word.

His presence in Fredericksburg aroused the enthusiasm of all classes. For the first time in nearly seven years mother and son met, and it may be imagined

that her heart rejoiced over the meeting. She was then over seventy years of age, erect and well preserved.

The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumors touching her remarkable life and character, and expected to see in her that glitter and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the countries of the Old World. How they were surprised when, leaning on the arm of her son, she entered the room, dressed in the very plain yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the old time! Her

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON RECEIVING MARQUIS LAFAYETTE.

address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions which were paid to her without evincing the slightest elevation, and at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasure, observed that it was high time for old folks to be in bed, and retired, leaning as before on the arm of her son. More than one famous artist has reproduced this scene in steel engravings and oil paintings.

The matron's simple grace won all hearts. The foreign officers were amazed in beholding one whom so many causes conspired to elevate preserving

the even tenor of her life while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. It was a moral spectacle such as the European world furnished no examples. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips, and they declared, "If such are the matrons in America, well may she boast of illustrious sons." It was on this festive occasion that General Washington danced a minuet, the dance much in vogue at that period, with Mrs. Willis. This, his biographers inform us, was the last dance in which the hero of Yorktown ever engaged.

George Washington Parke Custis also tells us this characteristic incident, which we give in his words:

"Previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, the Marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg to pay his parting respects to Washington's mother and to ask her blessing.

"Conducted by one of her grandsons he approached the house, when, the young gentleman observing, 'There, sir, is my grandmother,' the Marquis beheld, working in her garden, clad in domestic-made clothes and her gray head covered by a plain straw hat, the mother of 'his hero, his friend, and a country's preserver.' The lady saluted him kindly, observing, 'Ah, Marquis, you see an old woman; but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling without the parade of changing my dress.'

"Much as Lafayette had seen and heard of the matron before, on this interesting interview he was at once charmed and struck with wonder. When he considered her great age, the transcendent elevation of her son, who, surpassing all rivals in the race of glory, 'bore the palm alone,' and at the same time discovered no change in her plain yet dignified life and manners, he became assured that nature had not cast this distinguished woman in an ordinary mould, and that the Roman matron could flourish in the modern day.

"The Marquis discoursed of the happy effects of the Revolution and the goodly prospects which opened upon regenerated America, spoke of his speedy departure for his native land, paid the tribute of his heart in his love and admiration of her illustrious son, and concluded by asking her blessing. She gave it to him, and to the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, she replied in these words: 'I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy.'"

But the most beautiful as well as the most pathetic of all the scenes in the lives of the illustrious chief and his venerable mother is the following, given also as related by Mr. Custis:

"Immediately after the organization of the present Government, the Chief Magistrate repaired to Fredericksburg to pay his humble duty to his mother, preparatory to his departure for New York. An affecting scene ensued. The son feelingly remarked the ravages which a torturing disease had made upon the aged frame of the mother, and addressed her with these words: 'The

people, madam, have been pleased, with the most flattering unanimity, to elect me to the Chief Magistracy of these United States, but before I can assume the functions of my office I have come to bid you an affectionate farewell. So soon as the weight of public business which must necessarily attend the outset of a new Government can be disposed of, I shall hasten to Virginia, and—' Here the matron interrupted with, 'And you will see me no more; my great age, and the disease which is fast approaching my vitals, warn me that I shall not be long in this world; I trust in God that I may be somewhat prepared for a better. But go, George, fulfil the high destinies which Heaven appears to have intended for you; go, my son, and may that Heaven's and a mother's blessing be with you always.'

"The President was deeply affected. His head rested upon the shoulder of his parent, whose aged arm feebly, yet fondly, encircled his neck. That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel virtue ever gave to created man relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look which could have awed a Roman Senate in its Fabrician day was bent in filial tenderness upon the time-worn features of the aged matron. He wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind, as memory, retracing scenes long passed, carried him back to the maternal mansion and the days of juvenility, where he beheld that mother, whose care, education and discipline caused him to reach the topmost height of laudable ambition. Yet, how were his glories forgotten while he gazed upon her whom, wasted by time and malady, he should part with to meet no more! Her predictions were but too true. The disease which so long had preyed upon her frame, completed its triumph, and she expired at the age of eighty-five, rejoicing in the consciousness of a life well spent, and confiding in the belief of a blessed immortality."

Another biographer tells us that as Washington left his aged parent on the above memorable occasion he pressed into her hand a purse filled with gold. She handed it back, saying, in kindly remonstrance, "I don't need it, my son. I have enough." "Let me be the judge of that, mother; whether you need it or not, keep it for my sake," and the chief strode off to conceal his emotion, while she, with tearful eye, stood in the door and watched him walk away. It was the last time her eyes beheld him on earth.

To the last year of her life Mrs. Washington clung to her household duties and superintended her farm. She lived in the town of Fredericksburg, where she had removed during the Revolution, but her farm across the river was her charge, even when she had to be driven in her carriage over the ploughed ground. Her daughter, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, lived near her on her inherited portion of the old farm, and it is said Mrs. Washington made almost daily visits to this home, frequently walking over in the morning and having her carriage come for her in the afternoon. In her old age, it is said, she carried a

gold-headed cane, and, as she passed through the streets of Fredericksburg, everyone, from the gray-haired old man to the thoughtless boy, lifted his hat to the mother of Washington.

To Mrs. Lewis's and George Washington's repeated invitations to give up her home and live with them she would always say: "I thank you for your affectionate and beautiful offers, but I feel perfectly competent to take care of myself." During her last years, Mr. Fielding Lewis, her son-in-law, urged upon her to give up looking after the farm and let him attend to it for her. She replied: "I thank you, Fielding. You may keep my books in order, for your eyesight is better than mine, but leave the executive management of my farm to me." The good old woman was also an inveterate knitter. Wherever she went she took her knitting with her, and, as she talked, the needles were ever flying in her nimble fingers. During the war, with her daughter and their servants, dozens of pairs of socks were knitted and sent to "George" in camp, for distribution, together with other garments and provisions, the fruits of her thrift, industry and economy.

Mrs. Washington died on the 25th of August, 1789. For some cause unknown to the writer, her death occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Lewis. No doubt in her last illness she yielded to her daughter's entreaties to remain at her house, where she might give her constant attention. She was eighty-five years of age, and had been a widow forty-six. Her disease was cancer of the breast. It had preyed upon her for years, but she concealed it even from her children until within a few months of her death. This, it is thought, was her reason for refusing to live with her children, to whom she was much attached.

There was a place between her home in Fredericksburg and the house of her daughter where she is said to have repaired almost daily for meditation during the latter years of her life, and there she often knelt in prayer to Him alone on whom she was willing to depend. Her grandchildren said they never disturbed her when they saw her there. For many years she had expressed a desire to be buried in this sacred spot, and here, in accordance with her wish, she was laid to rest.

Her estate was left free from all debt. The place was sold and the proceeds divided among her children. Washington refused to take anything except such as he could keep as mementoes of parental affection, on which, he said, "I set a value much beyond their intrinsic worth."

"Thus lived and died," says G. W. Parke Custis, "this distinguished woman. Had she been of the olden time, statues would have been erected to her memory in the capital, and she would have been called the Mother of Romans."

Ah, so it would have been, indeed! And why should America have so long neglected her? The grave of Mary Washington for nearly half a century

remained without even a marble slab to mark the spot. Finally a patriotic citizen, Silas E. Burrows, Esq., of New York, undertook at his own expense to erect a monument to the long-neglected heroine. The corner-stone was laid by President Andrew Jackson on the 7th day of May, 1833, in the presence of his Cabinet officers, representatives of the army in uniform, Masonic orders in regalia, and a vast concourse of people estimated at 15,000 souls. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. C. McGuire. Mr. Bassett, of the Monument Committee, delivered an eloquent address to the President, describing the character of her whom they had met to honor, and placed in his hand an inscribed tablet, with the request that he deposit it in the corner-stone. The reply of Jackson was characteristic, short, and eloquent. Taking the plate in his nervous hand—a hand that never trembled when it grasped a sword—the "Old Hickory" chief said, with a voice quivering in its emotion:

THE NEW MARY WASHINGTON MONUMENT, FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.

"Fellow-citizens, at your request and in your name I now deposit this plate in the spot destined for it." Then, straightening himself to his full military height and pointing his hand at the stone, he raised his voice into clarion notes and proclaimed to the multitude, "When the American pilgrim shall in after ages come to this high and holy place and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtue of her who sleeps beneath and depart with his affections purified and his piety strengthened while he invokes blessings upon the memory of the mother of Washington."

It is sad to relate that the monument thus commenced by the patriotic Burrows was not finished, nor is it the one that now stands over the grave. The obelisk and the bust of Washington, by which it was to be surmounted, were not completed when Mr. Burrows, after providing the necessary funds and pay-

ing for it in full, left the work in the hands of contractors and went away to Hong Kong, China, where he engaged in business. The contractors took advantage of his absence and delayed the work. Mr. Burrows finally died, and according to a statement made by his grandson at the unveiling of the new monument May 10th, 1894, "the contractors simply did not finish the work, though they had received the money." Burrows died and was forgotten, but this mute, dilapidated monument still stood in Fredericksburg, moss-grown and crumbling into ruin, above the grave of Mary Washington. Beside it lay the granite obelisk waiting for the sculptor's chisel to fashion it and for patriotic hands to lift it to its place.

This old monument stood for nearly two-thirds of a century. During the great Civil War it was immediately between the lines of the Northern and Southern armies. It is said that the commanders of artillery on both sides directed the gunners to aim their pieces so that no shot could possibly strike the monument, and that this command was obeyed so implicitly that not a stone of it was loosened from its place, while around it the blood of Northerner and the blood of Southerner fertilized the ground and consecrated it a shrine to liberty.

In May, 1894, 105 years after the death of this noble woman, whom all the nation and all the world delight to honor, a new monument was unveiled to her memory near the spot where the old neglected ruin had so long stood. It is of granite, and stands eleven feet square at the base and is fifty feet high. On one side is the inscription "Mary, the Mother of Washington," and on the opposite side "Erected by her countrywomen." The monument was unveiled with imposing ceremonies on the 10th of May, 1894, and all Americans rejoice to see this fitting tribute of respect paid by American women to her who gave to America the noblest of sons—the peerless Washington.

DOLLY MADISON SAVING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

AMERICA'S MOST GRACIOUS SOCIAL QUEEN,

"DOLLY" MADISON.

MRS. JAMES MADISON
(DOLLY PAYNE).
From an original picture by Gilbert Stuart.

THEODORE TILTON said: "I once watched an artist while he tried to transfer to his canvas the lustre of a precious stone. His picture, after his utmost skill, was dull."

Such the writer feels his effort must be in trying to paint the picture of Dolly Madison—a radiant and sparkling woman, full of beauty, wit, reason and heroism—she was a whole crown of jewels. A poor opaque copy of her is the most that one can render in a biographical sketch. She was the only woman who, for sixteen years, through four Presidential terms, held sway as the social queen at our National Capital, and for many years thereafter she was, perhaps, the most esteemed and fêted woman in Washington.

It was in the State of North Carolina, on the 20th of May, 1772, that a little May blossom came into the home of John and Mary Payne. They were good, religious people. Their home was a simple old Southern mansion, and they owned a number of slaves and distributed Southern hospitality according to the generous customs of the times.

They named the little comer "Dorothy." We do not know if John and Mary Payne were at that time Quakers. Accounts differ. If so, the first sight which greeted little Dorothy's eyes was the Quaker cap and sweet, sad face of her mother, and her father's yet more solemn countenance and straight-brimmed Quaker hat. Had these been all she saw, felt and heard in her infancy, how different might her life have been! But her eyes and ears were open to every beauty and every voice of nature.

Even in childhood her buoyant spirits bubbled and gushed out from under her Quaker cap, and her friends ceased to call her Dorothy. "Dolly" suited her better. Years came, and "Sweet Dolly" everybody said when they referred to her; and when she entered the White House, "Queen Dolly" was the only title good enough for the gracious lady.

The parents of Mrs. Madison were native Virginians, and, though born in North Carolina, she claimed for herself also the honor of being a granddaughter of the Old Dominion, a title dear to all its possessors. Her parents removed to Philadelphia in Dolly's childhood, and, if they had not done so before, they now joined the Society of Friends, and John Payne, her father, freed all his slaves, this law having been enacted in 1774 by the Society of Friends. By this religious denomination no graceful accomplishments were deemed necessary to a girl's education. Jewelry, dancing and music and all light-heartedness and gayety were forbidden by the tenets of their faith. As a dutiful daughter, Dolly regretfully submitted to the will of her parents. Attired in the close-fitting dress of her order, she would demurely attend to the duties imposed upon her, and the wonderful undertone of sweetness in her character kept the brow serene and the heart ever bright and hopeful. But nothing could conceal her beautiful, genial, sunny character. Nor could the quaint bonnet of the Friends hide her sparkling eyes and the perfectly rounded features from the admiring gaze of her young acquaintances. Nor—shall we say it?—could any restraint check the joyful flow of spirit in Dolly, nor her love of what the Friends called "carnal pleasures."

At last, when Dolly was eighteen years of age, that mischievous son of Venus, with his bow and arrow, who, by his enchantments, is able to conceal himself in mysterious ways and places, tied two arrows together with a long silken cord. One he shot straight from his bow into the heart of John Todd, a young lawyer of good estate, and the other he aimed with unerring precision straight to the heart of sweet Dolly Payne. There was no help for it now; they were fastened by this silken strand of fate.

The proper John Todd was not permitted by the custom of the Friends to go at once to Dolly, but he began to court the father. He heaped many favors on him, and finally gained Mr. Payne's permission to approach the winsome

Dolly. In the language of one of her biographers, let us tell the story of this and another later love which came to brighten the life of "Queen Dolly."

In true Quaker fashion, John Todd pressed his suit and asked her hand.

"I never mean to marry," was the demure reply.

Her father was more persuasive, and soon John Todd bore away a bride. For three years she lived the secluded life of a proper Quaker matron, and became the mother of two babies; then the yellow fever was epidemic in Philadelphia. John Todd sent away Dolly and her babies, but lingered himself to do what a man and a Christian might. When he knew the fever to be burning in his veins he followed his wife, with the cry, "I must see *her* once more." In a few hours he was dead, and soon Dolly and a baby lay battling with the fever. When the disease was stayed, Dolly, with one baby, went home to her mother, now widowed.

The married years had turned the shy girl-bride into a beautiful woman. Men would station themselves where they might see her pass. Her companion maid often said: "Really, Dolly, thou must hide thy face, there are so many staring at thee." It was on one of these walks that her bright beauty first flashed upon Madison. Its effect is shown by a note, written the next day by Dolly:

"Dear Friend: Come to me. Aaron Burr says the great-little Madison has asked to be brought to see me this evening." Dolly was in mulberry satin, silk tulle, with curls creeping from beneath the dainty Quaker cap, brimming with fun and sparkling with wit. Soon a strange rumor spread through the city. The President and Mrs. Washington shared in the amusing surprise, and, to be assured, sent for Dolly. "Is it true?" asked Mrs. Washington.

In the same manner with which she had once answered John Todd, she said, "No, I think not." Confusion and blushes told the tale she would hide, and Mrs. Washington bade her "not be ashamed;" it was "an honor to win a man so great and so good; he will make thee a good husband, and all the better for being so much older. We both approve of it. The esteem and friendship existing between Mr. Madison and my husband is very great, and we would wish thee to be happy." Soon, with her child, sister, and maid, she was driven from the city in an open barouche, and the "Father of the Constitution," mounted, rode at her side. At the home of her sister, who married a nephew of Washington, she became Mrs. Madison. Guests came from far and near, and the merry-making went on for days. That love had transformed the man is proved by the young girl guests daring to cut bits of Mechlin lace from his shirt ruffles as mementoes.

Party spirit never ran so high, but in the drawing-room of Mrs. Madison, under her gracious tact, men who would meet at no other place forgot their bitterness. She made foes friends. Her civilities were never influenced by

party politics, and at her social board, where she dispensed her lavish hospitality with quiet dignity and elegance of manner, the subject was never mentioned.

The step to the White House was only what might be called her coronation. When she was congratulated on her husband's occupation of it, with her ready wit she answered: "I don't know that there is much cause for congratulation. The President of the United States generally comes in at the iron gate and goes out at the weeping willows." At that time there was a side entrance, a stone archway, with a weeping willow on each side of it.

Whatever the end was to be, the beginning was very brilliant. Mrs. Madison, in buff velvet and bird-of-paradise plume, looked and moved a queen. Madison was very pale and more solemn than usual. Jefferson was all life and exhilaration. The Embargo and troubles with France and England might lead him under the willows, but then he had taught the Bashaw of Tripoli manners, which all Europe had failed to do. The purchase of Louisiana was his crown of glory, and Martha, grandchildren, and Monticello were before him.

Now there was a Republican Court in earnest. Drawing-rooms were held, which were never dull nor tiresome. Washington Irving would have it that he met there the "merry wives of Windsor." Dinners were given, which the English Minister in derision called harvest-home feasts. Mrs. Madison would smile, thank God for abundance, and the unlikeness of her court to that of the shamefully dissolute one of the Regent of England. She returned, like Mrs. Adams, all visits paid her, and organized "dove parties," composed of the wives of Cabinet officers and foreign Ministers, which were very gay and popular. She had high-bred airs and refinement, was beautiful in form and features, always richly and elegantly dressed, as became her position. At her marriage, by her husband's request, she laid aside the Quaker dress, retaining only the dainty cap, which was very becoming, but even that was put aside in the Executive Mansion. The Quakers charged her with "an undue fondness for the things of this world;" but by her sweetness and affability she retained their favor. She was remarkable for rarely forgetting a name, would even remember little incidents connected with her guests.

The first term, which had passed for Mrs. Madison in unclouded happiness, was drawing to a close. It was said that Jefferson chose his own successor, but he had passed the Government to him with Pandora's box wide open, and had also reduced the means of stamping out the evils which had escaped and were working bitter results. George III. was harmless in his padded cell, but his son, who resembled him in everything but his virtues, retained the old Ministry, and a heavy hand was laid upon the new and struggling nation.

The war of 1812 came on. The British offered bounties for American scalps. Battles on the Canadian border were fought with varying fortunes to

land forces and brilliant victories to our ships. General Jackson defeated and destroyed the Creek Nation. Attempts were made to invade Canada, but in vain, and the British tried as vainly to enter the United States. The British had blockaded and ravished the Atlantic coast from North to South. Lighthouses only benefited the enemy, and the lighting of lamps was forbidden.

Meantime Queen Dolly's court went gaily on at the capital, undisturbed, until the crowning humiliation of the war came when the British sailed up the Potomac and burned Washington, August 24th, 1814. For several days before grave fears had been entertained. Our soldiers and fleet were in the North and East, where the war was raging, and our National Capital was unprotected. Suddenly the news was spread, "Cockburn, the marauder," is coming up the Chesapeake Bay to attack the capital. "What!" exclaimed General Armstrong, Secretary of War, "the enemy attack Washington? Nonsense!" This quieted the fears of the people, and little preparation was made to defend the city.

Suddenly, on the morning of August 19th, a horseman dashed through the villages forty miles below the capital shouting, "To arms! to arms! Cockburn is coming!" It was true. Cockburn and Ross had landed with 5000 men and were marching for the capital. Stirring appeals were made, and citizens at home were quickly congregated for defence, and these, under General Winder, were expected to drive back the marauders. General Armstrong had no doubts of its being done. But they drew nearer. On the afternoon of the 22d President Madison bade his wife good-by and hurried to the front to join General Winder. Scarcely had he taken his departure when news came that the American ships below the city had been destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, and the latter were in close proximity to the capital. Mrs. Madison now for the first time manifested fear. Her husband was in danger. The work of saving records was now inaugurated. All day and all night the work went on. Every one was busy and every available conveyance was called into requisition. Drays, wagons, and wheelbarrows were loaded with the precious documents.

A hurried note from the President came: "Thank Heaven, he is safe!" But it said: "Be ready at any moment to enter your carriage and leave the city. The British may destroy it." Busy, nervous haste, flying servants and mistress everywhere gathered Madison's papers and records together and packed them in as many trunks as her carriage would hold.

Excitement grew more intense. In the outskirts of the city a skirmish was in progress. With eager eyes from an upper window Mrs. Madison scanned the field with a glass. She could see the moving troops, but could not distinguish individuals. Night came. The firing ceased. Friends urged her to fly. She would not until she heard from her husband. Morning came, and its twilight

found her at the window with her glass. The fighting was resumed. Clifford Howard thus describes this critical day in our nation's history with Dolly Madison as a central figure:

"In great alarm and amid the gloomiest forebodings Mrs. Madison awaited the return of the President. Two messengers, covered with dust and exhausted with heat, arrived at the White House, and, breathlessly informing her of the fate that had overtaken the Americans, implored her to leave the place at once. Bidding them make good their own escape she still refused to go, determined to brave her situation to the last in the hope of her husband's return.

"In the mean time she resolved to save the famous life-size portrait of General Washington that hung in one of the rooms. Finding the task of unscrewing it from the wall too tedious a process for such perilous moments, she ordered one of her servants to break the heavy gilt frame with an axe, and then with her own hands removed the canvas. Scarcely had this been accomplished when the sounds of rapidly approaching troops were heard, and the same instant two gentlemen, bent upon urging her immediate flight, entered the room. 'Fly! Fly at once, madam!' they exclaimed; 'the British are upon us!' The time for her departure had come; to remain longer would be useless. 'Save that picture!' she cried, addressing her two friends. 'If you cannot save it, see that it is destroyed; but remember, under no circumstances allow it to fall into the hands of the enemy.'

"It was at this moment, just as she was in the act of hurrying away, that Dolly Madison was seized with an inspiration that ever will cause her name to live in the heart of every true American. She stopped to think that she had packed up all of the valuable personal and official papers of the President. The records were safe. Was there anything more? What if the White House should be burned? Did it contain anything of value to the Government that she had neglected? The Declaration of Independence! In a flash she called to mind this most precious of all documents. Carefully treasured in a case apart from the other papers, it had been overlooked in the worriment and confusion. It must be saved at all hazards! Without a moment's hesitation she turned and rushed back into the house.

"'Stop! for Heaven's sake, stop!' cried her friends, vainly endeavoring to intercept her. Regardless of their commands, regardless of her danger, the brave woman sped to the room containing the treasure for which she was willing to sacrifice her life. Without attempting to open the glazed door of the case, she shattered the glass with her clenched hand, snatched the priceless parchment, and waving it exultantly above her head hurried to the door, where she entered her carriage and was rapidly driven away in the direction of Georgetown.

"Learning, however, that the British had not yet entered the town, she com-

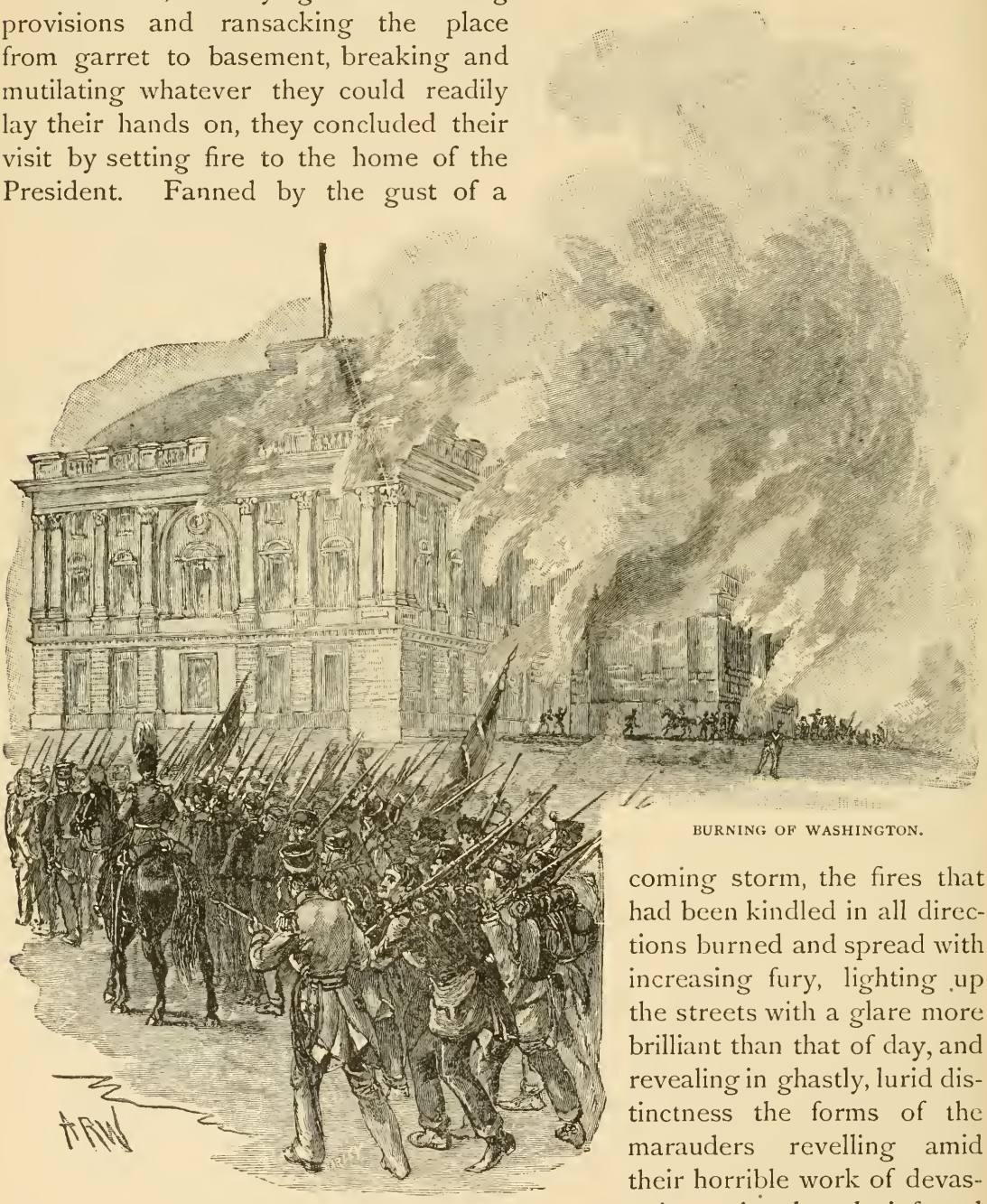
pelled her terrified coachman to return toward the White House, in the hope of finding the President. Great was her joy when she beheld him proceeding along the road on horseback, accompanied by several gentlemen, on his way from the White House, whither he had gone to assure himself of her safety. He, like hundreds of others, was a forlorn fugitive, anxiously seeking a place of refuge. Accompanying him and his party to the river, where they embarked for the Virginia shore, Mrs. Madison set off toward a point several miles up the river, where it was planned she and the President should meet the next day. So crowded was the roadway with retreating troops, horses, and wagons that she was frequently obliged to leave her carriage and tramp through the heat and intolerable dust, surrounded by a crowd of rough soldiers and negroes, who rudely pushed her aside and insulted her with coarse and angry remarks. Suffering greatly and thoroughly exhausted with the hardships of the day, she bravely continued her unhappy flight until quite late in the evening, when, overcome with fatigue, she took shelter in a farm-house, where she remained all night.

"The last glimmer of twilight was fading away when into the well-nigh-deserted city rode the redoubtable Cockburn at the head of his band of marauders. Elated at their decisive victory over a force nearly twice as large as their own, and thirsting for spoils, the red-coated soldiers marched triumphantly toward the Capitol. Suddenly from the window of a house came the report of a musket, and the horse General Ross rode dropped dead. 'Fire the house!' shouted Cockburn, and the next moment it was in flames.

"Heedless of the remonstrances of General Ross, who was averse to such methods, the invaders followed the lead of their Admiral and rushed toward the Capitol. This imposing pile, standing upon the brow of a hill overlooking the city in every direction, was even at that early period of its construction a building of unusual magnificence. Discharging their firearms at the windows the reckless soldiers burst in the doors and with a wild shout of triumph carried their leader to the Speaker's chair, from which with mock gravity he put the question, 'Shall this harbor of the Yankee democracy be burned?' A yell of affirmation rang through the hall, and without further preliminaries papers and other combustibles were piled under the desks and set on fire. In a few minutes this noble edifice, that had been in course of construction more than twenty years, and containing the library of Congress and vast quantities of official documents of great historical value, was enveloped in a seething mass of flames that shot up into the sky in unmistakable proclamation of the awful fate that had come upon the capital of the nation.

"Now thoroughly aroused to their work of plunder, a howling crowd of the desperate marauders hurried to the White House in the hope, perchance, of capturing the President and his wife. Finding the house locked and deserted, they battered down the doors, and, consoling themselves for the loss of their

distinguished captives by a ruthless destruction of the furniture, they raided the larder and regaled themselves with a hastily prepared feast in the state dining-room. Then, destroying the remaining provisions and ransacking the place from garret to basement, breaking and mutilating whatever they could readily lay their hands on, they concluded their visit by setting fire to the home of the President. Fanned by the gust of a coming storm, the fires that had been kindled in all directions burned and spread with increasing fury, lighting up the streets with a glare more brilliant than that of day, and revealing in ghastly, lurid distinctness the forms of the marauders revelling amid their horrible work of devastation. As though infected with the evil spirit of destruction, the elements raged with increasing fierceness until the next day, when a terrific hurricane completed the ruin.



BURNING OF WASHINGTON.

"Overawed at the terrible devastation wrought by their hands and the forces of nature, the British stole silently forth from the city on the night of the 25th of August and beat a hasty retreat to their ships. Slowly and mournfully the hopeless inhabitants returned to their desolate homes. According to appointment, the President had rejoined Mrs. Madison at a small tavern about sixteen miles from the city on the day following the invasion. At first Mrs. Madison had been refused entrance, and it was only the breaking of the storm that finally induced those who had taken refuge in the house to grant her entrance, though not without gross insults and much remonstrance. Leaving this place in disguise, and accompanied only by a friend and one soldier, she reached Washington on the night of the 26th. She stopped a moment to gaze at the smouldering ruins of her once beautiful home and then drove to the house of her sister, where she awaited the President, who was returning by another route, having left her again the day before upon learning that the British had discovered his hiding-place and were in pursuit of him.

"American pride and determination built again the city that Cockburn had burned, but never could they have replaced that priceless parchment which the noble Dolly Madison bravely, gladly risked her life to save."

At last the war was over, and, though her husband's reputation had seriously suffered, the last years of Queen Dolly's reign were more dazzling than ever, and the troubled Administration closed amid social pyrotechnics unknown before her time, if, indeed, they have been equalled since. She seemed to invest the city itself with a courtly tone, and something of a royal flavor clung to the manners and presence of all social events which she managed.

On retiring from the Presidency, Madison, like Washington, repaired to his country estate at Montpelier, where he and his charming wife dispensed old Virginia hospitality. So much loved was Mrs. Madison that not only her country's best, but distinguished guests abroad came, and simple country people begged the privilege of seeing her, which she never denied them. One farmer's wife came from a distance and asked to kiss her, that her daughters might tell of it in years to come.

Death came for the old President in the form of a lingering illness. For eight months she watched and nursed him with tender care, and when the end came (on the 28th of June, 1836, in the eighty-sixth year of his age), she arranged his letters and manuscripts for publication. At length she returned to Washington to be among her old friends, and it was always an honor to be a guest where she was present. She was so popular that when she offered the manuscripts and letters of her husband for sale, both parties in Congress, out of compliment to her, voted to purchase them, and paid her thirty thousand dollars for them. They also voted her the franking privilege. Another vote

gave her a seat on the floor of the Senate, a mark of favor and esteem no other woman ever enjoyed from our nation.

The press of the country went so far as to accuse Congress, as a body, of flirting with Mrs. Madison. But since every man, woman or child who met her, either in youth or age, fell in love with her, no editor who knew "Queen Dolly" had any censure against Congress for favoring her. She was the honored guest of succeeding Presidents as long as she lived. When the great cannon, "Peacemaker," exploded on the "Princeton," killing and wounding many, she was on board as the guest of President Tyler, and, preserving her presence of mind while others were fainting about her, she assisted heroically in the care of the wounded, soothed their friends, and went home, where she found a host of friends had preceded her, anxious to learn of her own safety. She appeared before them smiling, but pale as death, and begged them not to ask her to speak of the awful scene, and she was never afterward known to mention it.

The last years of her long and happy life were saddened by the dissolute habits of her only son, Payne Todd, for whom President Madison had often paid debts, and she was finally forced to sell Montpelier to save him from further disgrace. With a sore and grieved heart over this one cloud on the sky of her life, she died, at the age of eighty-two, in Washington, July 12th, 1849, the name of this dissolute son, whom she called her "poor boy," on her dying lips. Her funeral was attended by a large concourse of people, and her remains were taken to Montpelier and laid beside those of her husband.

Two years later typhoid fever carried this disgraceful son away. The faithful servants of his mother, for her sake, tended him in his illness, and they, alone, followed him to his grave.

THE TWO GOOD MOTHERS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

NANCY HANKS AND SARAH JOHNSTON.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

—GRAY.

SARAH JOHNSTON,
The good stepmother of President Lincoln.

OF the childhood and girlhood of Lincoln's mother we are unable to speak in any degree of detail. She is described as being at the time of her marriage a "slender, symmetrical woman, of medium stature, and a brunette, with dark hair, regular features, and soft, sparkling eyes, and of a remarkably vivacious and sociable nature." Abraham Lincoln, however, did not remember her as thus described. At the earliest of his recollection her form was bent with hard work and her countenance marked by the deep lines of care and sadness.

. It is also well known that both Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were born in Virginia. The father of Thomas Lincoln was a Pennsylvania Quaker; it is therefore evident that Abraham came of good stock, and had his father been an energetic, ambitious man, the family would have lived in very different circumstances. Perhaps the worst that may be said of Thomas Lincoln is that he did not realize his responsibilities; that he was lazy, improvident, and neglected his family, as has been said, "to an extent that a more enlightened man would have considered criminal." But it was from this improvident father that Lincoln perhaps inherited his conversational powers and habit. Like his greater son, the improvident carpenter was an entertaining and incessant talker, possessing an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. This made him popular, and he is said to have "preferred above all things to sit in a group of familiar spirits and tell jokes." Young Abraham early learned this accomplishment, and notwithstanding the deep vein of sadness which dominated his nature, he was always able to put a barrier between the world and himself through the medium of humor.

Thomas Lincoln was a carpenter, if we may dignify such a poor workman by a trade-name, for it does not appear that he ever advanced further in the art of this trade than to be able to put together a rude frontier cabin table or bedstead. No doubt he was what was called a "handy man" at the backwoods "house raisings," where four men in a single day, standing on the four corners, would lay the foundation and notch up the walls of a log cabin, which was then the style of the prevailing residence on the frontiers of Kentucky. The one excitement of his life, in which he frequently indulged, was moving. He had a mania for changing his home, which he did whenever the thought occurred to him. He was also fond of hunting, fishing, and other idle sports which took him away from work and threw him into the congenial company where his story-telling proclivities always made him popular.

We have told so much of the character of Lincoln's father in order that it might the more appear that for all greatness of soul, energy, and true nobleness of life Abraham Lincoln was indebted to his mother. Nancy Hanks was not only endowed by nature with many excellent qualities, but she was far more intelligent than the majority of those about her, and in spite of her limited opportunities possessed considerable education, together with a rare intuitive faculty, and a highly developed sympathetic nature, all of which were eminently characteristic of her great son. Dr. Holland says of her: "She had much in her nature that was truly heroic and much that shrank from the rude life around her. A great man never drew his infant life from a purer or more womanly bosom than hers."

It is a national shame that slanderous foes, led by Lamon and Herndon, at one time circulated the report that Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks were never married. We mention this only for the purpose of setting at rest the minds of all those who have read or heard this shameful slander. That they were married is as well authenticated as any positive court record could make it. The marriage license is on file at the Washington County Court House in Kentucky. As was customary in those days, a bond was given in advance of the marriage, which was duly recorded on the court records. This bond is recorded on the 10th day of June, 1806, announcing that Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks soon intended to marry, and a license was issued. The marriage occurred duly thereafter, on the 23d day of September, 1806, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Head, a Methodist minister, who was also a cabinetmaker at Springfield, Kentucky, the same minister who thirteen years after preached at Mrs. Lincoln's funeral. The young couple were poor, but very popular, and among others at the wedding was Judge Felix Grundy, who subsequently removed to Nashville, Tennessee, and later became Attorney General of the United States. These positive facts should forever brand and disprove the vile slander circulated against the good name of the greatest

American who has lived since the days of George Washington. Every true American will agree with Dr. C. C. Graham, of Louisville, Kentucky, that "the mother of Abraham Lincoln is entitled to vindication and veneration from every American citizen who loves his country and to whom the fame and glory of its greatness is dear. She deserves as well and is entitled to as much honor at our hands as the mother of Washington, for she gave us as great and as good a man. Let the chivalry of every true man in the land feel and resent as a personal indignity the brutality of him who would endeavor to cast a reproach upon Lincoln's mother."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Two and one-half years after the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln their only son Abraham was born, on the 12th of February, 1809, in a district of Hardin County now included in La Rue County, Kentucky.

Dickens has made all the world his confidant in the particulars of his poverty-stricken and unappreciated infancy and childhood. Lincoln, who endured exquisite anguish on the same account, would gladly have died and made no sign of the suffering he had passed through. The long, long rainy day of poverty and want did not end with him as with the novelist, and he had not the pleasure of lifting his mother from her toils and burdens and putting her where she would realize the happiness she deserved. She died of that most terrible enemy of the poor, consumption, and left her desolate little boy alone in his misery when only ten years old. He was her only living child, and about him centred every ambition of her dreary life. She could read and write—an accomplishment which her hus-

band did not possess—and she taught her little child his letters, and by slow degrees to learn to spell, and then to read. It was an absorbing task for him, for the cabin in which they lived afforded him no comforts, and he had no amusements. His mother's attention, denied him too much because of the hard work she performed, was the sweetest boon he coveted, and to lean against her knee or to sit beside her and laboriously wrestle with the sound of letters and the spelling of words was a priceless pleasure to him.

Compared to the mental poverty of those about her, Mrs. Lincoln was a prodigy of learning, and her husband and relatives were alike proud of her. She held herself aloof from many of her husband's friends, and had he possessed a tithe of her pride and energy, the early home of the future President of the United States might have been a pleasant memory to him in later years, instead of a depressing and sorrowful recollection. Had Mrs. Lincoln lived, her child's life would have been different, but as it was, she laid so sure a foundation in his nature that he owed to her, more than to any other human being, his finest traits of character.

She died, after a long illness, in October, 1818, and left her child wretched, not only in feeling but in condition. He was old for his age, and during her prolonged suffering he was her constant attendant, and, while her greatest comfort, was at the same time her one anxious thought. How to leave him alone in the world was the added anguish of her dying hours. Her great love for him, and his clinging, helpless dependence upon her, his sick mother, made her last days pathetic; and their sad condition has been fittingly expressed by Robert Buchanan in these lines:

"Oh, bairn, when I am dead,
How shall ye keep frae harm?
What hand shall gie ye bread?
What fire will keep ye warm?
How shall ye dwell on earth awa' frae me?"
"Oh, mither, dinna dee!"

"Oh, bairn, it is but closing up the een,
And lying down never to rise again,
Many a strong man's sleeping hae I seen;
There is nae pain!
I'm weary, weary, and I scarce ken why;
My summer has gone by,
And sweet were sleep but for the sake o' thee."
"Oh, mither, dinna dee!

The loneliest year of his life had scarcely passed when the boy's father married again, and his mother's place was taken by a kind-hearted woman who brightened the child's existence from the day she set foot into the cheerless

cabin of Thomas Lincoln. She took an instant and especial liking to the neglected boy, and won in return his permanent affection.

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Mrs. Johnston, Thomas Lincoln's second wife, was a widow, whom he had known when they were both children in Kentucky, and she went with him to his Western home, carrying with her a son and two daughters of her own. She opened her heart to the ragged little boy, who gladly welcomed her cheerful presence to his comfortless home.

When Abraham Lincoln first saw her she was young and cheerful, and full of energy and determination. It is not to be wondered at that he loved her so warmly. She made his hard life easier, and her influence over his father greatly improved the aspect of affairs at home. Mrs. Lincoln was as energetic and industrious as her husband was otherwise, and she had a difficult task before her when she married. She had been greatly disappointed in her new home, having been led to believe that Mr. Lincoln was a well-to-do farmer in Indiana, whereas he was not a farmer, but lived in great poverty, and gained what little support he made by doing odd jobs and working for the surrounding farmers.

Mrs. Lincoln's fondness for the tender-hearted, lonely little boy enabled her to read his character speedily, and she soon discovered that he had much natural ability and a strong desire to learn. As he grew older she said of him that "he read every book he could lay his hand on, and when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it down on boards if he had no paper, and keep it there until he did get paper. Then he would rewrite it, look at it, repeat it. He had a copy-book, a kind of scrap-book, in which he put down all things, and thus preserved them."

Mrs. Lincoln must have been a wise mother, because she successfully managed her own children and her stepson, and the affectionate relations existing between them were remarkable. There was nothing that Abe would not do for his stepsisters or his mother, and they in turn gave him the tenderest affection.

These daughters, after they were grown up and married, made their new homes Abe's, and he was better loved by them than was their own brother, a young man who gave his mother much trouble.

The daughters, when speaking of their distinguished stepbrother after his tragic death, invariably referred to his affection for their mother, and of how worthy she was of everyone's love. Lincoln's youth was brightened by her companionship, and when he left home, at the age of twenty-one, to care for himself, the pain he felt was in leaving his stepmother.

The first money he earned he sent her a share of, and as long as she lived he continued to provide for her comfort, though much of the money he sent was used by those who lived on her kindness and imposed upon her generosity.

From the time Lincoln left his father's service, he never returned to his home to stay. During his life at home his aspirations were chilled and his ambition curbed by the work that was put before him, and the poverty of his family, which grieved him deeply.

Twice only during his father's life did he visit his home, but when his father died he wrote kindly to his stepbrother, who had informed him of the event. He was unable to see his mother at the time because of illness in his own household, but when he was elected President of the United States he went to see her. Mr. Lamon thus describes this last reunion:

"It was all very pleasant to Mr. Lincoln to see such multitudes of familiar faces smiling upon his wonderful successes. But the chief object of his solicitude was not here; Mrs. Lincoln lived in the southern part of the county, and he was all impatience to see her. As soon, therefore, as he had taken a frugal breakfast with Dennis (Hanks), he and Colonel Chapman started off in a 'two-horse buggy' toward Farmington, where his stepmother was living with her daughter, Mrs. Moore. They had much difficulty in crossing 'the Kickapoo' river, which was running full of ice; but they finally made the dangerous passage and arrived at Farmington in safety.

"The meeting between him and the old lady was of a most affectionate and tender character. She fondled him as her own 'Abe,' and he her as his own mother. It was soon arranged that she should return with him to Charleston, so that they might enjoy by the way the unrestricted and uninterrupted intercourse which they both desired above all things, but which they were not likely to have where the people could get at him. . . . The parting between Mr. Lincoln and his mother was very touching. She embraced him with deep emotion, and said she was sure she would never behold him again, for she felt that his enemies would assassinate him. He replied: 'No, no, mamma; they will not do that. Trust in the Lord, and all will be well; we will see each other again.'" How like the parting of Washington and his mother after he was elected President, and how true the presentiment in both cases that they should meet no more on earth!

The fear expressed by his stepmother had been impressed upon her from the time of his election, and it was generally shared in by her family and neighbors. She never saw him again. In her interview with Mr. Herndon after the assassination, she spoke of him with a voice broken with emotion. "Abe was a poor boy," said she, "and I can say what scarcely one woman—a mother—can say in a thousand. Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I requested. I never gave him a cross word in all my life. . . . His mind and mine—what little I had—seemed to run together. . . . He was here after he was elected President." (At this point the aged speaker turned away to weep,

and then, wiping her eyes with her apron, went on with the story.) "He was dutiful to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys; but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to see." When Mr. Herndon rose to go her eyes were filled with tears, and wringing his hands as if loath to part with one who talked so much of her beloved Abe, she said: "Good-bye, my good son's friend, farewell."

Kind to both mothers, and loving the stepmother dearly because he received from her hands the daily comforts of life and the companionship a nature like his required, Lincoln was yet the likeness in spirit and purpose of his own mother, and it was she who planted the seeds of greatness which her noble successor watered and cultivated until "God gave the increase" for his and humanity's reaping.

For the full details of the life of this great son of these two great mothers—for he himself declared that he had two—we must refer the reader to the biography of Abraham Lincoln.

With what pathos truly did Walt Whitman express the grief of a stricken nation for its fallen chief in the following beautiful ode.

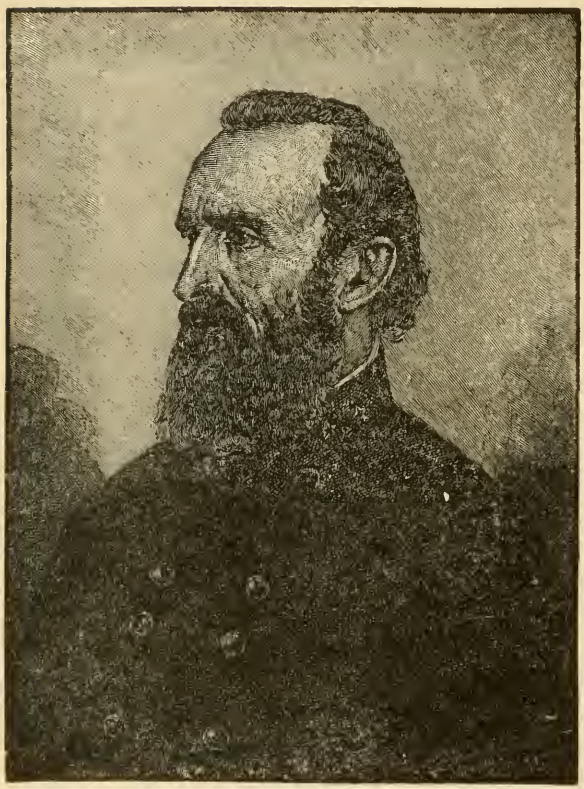
O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rock, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen, cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up,—for you the flag is flung,—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths,—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen, cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen, cold and dead.

THE PATHETIC STORY OF THE MOTHER OF STONEWALL JACKSON,

JULIA NEALE.



THOMAS J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.

When Stonewall Jackson was three years old his father died a miserable gambler, leaving a wife and small children homeless and so utterly destitute that the charity of the Masonic Order, perhaps, saved them from the wolf of star vation.

Let us picture a heroic woman in one poor room, with her little flock of fatherless, helpless, dependent children. Here she cooked and made their clothes, and did sewing for the more fortunate, and still found time to teach a little school, that the cruse of oil and the meal barrel might not entirely fail. Was it the sight of this sad and desolate room and this toiling mother that made little Thomas Jackson always a sad-faced boy and a solemn, serious man? And was it the example his mother set in her battle against poverty and the heroic principle which he inherited from her that made him stand, in after years, like a stone wall in battle? Let us believe it was so. For Stonewall Jackson was a truly great man—enough like Abraham Lincoln in nobility of principle to have been his brother; and their early history, in many respects, is remarkably similar. Both were the children of improvident sires; both were nursed in the cradle of poverty; both received their early training in the school of privation and hardship; both lived for honor and humanity; both died for the cause of liberty and justice, though their judgments were opposed to each other, and both are enthroned in the hearts of their countrymen as the highest types of noble, unselfish, magnanimous manhood.

THE FATAL WOUNDING OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

That the father of Stonewall Jackson became an irreclaimable gambler was not chargeable, perhaps, so much to his natural character as to the force of his environment. Conditions of life in the South in those days were far different from what they are to-day. Slaves did nearly all the manual labor, and gentlemen who owned them considered it degrading to toil. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," said Franklin. Hence, it is not surprising that immunity from toil was enjoyed at the expense of morals by men to whom it gave so much idle leisure. Jonathan Jackson belonged to this class. He was a well-born Virginian. He inherited a handsome estate and a number of slaves from his father. He was a gentleman of education, and, it is said, was a young lawyer of rising promise, whose practice yielded him a good income, when he led Miss Julia Neale, of Parkersburg, to the altar. He is credited with having had pleasing manners and a generous disposition.

He was just the type of man from which the race-track, the gaming-table and the saloon drew their respectable recruits. His social qualities made him a shining mark to the flatterer's enticing wiles, and he fell an easy victim. He indorsed for friends; he "played high and lost;" he quaffed the deceptive and deadly cup to nerve him to more desperate efforts, played higher, higher, higher, and paid "debts of honor" (*dishonor*), until his professional income, patrimony, home, all were swallowed up, and then—shall we say it?—like an unnerved coward, unable to face and repair the ruin he had wrought, tumbled into his grave, leaving his brave and noble wife, reared in delicate luxury and unused to toil, to fight the battle of both father and mother, and that, too, under the proud world's scorning finger, which pointed to her as a partner rather than as a victim of his disgrace. It is said that her husband's relatives turned against her, or showed but little interest in her after his death.

Was it due to her deep Christian faith and fortitude that she was able to bear, during those dark hours in the lonely little room, the humiliating condition to which he had brought her? Or was it her mother-love, twining itself, like silken tendrils, around her helpless children, binding them to her bleeding heart as the only panacea to her woe? It was both. The twin power of mother-love and Christian love sustained her. Julia Neale was not only a true mother, but she was a devout worshipper, whose faith reached down into the very heart of the Gospel and drew its consolation from sources deeper than Jacob's Well. She had drunk of that fountain which alone quenches the thirst of the human soul, and which had proved, indeed, a well of living water forever springing up within her heart.

This is why she hesitated not to humiliate herself when she read the promise, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." This is why she followed not her dissolute, improvident husband into the grave. This brave devotion to duty was the character, inherited and inculcated, which marked the life of

Thomas J. Jackson. This was the stone wall of his greatness, and it is right that the world should know—as he, like Washington, always asserted—it was his mother's influence that made him what he was.

History tells us but little concerning the details of this mother of a great man. She was of excellent family, and had a happy home in Parkersburg with her parents. She is also described as having been very handsome, graceful and unusually cultivated and refined. Such was Julia Neale when Jonathan Jackson married her; grief and hardship and disappointment soon blighted her vivacious beauty.

As we have said before, little Thomas (Stonewall) was only three years of age when his father died. Previous to Jonathan Jackson's death he had lost a daughter, and his widow and three children faced life without a dollar. There was no money, no home, no brightness, no future for this family, that a few years before was in comfort and respectability. They had been robbed of everything to pay their father's gambling debts, without his wife's knowledge or consent. The lands which he thus gambled away made their subsequent owners rich. Had the law recognized Mrs. Jackson as an equal in the marriage contract, it would not have been possible for her husband to have left her destitute and her children beggars, forcing her to shelter herself through the kindness of Masonic charity, and to keep herself and her children from starvation by menial service to which her physical strength was unequal.

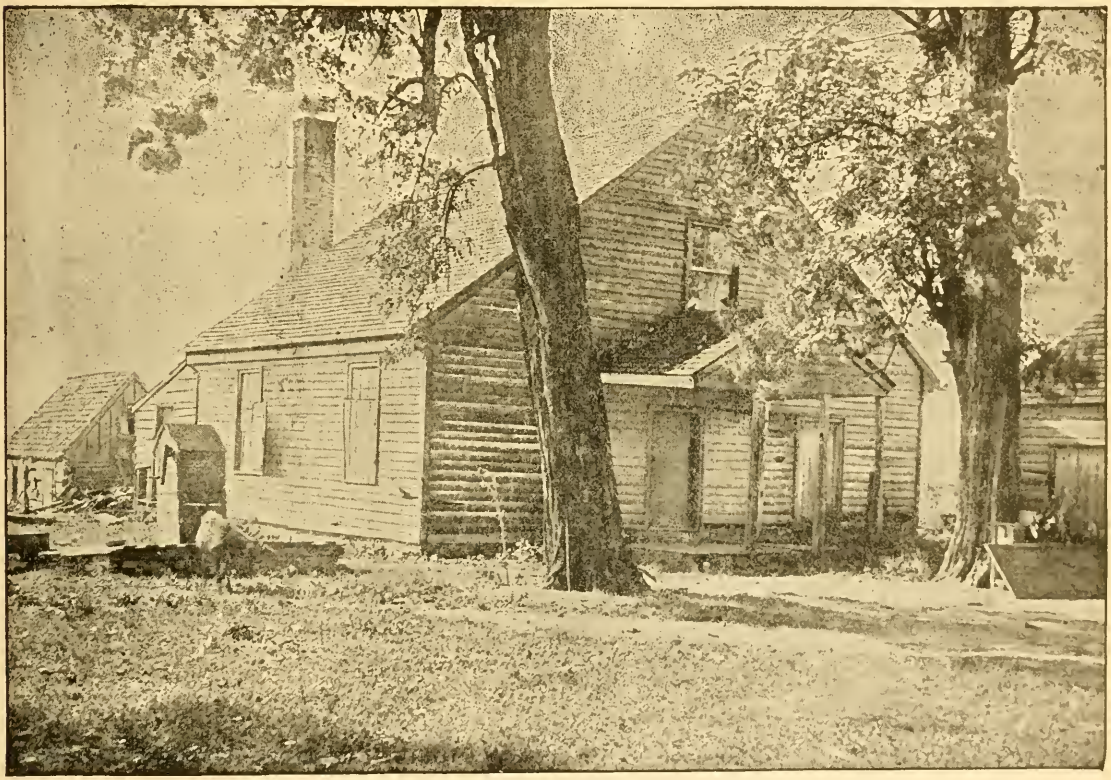
But Jonathan Jackson did not live, and perhaps it was better for Stonewall Jackson's fame that his young mother and her little ones were left upon the cold charity of the world and the mercy of God.

Many have blamed Mrs. Jackson for marrying a second time and separating her children, and perhaps it was wrong. But who knows the dreams that were in the mother's mind of reuniting them? What could she do when the struggle became unbearable and the wolf could no longer be kept from the door by her feeble failing strength?

Her husband's relatives appear to have taken a negative if any interest in her, yet they did seem to care for the children and were willing to take them. She suffered torture at the thought of parting from them, but she saw it must come some time. Still she struggled and sorrowed on, and kept them together for three years after her husband's death. There is no earthly anguish to be compared to that inflicted by poverty under the circumstances of this mother's life, and it can only be felt by a mother; it is unintelligible and inexplicable to all others. All that kept her up was the fervent faith she had in God.

A suitor in the person of a Mr. Woodson, a man greatly her senior in years and almost as poor as herself, appeared, and to the surprise of her friends won her consent to a marriage. Her husband's family interfered and tried to prevent what they probably saw was a mistake, but she married. Mr. Wood-

son lived in another county, and as he was unable to provide for her little sons and daughter she was perforce compelled to let their father's kindred take them. Little Thomas was the youngest child, and he was six years old at that time. The parting with him, her idol, was the hardest of trials. He was a pretty, blue-eyed boy, who claimed her attention and responded to her tender affection and endearments. Even this little child had to be given up, and the description of the parting is most touching. So bitter was the pain to his mother that the event was impressed upon the little boy's memory indelibly. His own distress was pitiful. A faithful old slave, who had belonged to his father, was sent to



HOUSE IN WHICH STONEWALL JACKSON DIED, CHANCELLORSVILLE, VA.

take him from his mother to his uncle's house, his new home. The child was to ride behind him on horseback, and early in the morning "Uncle Robinson" came for him. The poor mother made all the excuses she could for delay. She put up with her own hands a lunch for her little boy to eat on the way, and the colored man was entreated to be thoughtful of him. The mother, with white face and quivering lips, kissed her boy good-bye, and he was lifted up and placed on the horse. The kind-hearted slave heard a last injunction and started, but before he had gone far he was called back by the agonized mother, who took her boy again in her arms and gave way to such an outburst of weeping that

the scene was never obliterated from the child's memory. He heard the sobs of his broken-hearted mother through all his life, and they saddened every year of it.

One year later the unhappy mother gave birth to a son and—died. Her little boys and her only daughter were sent for when it was seen that she was dying, and the sight of them gave her comfort in her last hours. Little Thomas sat upon her bed beside her, prattling in his delight, and she forgot the nearness of death in the presence of her long-absent boy. Her rapidly-failing strength was a cruel admonition that she must soon die, and her children were gathered about her bed to take their last fond farewells. The end came quickly, and when all was over they were sent back to their adopted homes, never more to be united again. Thomas, though the youngest, was so deeply affected that he said, years afterwards, "The wholesome impression of her dying instructions and prayers and of her triumph over the grave have never been erased from my heart."

Surely the fate of woman was never sadder or more to be regretted than that of the mother of Stonewall Jackson. But her life was not a failure. In giving the world the great Christian soldier, Stonewall Jackson, she has left a legacy for the human race which justifies the perpetuation of her memory.

It would be interesting to trace the details in the heroic and exemplary career of this great and noble son; but these we must leave the reader to pursue in a separate biography. His was a life full of changing vicissitudes, which touched the chords of human sympathy with a mellow music. To the pathetic strains the hero was ever marching, grand, sad-faced, noble, and brave. Hardships, failures, and trials in early life proved the true gold of his character. Successes, triumphs, honors, and acknowledged genius are the closing trophies of his heroism, and through it all shine conspicuously the transcendent beauty of his deep piety and exalted Christian character.

Stonewall Jackson was killed by his own soldiers, who accidentally mistook him for the enemy. He died in a farm-house near the scene of the tragedy. His dying experiences were not widely different from those of his mother, whose perfect faith and serenity in the presence of the last enemy called forth from her husband the remark, "No Christian on earth, no matter what evidence he might have had of a happy hereafter, could have died with more fortitude." Just before the death of Stonewall Jackson he said: "I am not depressed, not unhappy. You never saw me more perfectly contented than I am to-day, for I am sure that my Heavenly Father designed this affliction for my good." Thus did Stonewall Jackson pass from his great duties, leaving millions of mourners to regret his death. Aye, a nation which, though he was its honest foe, will never forget the Christian soldier who passed over the River of Time to rest under the shade of trees in the eternal home.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

AUTHOR OF THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN NOVEL

EW names are more indelibly written upon our country's history than that of Harriet Beecher Stowe. "No book," says George William Curtis, "was ever more a historical event than 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' . . . It is the great happiness of Mrs. Stowe not only to have written many delightful books, but to have written one book which will always be famous not only as the most vivid picture of an extinct evil system, but as one of the most powerful influences in overthrowing it. . . . If all whom she has charmed and quickened should unite to sing her praises, the birds of summer would be outdone."

Harriet Beecher Stowe was the sixth child of Reverend Lyman Beecher,—the great head of that great family which has left so deep an impress upon the heart and mind of the American people. She was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in June, 1811,—just two years before her next younger brother, Henry Ward Beecher. Her father was pastor of the Congregational Church in Litchfield, and her girlhood was passed there and at Hartford, where she attended the excellent seminary kept by her elder sister, Catharine E. Beecher. In 1832 her father accepted a call to the presidency of Lane Theological Seminary, at Cincinnati, and moved thither with his family. Catharine Beecher went also, and established there a new school, under the name of the Western Female Institute, in which Harriet assisted.

In 1833 Mrs. Stowe first had the subject of slavery brought to her personal notice by taking a trip across the river from Cincinnati into Kentucky in company with Miss Dutton, one of the associate teachers in the Western Institute. They visited the estate that afterward figured as that of Mr. Shelby, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and here the young authoress first came into personal contact with the slaves of the South. In speaking, many years afterward, of this visit, Miss Dutton said: "Harriet did not seem to notice anything in particular that happened, but sat much of the time as though abstracted in thought. When the negroes did funny things, and cut up capers, she did not seem to pay the

slightest attention to them. Afterward, however, in reading 'Uncle Tom,' I recognized scene after scene of that visit portrayed with the most minute fidelity, and knew at once where the material for that portion of the story had been gathered."

Harriet Beecher's life in Cincinnati was such as to bring out all that was best and noblest in her character. Where her father's family was, she could not lack good society, for all that was best, intellectually and socially, always gath-

NEGRO VILLAGE IN GEORGIA.

ered naturally around that centre. Among the professors in Lane Seminary was Calvin E. Stowe, whose wife, a dear friend of Miss Beecher, died soon after Dr. Beecher's removal to Cincinnati. In 1836 Professor Stowe and Harriet Beecher were married. They were admirably suited to each other. Professor Stowe was a typical man of letters,—a learned, amiable, unpractical philosopher, whose philosophy was like that described by Shakespeare as "an excellent horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey." Her practical

ability and cheerful, inspiring courage were the unfailing support of her husband. Soon after their marriage he sailed for Europe to purchase books for Lane Seminary, and in a characteristic letter given to him at parting, not to be opened until he was at sea, she charges him, "Set your face like a flint against the 'cultivation of indigo,' as Elizabeth calls it, in any way or shape. . . . Seriously, dear one, you must give more way to hope than to memory. You are going to a new scene now, and one that I hope will be full of enjoyment to you. I want you to take the good of it."

In 1839 Mrs. Stowe received into her family as a servant a colored girl from Kentucky. By the laws of Ohio she was free, having been brought into the State and left there by her mistress. In spite of this, Professor Stowe received word, after she had lived with them some months, that the girl's master was in the city looking for her, and that if she were not careful she would be seized and taken back into slavery. Finding that this could be accomplished by boldness, perjury, and the connivance of some unscrupulous justice of the peace, Professor Stowe determined to remove the girl to some place of security where she might remain until the search for her should be given up. Accordingly, he and his brother-in-law, Henry Ward Beecher, both armed, drove the fugitive, in a covered wagon, at night, by unfrequented roads, twelve miles back into the country, and left her in safety with the family of old John Van Zandt, the fugitive's friend.

It is from this incident of real life and personal experience that Mrs. Stowe conceived the thrilling episode of Eliza's escape from Tom Loker and Marks, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

In the spring of 1832 Mrs. Stowe visited Hartford, taking her six-year-old daughter Hatty with her. In writing from there to her husband she confides some of her literary plans and aspirations to him, and he answers :—

"My dear, you must be a literary woman. It is so written in the book of fate. Make all your calculations accordingly. Get up a good stock of health, and brush up your mind. Drop the E out of your name. It only encumbers it and interferes with the flow and euphony. Write yourself fully and always Harriet Beecher Stowe, which is a name euphonious, flowing, and full of meaning. Then, my word for it, your husband will lift up his head in the gates, and your children will rise up and call you blessed."

The letter closes with a characteristic appeal :—

"And now, my dear wife, I want you to come home as quick as you can. The fact is I cannot live without you, and if we were not so prodigious poor I would come for you at once. There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent, with so little self-conceit; so much reputation, with so little affectation ; so much literature with so little nonsense, so much enterprise with so little extravagance, so much tongue with so little scold, so much sweetness with so little softness, so much of so many things and so little of so many other things?"

That Professor Stowe's devoted admiration for his wife was reciprocated, and that a most perfect sympathy of feeling existed between the husband and wife, is shown by a line in one of Mrs. Stowe's letters from Hartford, in which she says: "I was telling Belle yesterday that I did not know till I came away how much I was dependent upon you for information. There are a thousand favorite subjects on which I could talk with you better than with any one else. If you were not already my dearly loved husband I should certainly fall in love with you."

The years from 1845 to 1850 were a time of severe trial to Mrs. Stowe. She and her husband both suffered from ill health, and the family was separated. Professor Stowe was struggling with poverty, and endeavoring at the same time to lift the Theological Seminary out of financial difficulties. In 1849, while Professor Stowe was ill at a water-cure establishment in Vermont, their youngest child died of cholera, which was then raging in Cincinnati. In 1850 it was decided to remove to Brunswick, Maine, the seat of Bowdoin College, where Professor Stowe was offered a position; and in April Mrs. Stowe, with three of her five children, started on the long and toilsome journey, leaving her husband with the other two to follow a few months later. Their household goods were shipped at the same time, and Mrs. Stowe, under the pressure of poverty and in delicate health, undertook all the labor and responsibility of establishing their new home. Early in the summer her husband joined her, and in July her son Charles was born. In a letter written about this time she says:—

"Sarah, when I look back, I wonder at myself, not that I forget any one thing that I should remember, but that I have remembered anything. From the time that I left Cincinnati with my children to come forth to a country that I knew not of, almost to the present time, it seemed as if I could scarcely breathe, I was so pressed with care. My head dizzy with the whirl of railroads and steamboats; then ten days' sojourn in Boston, and a constant toil and hurry in buying my furniture and equipments; then landing in Brunswick in the midst of a drizzly, inexorable northeast storm, and beginning the work of getting in order a deserted, dreary, damp old house. . . .

"Then comes a letter from my husband saying he is sick abed, and all but dead; don't ever expect to see his family again; wants to know how I shall manage in case I am left a widow; knows we shall get in debt and never get out; wonders at my courage, thinks I am very sanguine. wants me to be prudent, as there won't be much to live on in case of his death, etc.. etc., etc. I read the letter and poke it into the stove, and proceed.". . .

Few women under such circumstances would think of undertaking literary work; yet it was in the midst of these events that the great work of Mrs. Stowe's life began to take definite shape in her mind.

The year 1850 is memorable in the history of the conflict with slavery. It was the year of Clay's compromise measures, as they were called, which sought to satisfy the North by the admission of California as a free State, and to propitiate the South by the notorious "Fugitive Slave Law." The slave power was at its height, and seemed to hold all things under its feet; yet in truth it

had entered upon the last stage of its existence, and the forces were fast gathering for its final overthrow.

EFFECTS OF THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

After the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act, letter after letter was received by Mrs. Stowe, in Brunswick, from Mrs. Edward Beecher and other friends, describing the heart-rending scenes which were the inevitable results of the enforcement of this terrible law. Cities were more available for capturing escaped slaves than the country, and Boston, which claimed the "cradle of liberty," Faneuil Hall, opened her doors to the slave-hunters. The sorrow and anguish caused thereby no pen could describe. Families of colored people were broken up. Some hid in garrets and cellars. Some fled to the wharves and embarked in ships and sailed for Europe. Others went to Canada. One poor fellow, who was doing good business as a crockery merchant, and supporting his family well, when he got notice that his master, whom he had left many years before, was after him, set out for Canada in midwinter on foot, as he did not dare to take a public conveyance. He froze both feet on the journey, and they had to be amputated. Mrs. Edward Beecher, in a letter to Mrs. Stowe's son, writing of this period, says:—

"I had been nourishing an anti-slavery spirit since Lovejoy was murdered for publishing in his paper articles against slavery and intemperance, when our home was in Illinois. These terrible things which were going on in Boston were well calculated to rouse up this spirit. What can I do? I thought. Not much myself, but I know one who can. So I wrote several letters to your mother, telling her of various heart-rending events caused by the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. I remember distinctly saying in one of them, 'Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is.'

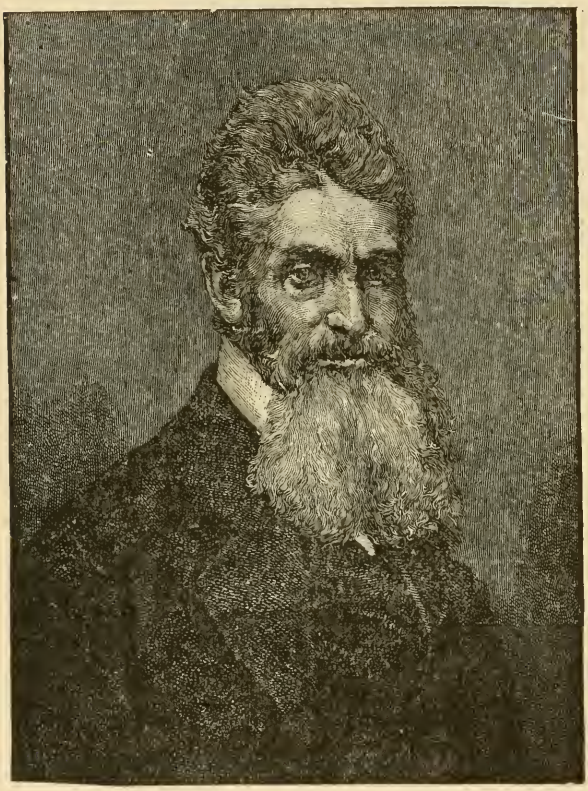
"When we lived in Boston your mother often visited us. . . . Several numbers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' were written in your Uncle Edward's study at these times and read to us from manuscripts."

A member of Mrs. Stowe's family well remembers the scene in the little parlor in Brunswick when the letter alluded to was received. Mrs. Stowe herself read it aloud to the assembled family, and when she came to the passage, "I would write something that would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is," Mrs. Stowe rose from her chair, crushing the letter in her hand, and with an expression on her face that stamped itself on the mind of her child, said: "I *will* write something. I will, if I live."

This was the origin of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Professor Cairnes and others said truly, "The Fugitive Slave Law has been to the slave power a questionable gain. Among its first fruits was 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

It was in the month of February after these words were written that Mrs. Stowe was seated at the communion service in the college church at Brunswick. Suddenly, like the unrolling of a picture, the scene of the death of Uncle Tom

passed before her mind. So strongly was she affected that it was with difficulty she could keep from weeping aloud. Immediately on returning home she took pen and paper and wrote out the vision which had been as it were blown into her mind "as by the rushing of a mighty wind." Gathering her little family about her, she read what she had written. Her two little ones of ten and twelve years of age broke into convulsions of weeping, one of them saying through his sobs, "Oh, mamma! slavery is the most cruel thing in the world." Thus "Uncle Tom" was ushered into the world. It was a cry, an immediate, involuntary expression of deep, impassioned feeling.



JOHN BROWN, WHO WAS HANGED IN 1859 FOR AN ATTEMPT TO LIBERATE THE SLAVES.

Twenty-five years afterward Mrs. Stowe wrote, in a letter to one of her children, of this period of her life: "I well remember the winter you were a baby, and I was writing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' My heart was bursting with the anguish excited by the cruelty and injustice our nation was showing to the slave, and praying God to let me do a little, and to cause my cry for them to be heard. I remember many a night weeping over you as you lay sleeping beside me, and thought of the slave mothers whose babes were torn from them."

The story was begun as a serial in the *National Era*, June 5, 1851, and was announced to run for about three months, but it was not completed in that paper until April 1, 1852. It had been contemplated as a mere magazine tale of perhaps a dozen chapters, but once begun it could no more be controlled than the waters of the swollen Mississippi, bursting through a crevasse in its levees. The intense interest excited by the story, the demands made upon the author for more facts, the unmeasured words of encouragement to keep on in her good work that poured in from all sides, and, above all, the ever-growing conviction that she had been intrusted with a great and holy mission, compelled her to keep on until the humble tale had assumed the proportions of a large volume. Mrs. Stowe repeatedly said, "I could not control the story, it wrote itself;" and, "I the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?

No, indeed. The Lord himself wrote it, and I was but the humblest of instruments in his hand. To him alone should be given all the praise."

For the story as a serial the author received $300. In the meantime, however, it had attracted the attention of Mr. John P. Jewett, a Boston publisher, who promptly made overtures for its publication in book form. He offered Mr. and Mrs. Stowe a half share in the profits, provided they would share with him the expense of publication. This was refused by the Professor, who said he was altogether too poor to assume any such risk; and the agreement finally made was that the author should receive a ten per cent. royalty upon all sales.

SUCCESS OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

In the meantime the fears of the author as to whether or not her book would be read were quickly dispelled. Three thousand copies were sold the very first day, a second edition was issued the following week, a third a few days later; and within a year one hundred and twenty editions, or over three hundred thousand copies, of the book had been issued and sold in this country Almost in a day the poor professor's wife had become the most talked-of woman in the world; her influence for good was spreading to its remotest corners, and henceforth she was to be a public character, whose every movement would be watched with interest, and whose every word would be quoted. The long, weary struggle with poverty was to be hers no longer; for, in seeking to aid the oppressed, she had also so aided herself that within four months from the time her book was published it had yielded her $10,000 in royalties.

The poet Whittier wrote at this time to William Lloyd Garrison :—

"What a glorious work Harriet Beecher Stowe has wrought. Thanks for the Fugitive Slave Law! Better would it be for slavery if that law had never been enacted; for it gave occasion for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

Garrison wrote to Mrs. Stowe :—

"I estimate the value of anti-slavery writing by the abuse it brings. Now all the defenders of slavery have let me alone and are abusing you."

It is true that with congratulatory and commendatory letters came hosts of others, threatening and insulting, from the Haleys and the Legrees of the country. Of them Mrs. Stowe said: "They are so curiously compounded of blasphemy, cruelty, and obscenity that their like could only be expressed by John Bunyan's account of the speech of Apollyon: 'He spake as a dragon.'"

The feeling toward the book in the South is well described in a letter written by Mrs. Stowe to the Earl of Shaftesbury :—

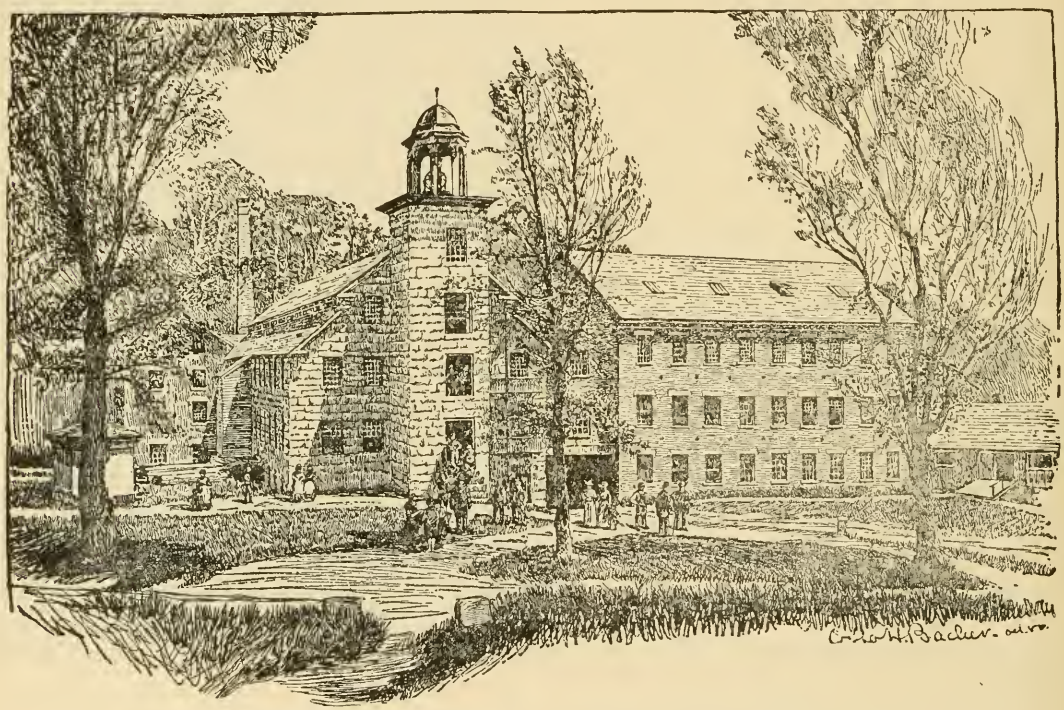
"There is nothing that Southern political leaders and capitalists so dread as anti-slavery feeling among themselves. All the force of lynch law is employed to smother discussion and blind conscience on this question. The question is not allowed to be discussed, and he who sells a book or publishes a tract makes himself liable to fine and imprisonment.

"My book is, therefore, as much under an interdict in some parts of the South as the Bible is in Italy. It is not allowed in the bookstores, and the greater part of the people hear of it and me only through grossly caricatured representations in the papers, with garbled extracts from the book.

"A cousin residing in Georgia this winter says that the prejudice against my name is so strong that she dares not have it appear on the outside of her letters, and that very amiable and excellent people have asked her if such as I could be received into reputable society at the North."

The popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" abroad was as remarkable as its success at home. A statement made by Clarke & Company, who published the first English edition, is as follows :–

"An early copy was sent from America in April to Mr. Bogue, the publisher, and was offered by him to Mr. Gilpin, late of Bishopsgate street. Being declined by Mr. Gilpin, Mr. Bogue offered



A NEW ENGLAND COTTON MILL OF MRS. STOWE'S TIME.

it to Mr. Henry Vizetelly, and by the latter gentleman it was eventually purchased for us. Before printing it, however, as there was one night allowed for decision, one volume was taken home to be read by Mr. Vizetelly, and the other by Mr. Salisbury, the printer, of Bouverie street. The report of the latter gentleman the following morning, to quote his own words, was: 'I sat up till four in the morning reading the book, and the interest I felt in it was expressed one moment by laughter and another by tears. Thinking it might be weakness and not the power of the author that affected me, I resolved to try the effect on my wife (a rather strong-minded woman). I accordingly woke her and read a few chapters to her. Finding that her interest in the story kept her awake, and that she, too, laughed and cried, I settled in my mind that it was a book that ought to, and might with safety, be printed.'

"Mr. Vizetelly's opinion coincided with that of Mr. Salisbury, and to the latter gentleman

it was confided, to be brought out immediately. The week following the book was produced, and one edition of 7000 copies worked off. It made no stir until the middle of June, although we advertised it very extensively. From June it began to make its way, and it sold at the rate of 1000 per week during July. In August the demand became very great, and went on increasing to the 20th, by which time it was perfectly overwhelming. We have now about four hundred people employed in getting out the book, and seventeen printing machines, besides hand presses. Already about 150,000 copies of the book are in the hands of the people, and still the returns of the sales show no decline."

In 1852 Professor Stowe received a call to the professorship of Sacred Literature in Andover Theological Seminary, and the family soon removed to their Massachusetts home. They were now relieved from financial pressure; but Mrs. Stowe's health was still delicate; and in 1853 she went with her husband and brother to England, where she received, much to her surprise, a universal welcome. She made many friends among the most distinguished people in Great Britain, and on the continent as well. On her return she wrote the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," and began "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp." In fact, her literary career was just beginning. With "Uncle Tom's Cabin" her powers seemed only to be fairly awakened. One work after another came in quick succession. For nearly thirty years after the publication of "Uncle Tom," her pen was never idle. In 1854 she published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," and then, in rapid succession, "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Agnes of Sorrento," "House and Home Papers," "Little Foxes," and "Oldtown Folks." These, however, are but a small part of her works. Besides more than thirty books, she has written magazine articles, short stories, and sketches almost without number. She has entertained, instructed, and inspired a generation born long after the last slave was made free, and to whom the great question which once convulsed our country is only a name. But her first great work has never been surpassed, and it will never be forgotten. The evil system which produced the story has long since passed away; but "Uncle Tom" still lives in immortal youth. Our hearts still tremble for Eliza and her child; they exult over George Harris's defense; they burn at the words of St. Clare, and they sink within us at Uncle Tom's death. Who can read unmoved the story of Cassy's life, or of poor Topsy hiding away in her bosom the keepsake of her lost Eva? And what man but can understand the feelings of George Shelby, when, kneeling by the new-made grave of Uncle Tom, he says, "Witness, eternal God, that from this hour I will do what one man can to drive this curse of slavery from my land!"

After the war which accomplished the abolition of slavery, Mrs. Stowe lived in Hartford, Connecticut, in summer, and spent the winters in Florida, where she bought a luxurious home. Her pen was hardly ever idle; and the popularity of her works seemed to steadily increase.

The most noteworthy event of Mrs. Stowe's later years was the celebra-

tion of her seventieth birthday, on June 14, 1882. Her publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., arranged a reception for her in the form of a garden party at the "Old Elms," the home of ex-Governor Claflin of Massachusetts, in one of Boston's most beautiful suburbs. The assembly gathered to do honor to Mrs. Stowe that lovely June afternoon comprised two hundred of the most distinguished and best known among the literary men and women of the day.

As the guests arrived they were presented to Mrs. Stowe by Mr. H. O. Houghton, and then they gathered in groups in the parlors, on the verandas, on the lawn, and in the refreshment room. At five o'clock they assembled in the large tent on the lawn, when Mr. Houghton, as host, addressed to his guest and her friends a few words of congratulation and welcome.

Poems written for the occasion by John G. Whittier, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. Allen (Mrs. Stowe's daughter), Mrs. Annie Fields, and Miss Charlotte F. Bates were also read, and speeches were made by Judge Albion W. Tourgée and others prominent in the literary world.

Letters from many noted people who were prevented from being present were read or placed in Mrs. Stowe's hands. The exercises were closed by a few words from Mrs. Stowe herself. As she came to the front of the platform the whole company rose, and remained standing until she had finished. Her address was brief and simple,—a few words of thanksgiving for the great work wrought by God's hand in the abolition of slavery, and of loving trust that "all things work together for good." "If any of you have doubt, or sorrow, or pain, if you doubt about this world, just remember what God has done; just remember that this great sorrow of slavery has gone, gone by forever. . . . Let us never doubt. Everything that ought to happen is going to happen."

Mrs. Stowe died at her home in Hartford, July 1, 1896.

The last stanza of Whittier's beautiful poem may fittingly close this brief sketch:—

"Ah, dearer than the praise that stirs
The air to-day, our love is hers!
She needs no guaranty of fame
Whose own is linked with Freedom's name.
Long ages after ours shall keep
Her memory living while we sleep;
The waves that wash our gray coast lines,
The winds that rock the Southern pines,
Shall sing of her; the unending years
Shall tell her tale in unborn ears.
And when, with sins and follies past,
Are numbered color-hate and caste,
White, black, and red shall own as one
The noblest work by woman done."

"THE HEAVEN-SENT ANGEL OF MERCY AND PRISON REFORM,"

DOROTHEA DIX.

DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX.

On the eve of July 17th, 1887, an old woman, eighty-five years of age, was laid to rest in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, near Boston, a place dear to all Americans for the distinguished dead who sleep beneath its soil. Here may be seen the monuments of Hawthorne, Thoreau, Longfellow, Lowell Margaret Fuller, and Dorothea Dix. And —may we not say it?—the greatest of these was Dorothea, the teacher, the prison reformer, the hospital nurse, "the heaven-sent angel of mercy" to the insane and the afflicted of every nation—*the combined Florence Nightingale and John Howard of America.*

Dorothea Lynde Dix was born in Hampden, Maine, on the 4th day of April, 1802. Her father, Joseph Dix, was an improvident man, without any permanent home, wandering from place to place. He was almost fanatically religious, and employed his time largely in writing tracts. When Dorothea was twelve years old we find her at Worcester, Mass., stitching these tracts together. She had little opportunity for education, and, galling under the thirst for knowledge, which she found no opportunity for satisfying so long as she remained with her father, this twelve-year-old girl boldly ran away from Worcester, and in some way reached the home of her maternal grandmother, Dorothea Lynde, for whom she was named.

Mrs. Lynde was a very stern woman, but her house afforded food and clothing, if it did not supply that sunshine so necessary to the proper development of childhood. In Boston also had formerly lived her paternal grandfather, who was a prominent physician and had a drug store in South Boston. He was also a manufacturing chemist. He was a man of great public spirit, strong will and energy, and it was from him that Dorothea inherited those qualities

of greatness which often skip the direct son or daughter and find lodgement in the grandchildren. The little girl was much attached to her grandfather, and she declared that she remembered him as the one bright recollection of her childhood, though he died when she was only seven years of age.

At thirteen the girl realized that she must not only take care of herself, but that the support of her mother and two younger brothers, who were then babies of one and three years, was likely to devolve upon her. She therefore studied hard, and at fourteen went back to Worcester, where she taught a school for little children. To make herself look more womanly she changed the garb of a child for the dress of a woman, and her dignified demeanor made her appear several years older than she really was. She afterwards returned to Boston, where at nineteen years of age she opened a school in her grandmother's house, and the prominent families not only from that city but from other cities, even as far away as Portsmouth, N. H., sent their children to her. Here she also brought her two little brothers, for whom she was now providing, as well as for her mother. The sight of the poor and neglected children in the neighborhood often roused the deepest sympathy in the heart of Dorothea for the poor people. She remembered the neglect of her own education in her childhood, and longed to do what she could for these little waifs. She therefore prevailed upon her grandmother to let her open a school in the barn for the poor children, which she taught after the hours of her regular day school were over.

She was now the superintendent of her grandmother's house. She took care of the aged woman, her two brothers and her own mother, and taught the two schools. It is said that she always arose before daylight, and seldom retired until after the clock struck twelve at night. Who would think she had time for other things besides the above-mentioned tasks? Yet during this same period she wrote a book entitled "Conversations on Common Things," which has gone through sixty editions.

It is not strange that under such pressure her health failed, and in 1827, at the age of 25, she was forced to give up her school for awhile. She accepted the lighter duties of a governess for one summer in a country home at Portsmouth, R. I. Here, besides teaching the children of the family, which simple task she regarded a season of rest and pleasure, she studied sea shells and other departments of natural history. She was unable to resume her school duties for the next three or four years, but she was far from idle. During this time she compiled several books of a devotional character. In 1830 she went with the family of Dr. Channing to the West India Islands, where she made collections of tropical plants and birds, some of which she presented to the great naturalist Audubon. In 1831 she reopened her school at the home of her grandmother, where she carried out her own ideas as to education.

In 1836 the health of this indefatigable worker failed again. Her physician recommended a trip abroad, and armed with letters from Dr. Channing she went to Liverpool, where at the house of Mr. and Mrs. William Rathbone, wealthy Unitarians—which was her own faith—she spent a most delightful year, completely regaining her health. During this absence, however, both her mother and grandmother died in America. Her brothers had grown to manhood and become self-supporting, and the property left her by the death of her grandparent was sufficient to make her comfortable through life.

It was in 1841, when thirty-nine years of age, that the real lifework of Dorothea Dix began. She was asked to teach a Sunday-school class of women in the East Cambridge House of Correction. Here she discovered that the women whom she was expected to teach were ill-fed and uncomfortably clothed. She reasoned that it was idle to attempt to teach Christianity to those whose bodies were not cared for. An investigation was made, and it was found that the jail was not only overcrowded and filthy, but that innocent and guilty, sane and insane were all crowded together. The thermometer was below zero; still there was no fire in the jail. The jailer's explanation was that it was not needed and it was not safe.

Duty had too long been the watchword of Dorothea Dix for her to keep silent and do nothing. She at once applied to that noble philanthropist, Dr. S. G. Howe, who made a careful investigation of the matter and wrote a letter to the Boston *Advertiser*. Charles Sumner, too, added his voice. Of course, the statements were denied by those in charge of the jail, but the matter was carried to the courts, and the rooms were soon cleaned and warmed.

Without knowing it, Miss Dix had now begun her lifework at thirty-nine. It was to know little or no cessation for nearly fifty years. Alone and unaided, she determined to see whether the other prisons and almshouses in Massachusetts were like the one in East Cambridge. She was a delicate and sensitive woman, but heroic when there was a duty to be performed. She went over the State carefully, notebook in hand. Another woman, without the authority of town or State, would not have dared perhaps to ask jailers to open doors. She dared, and entered, and observed closely.

When her examinations had been made she wrote her memorial to the State Legislature of Massachusetts, stating concisely and clearly *what she had seen*. "I proceed, gentlemen," she said, "to call your attention to the *present* state of insane persons confined within this Commonwealth in *cages*, *closets*, *cellars*, *stalls*, *pens; chained*, *naked*, *beaten with rods*, and *lashed* into obedience."

When the memorial of Miss Dix was published the State was shocked at the revelation. The almshouse keepers pronounced the incidents "sensational and slanderous lies!" The keepers had visions of near-at-hand struggles to obtain new positions, as many would inevitably lose their places. Some

persons declared that this public work of searching out misdeeds was unbecoming in a woman. Alas! this has been the old argument used since the time of Eve. But gentle yet firm Dorothea Dix went quietly on her way, trusting in God and in the righteousness of her cause. Additional buildings were soon erected for the insane, and many evils remedied.

But Miss Dix was satisfied that if such things were found in the progressive State of Massachusetts, other States needed her keen eyes and fearless heart. Perhaps she shrank from the labor and the unpleasantness. All the same, she went forward.

Rhode Island was her next field for operations. She visited unobtrusively the institutions, and made notes through several months. The stories she tells of misery, suffering, and cruelty were enough to melt a heart of stone. They could hardly be credited now, since her labor has wrought such changes. All over Rhode Island Miss Dix found mismanagement, lack of accommodation and inhumanity, unknown to the public. When one of the leading men of the State presented the memorial which she had prepared, the people were shocked, as they had been in Massachusetts.

What was to be done? The small asylum in the city of Providence needed enlarging. She determined to visit a well-known millionaire and ask his aid. People smiled at her hopeless errand, for Mr. Butler had not been a giver of his wealth. She laid the matter before him, with her almost unsurpassed earnestness and eloquence. He listened, spell-bound, and then said, abruptly, "What do you want me to do?"

"Sir, I want you to give $50,000 toward the enlargement of the insane hospital in this city."

"Madam, I'll do it!" was his answer; and "Butler Hospital" was the result.

New Jersey was the next State visited, and Honorable Joseph S. Dodd presented her memorial. And then, as usual, followed some of her hardest work. As soon as the memorial was published, she began to write editorials for the press and letters to prominent persons, urging them to use their pens and their voices for whatever measure was proposed.

Miss Dix met with all sorts of obstacles. People did not like to be taxed, either for the sane or the insane. Some called her a "Heaven-sent Angel of Mercy," and immediately voted against her bill. Some wished she had never come into their State; but always, when the hard work had been done, and the bill passed, and a noble institution built, then the Legislature and the people always passed a vote of thanks, and believed, as she herself believed, "that she was called by Providence to the vocation to which life, talents and fortune have been surrendered these many years."

While working in New Jersey she had also been laboring in Pennsylvania,

and in 1845 bills for State insane asylums were carried in each State. Besides work in these two States, she visited the State prisons of Louisiana at Baton Rouge, of Mississippi at Jackson, of Arkansas at Little Rock, of Missouri at Jefferson City, and of Illinois at Alton. During the three years ending with 1845 Miss Dix travelled, in her arduous labors of love, over ten thousand miles.

In many other States—North Carolina, Mississippi, Tennessee, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland—she accomplished much. She knew no such word as failure. When told, "Nothing can be done here!" she replied, "I know no such word in the vocabulary I adopt." She used to say, "The tonic I need is the tonic of opposition. That always sets me on my feet." And she had that peculiar tonic administered in large quantity through life.

She was consulted about proper sites for asylums, methods of building, the right persons to be placed in charge and a thousand matters that taxed heart and brain. She was always collecting from the many homes where she found a warm welcome, such things as music-boxes, minerals, puzzles, birds' nests, flowers, toys, with which to amuse the poor insane creatures whom she had seen shut up alone and in darkness.

What wonder that the people looked upon her as an angel of mercy! Dr. Francis Lieber wrote from Columbia, S. C., to George S. Hillard, of Boston: "What a heroine she is! May God protect her! Over the whole breadth and length of the land are her footsteps, and where she steps flowers of the richest odor of humanity are sprouting and blooming as on an angel's path. I have the highest veneration for her heart, and will, and head."

She did not confine her work to asylums and prisons, but wherever there was suffering and want there she was at home. As early as 1848 she had endeavored to obtain from Congress a grant of five million acres of land, the proceeds of the sale to be a perpetual fund for the care of the indigent insane, to be divided among the States according to population. In her memorial to Congress she said: "I have myself seen *more than nine thousand idiots, epileptics and insane in these United States, destitute of appropriate care and protection.*" By the courtesy of Congress, an alcove in the Capitol Library was set apart for Miss Dix, where she could converse with the members. The bill was deferred that session, from press of other matters.

In 1850 she appealed again to Congress, this time for 12,225,000 acres, ten millions of which should be used for the benefit of the insane, and the rest for the blind, and deaf and dumb. She went to the Capitol Library and worked daily as before. She rose at four or five in the morning, spent an hour in private devotions, to strengthen her for her work, wrote letters on her varied work all over the country, and at ten o'clock was ready to meet and talk with the members about her beloved project. The bill was again deferred, after

passing in the House, and 1851 saw her a third time at her post of duty, working and waiting.

This year it passed in the Senate, but was deferred before the House. Two years later, in 1854, she saw her 12,225,000-acre bill carried triumphantly through the House and the Senate, both Democratic. She was of course enthusiastic and thankful. But President Franklin Pierce, who had assured her personally of his deep interest in the measure, to the astonishment of Miss Dix as well as of all her co-workers all over the country, *vetoed the bill*, declaring that he did so from constitutional reasons, as also from expediency. For the first time in her life Miss Dix was prostrated by the unexpected disappointment, after six years of labor, since 1848. It seemed necessary for her to go abroad if her life was to be prolonged.

She sailed in September, 1854, in the "Arctic," which on the return trip went down with all on board. Mr. E. K. Collins, the chief owner of the line, declined any passage money from Miss Dix, saying with emotion when she thanked him, "The nation, madam, owes you a debt of gratitude which it can never repay, and of which I, as an individual, am only too happy to be thus privileged to mark my sense."

Miss Dix rested for some weeks with her friends, the Rathbones, in Liverpool, and then started for Scotland to look into the asylums and hospitals of that country. She found what Lord Shaftesbury had found—no provision for *pauper* lunatics. When this matter was brought before the country, petitions poured in against taxing the land for the insane poor. If rich they were cared for in private hospitals; if poor they languished in almshouses, prisons, or police stations.

Miss Dix, ill though she was, went about the work in earnest. She visited the workhouses and private dwellings where the idiots and lunatics were stowed away, and, finding many abuses to be corrected, she determined to ask the Home Secretary, Sir George Grey, in London, for a committee of investigation.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh learning of her determination, and opposing it, also hastened to London, hoping to meet the Home Secretary before she did. "The Lord Provost stopped to have his trunk packed," says Mr. Tiffany, "and to journey comfortably by day. Miss Dix grasped a hand-bag and boarded the night train." She was twelve hours ahead of the Lord Provost, met the Home Secretary, by the aid of the noble Shaftesbury, the commission was appointed, and the report was made to Parliament in 1857.

Of course the country was shocked. The member for Aberdeen characterized the report of the commissioners as "one of the most horrifying documents he had ever seen. It was a state of things which they could not before have believed to prevail in any civilized country, much less in this country, which made peculiar claims to civilization, and boasted of its religious and humane

principles. . . . Distressing as were the cases which he had mentioned, there were others ten times worse remaining behind—so horrible, indeed, that he durst not venture to shock the feelings of the House by relating them."

Sir George Grey deplored, in the House of Commons, that the bringing about of this needed reform should have been left to a "foreigner, and that foreigner a woman, and that woman a dissenter." But the reforms were made, and she received thanks and praise from the physician of the Queen for the improvements she wrought. Thence she visited France, where the prisons, asylums, and hospitals were thrown open to her without exception.

Next she visited Italy. In Genoa, Turin, Naples, Florence, and Rome she gave no time to art, but all her time to the suffering. Pope Pius IX. granted her audience, and at her request drove unannounced to the insane asylum and made a personal inspection. Cardinal Antonelli entered heartily into her plans. From the island of Corfu she wrote to a friend: "You will not be more surprised than I am that I find travelling *alone* perfectly easy. I get into all the hospitals and all the prisons I have time to see or strength to explore. I take no refusals, and yet I speak neither Italian, German, Greek, nor Slavonic."

In Greece and Turkey it was always the same kind reception, the same Godspeed to a noble woman who was living to benefit the world. From Constantinople she went to Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, always on the one errand of mercy. She returned to America in September, 1856, after an absence of two years, and resumed the work of caring for her various institutions, as though she had been away from school for a brief vacation. She raised money for her work, asking in the various States for more than a third of a million dollars! She was glad of the work to do; "otherwise," she said in 1861, "the state of our beloved country would crush my heart and life."

The Civil War came with that first gun fired by the Confederates at Fort Sumter at daybreak, April 12, 1861. Three days later President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers for three months' service. Among the first to respond was the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, some of them lads under twenty—the first full regiment to enter the war. The Sixth Regiment, in passing through Baltimore on its way to Washington, was stoned and insulted by a vast mob, and several were killed.

Only three hours after this bloodshed in Baltimore Miss Dix reached that city, and with difficulty took the last train which was permitted to leave for Washington. Again the work was ready for her, and she was ready for the work. At once she reported herself, with some nurses, at the War Department for free service in the hospitals. She was immediately appointed by Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, "Superintendent of Women Nurses, to select and assign women nurses to general or permanent military hospitals,

they *not* to be employed in such hospitals without her sanction and approval, except in cases of urgent need."

She had entered upon a work herculean in its proportions. She had thousands of women to superintend, the generous gifts of a great nation to help distribute, the sick and dying to befriend, and many factions to conciliate. What wonder that the frail woman of sixty did not always agree with the surgeons! What wonder if she sometimes seemed arbitrary and severe!

"Her whole soul was in her work," says Mrs. Livermore. "She rented two large houses as depots for the sanitary supplies sent to her care, and houses of rest and refreshment for nurses and convalescent soldiers. She employed two secretaries, owned ambulances, and kept them busily employed, printed and distributed circulars, went hither and thither from one remote point to another in her visitations of hospitals, adjusted disputes, settled difficulties where her nurses were concerned, undertook long journeys by land and by water, and paid all expenses incurred from her private purse. Her fortune, time and strength were laid on the altar of her country in its hour of trial."

DOROTHEA DIX, SUPERINTENDENT OF ALL THE WOMEN ARMY HOSPITAL NURSES.

"Her services were rendered without compensation, and during the whole four years she would not take one day's vacation."

During the long four years of the war she never took a day's vacation. She had to be reminded often to take her meals, so completely was her mind absorbed by her work. What a pity that she did not keep a record of some of the heroic and pathetic incidents of which those days were full, as she ministered to the soldiers—incidents that are the only bright gleams amid all the dark shadows of war!

When the war was over, the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, who had then become Secretary of War, asked her how the nation could best show her its appreciation of her invaluable services—either by a great public meeting or a vote of money by Congress. She declined both absolutely, but said, "I would

like the flags of my country." A beautiful pair of flags were made for her by the direction of the Government, and sent to her, "In token and acknowledgment of the inestimable services rendered by Miss Dorothea L. Dix for the Care, Succor and Relief of the Sick and Wounded Soldiers of the United States on the Battle-field, in Camps and Hospitals, during the recent war, and of her benevolent and diligent labors and devoted efforts to do whatever might contribute to their comfort and welfare." These national colors were bequeathed by Miss Dix to Harvard College, and are now suspended over the main portal of Memorial Hall, dedicated to the sons of Harvard who gave their lives for their country.

At the close of the war, for eighteen months, Miss Dix carried on a very large correspondence with the families of the soldiers who had died or become invalids under her charge, and obtained pensions for them, or assisted in various ways. She became responsible for the erection of the monument at the National Cemetery at Hampton, Va., near Fortress Monroe, where twelve thousand Union soldiers are buried.

"I had especial direction over most of these, martyred to a sacred cause," Miss Dix wrote a friend; "and never forgot the countless last messages of hundreds of dying men to fathers, mothers, wives and children. By her personal efforts, for the monument fund, she raised eight thousand dollars among her friends, visited the quarries of Maine and selected the granite, and wrote General Grant for "one thousand muskets and bayonets, fifteen rifled guns and a quantity of twenty-four-pound shot," for a fence, which he at once granted. The monument is seventy-five feet high, on a base of twenty-seven feet square, inclosed by a circular fence, with the muskets and cannon set in blocks of stone. On it are the words: "In Memory of Union Soldiers who Died to Maintain the Laws."

At sixty-five she took up again her work for the insane. For fifteen years, gently but efficiently she did her manifold work for humanity. At eighty, a home having been urgently tendered her at the asylum in Trenton, N. J., the first one which she had caused to be built in America, she accepted the offer, and there ended her days.

Precious letters came to Miss Dix in the asylum from all over the country. Whittier wrote from Oak Knoll, Danvers: "Thou hast done so much for others, that it is right for thee now, in age and illness, to be kindly ministered to. He who has led thee in thy great work of benevolence will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

General S. C. Armstrong wrote her: "You are one of my heroes. My ideal is not one who gives the flush and strength of youth to good work, for who can help doing so when a chance opens? . . . But you kept in the field long past your best days. Your grit and resolve have been wonderful."

SLAVERY'S ENEMY AND FREEDOM'S FRIEND,

LUCRETIA MOTT.

LUCRETIA MOTT.

"The Flower of Quakerism," "The Advance Agent of Emancipation," "The Invincible Warrior in Righteous Causes," "The Sweet-spirited Advocate of Justice, Love and Humanity." Such are some of the definitions the world has set opposite the name of Lucretia Mott in the dictionary of fame.

It was on the little island of Nantucket, on the 3d day of January, 1793, that Lucretia Coffin first saw the light. She came of a race "ennobled," as Ruskin says, "by purity of moral habit for many generations." Of her parents, Thomas and Anna Coffin, it may be said that they lived not only without reproach, but in perfect innocence and uprightness. Her mother was a woman of noble character and remarkable energy. Upon her the earlier training of her children mainly depended, for her husband, Thomas Coffin, was a seafaring man, engaged in the whaling and sealing fisheries, and was, consequently, at home only for brief intervals.

Lucretia Mott lived on the island of Nantucket until she was eleven years old. At that time, after returning from a perilous voyage, her father removed to Boston and settled in business. Lucretia and her younger sister, whom her father called "the desirable little Elizabeth," entered school, and at length they were sent to a Friends' boarding-school in New York, where they remained for three years. At the end of two years, and at the age of sixteen, Lucretia accepted the position of teacher in this school. Her future husband, James Mott, was also a tutor in the same institution. The work of teaching, in addition to her studies, sorely taxed the delicate girl, but it is said she undertook it to help her father and that her younger sister, Elizabeth, might have free tuition.

No true sketch could be made of Mrs. Mott without mention of this beloved sister, toward whom, through life, she preserved an unalterable affec-

LUCRETIA MOTT PROTECTING THE NEGRO DANGERFIELD FROM THE MOB IN PHILADELPHIA.

tion. For seventy years the two sisters, both singularly happy in their own domestic relations, met almost daily. Elizabeth was of a shy, retiring disposition, but of an unusual clearness of judgment and subtle power of personal influence. She could never come prominently before the public herself, but it is said that Lucretia, in everything she did, sought and generally followed her counsel. In 1809 the Coffin family removed to Philadelphia, and two years later, when Lucretia was eighteen, she became the wife of James Mott and settled in Philadelphia, which ever afterward remained her home.

Professor Mott had now given up his school and engaged in the cotton business, in which he was very prosperous, but the agitation in the Society of Friends over the slavery question went so far as to recommend cessation of the use of any goods or materials produced by slave labor. As a result, James Mott gave up the cotton business. Other difficulties beset the young couple. The War of 1812 was in progress. The Embargo Act, prohibiting trade with England, was enforced, and a great depression of trade resulted.

It seemed impossible for Mr. Mott to make a living. To add to the greater stress, Lucretia's father died, and her mother was left a widow with five children to support. Lucretia, ever cheerful and undaunted, returned to her old vocation of teaching, and in this way managed to support, not only her own family for awhile, but to supplement her mother's efforts. Let us add here that later in life Mr. Mott went into the wool business, from which he amassed a handsome fortune.

In 1818, at the age of twenty-five, Lucretia Mott took her place as a preacher in the Society of Friends, and in this call she declared the most sacred obligation laid upon her heart was to plead the cause of the slaves, and, to use her own expression, "to put my soul in their souls' stead, and to aid all in my power in every right effort for their emancipation." She thus tells her own story of her call, or impression, to preach: "At twenty-five years of age, surrounded by a little family and many cares, I felt called to a more public life of devotion to duty, and engaged in the ministry of our Society, receiving every encouragement from those in authority, until a separation among us in 1827, when my convictions led me to adhere to the sufficiency of the light within us, resting on truth as an authority, rather than taking authority for truth." (In this she refers to the secession of Elias Hicks and his followers from the Society of Friends, when she adhered to the "Hicksite" party.) "The popular doctrine of human depravity never recommended itself to my reason or conscience. I searched the Scriptures daily, finding a construction of the text wholly different from that which was pressed upon our acceptance. The highest evidence of a sound faith being the practical life of a Christian, I have felt a far greater interest in the moral movements of our age than in any theological discussions."

Mrs. Mott's preaching was essentially the doctrine of liberty; first, liberty of body, liberty of thought, liberty of soul, liberty from the demon drink, and, finally, liberty of the ballot in the hands of woman, which she believed was her just right.

The liberty of the body was her first task. Slavery existed in all the Colonies, even the Quakers themselves at one time owning slaves. It was engrafted into our Constitution. The Southern States are not responsible for its existence. It was Yankee enterprise, hardly more than a dozen years after the Dutch landed their first black slaves on the American continent, that built the first American slave ship, manned it and sailed it from a port in Massachusetts. This was more than a hundred years before American independence was declared and the Constitution of the United States was adopted. But in 1774 the Society of Friends made it unlawful for any member of their denomination to own slaves, and every good Quaker freed them. As time went on this little leaven spread. Changes of opinion came rapidly in the sections where the Quaker influence was felt; but during the first fifteen years of the Union the slave States made gigantic strides toward power, and the antislavery (Quaker) sentiment rapidly drove slavery from the North. Thus were the sections divided, and thus were the seeds of the great war planted which half a century later deluged the land in blood.

During all the period between 1833, when the Antislavery Society was formed in Philadelphia, and 1860, hardly a day passed without some effective effort on the part of Lucretia Mott to help forward the cause of freedom. She sheltered and aided fugitive slaves; she helped and befriended free colored people, and bore unceasing testimony against that hostile prejudice shown toward them, which she declared was the peculiar sin of the North; she travelled from place to place preaching the doctrine of emancipation, and few, it is said, that ever heard her can lose the memory of her face, full of sweet solemnity, her grave tranquillity of manner, and the singularly full and musical tone of her voice. Her discourses were usually of the most direct and simple character, though here and there came a sentence of poetic force and beauty which suddenly illuminated the theme like a flash of light.

But there was trouble from another quarter least to be expected, and most depressing. Even persons of her own religious sect (the Quakers) had refused to recognize her in the street, which, to use her own measured expression, "had caused her considerable pain." But her calm and gentle manner was never ruffled, and words of complaint rarely passed her lips. It was remarkable that when she once began to speak her most insolent opposers seldom deigned to interrupt her. She possessed such a simplicity and unworldliness, together with a natural dignity of manner and gentleness, that it gave an irresistible charm to her presence. Even those most prejudiced against the opinions she represented were, on meeting her, amazed and subdued.

When Daniel Dangerfield, a fugitive slave, was tried in Philadelphia, Mrs. Mott's son-in-law, a lawyer, defended him. The trial was a long one, lasting all day and all night until the dawning of the morning, when the Court adjourned only for a few hours' recess, resuming at ten o'clock and continuing throughout the second day. During all this trial Lucretia Mott sat by the side of the prisoner. When the trial was ended Dangerfield was set at liberty, and Mrs. Mott walked out of the court-room and through the mob which threatened to lynch him, her hand on the colored man's arm, and that little hand was a sure protector, for no one dared to touch him. Afterward the attorney for the Southern master approached Mrs. Mott's son-in-law, the advocate on the other side, and said: "I have heard a great deal of your mother-in law, but I never saw her before this trial. She is an angel."

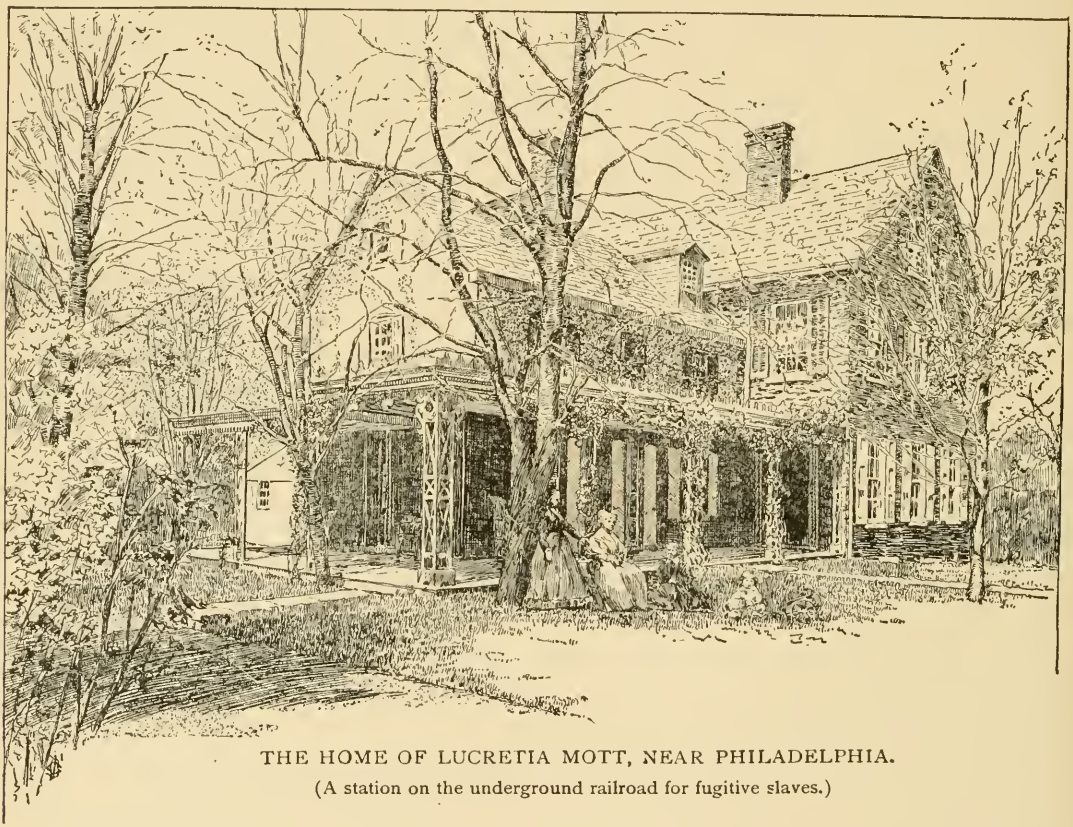
In the forming of the National Anti-slavery Society in 1833, Mrs. Mott was with Garrison and Whittier and other noted Abolitionists on the floor of the Convention, and offered many suggestions in forming the written principles of the organization, "all of which," says Mr. Wilson, a member of the Convention, "were made with such clearness and precision that they were readily assented to."

In 1840 the World's Antislavery Convention was held in London. Mrs. Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton were delegates, appointed to represent the Abolitionists of the United States. They were not admitted to places in the Convention because they were women. The dignity of man had not yet condescended so far as to admit woman to sit, even in the cause of humanity, in his council-chamber. They were, however, voted seats of honor in the hall, where they could hear, and, by button-holing the lords of creation, counsel such things as they might. They were treated with the utmost consideration by the *elite* of London. They were fêted and dined, as if by these courtesies it was sought to heal whatever affront they might have felt at being denied their rightful places on the floor of the Convention.

But the thorn had not only pierced the womanly hearts of Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Stanton; it had sunk into their keen intellects and set them thinking. The Quakers had permitted Mrs. Mott to preach. She was the most popular preacher in their denomination, perhaps, at her time. People of all denominations, who despised the sect to which she adhered, came many miles and thronged the audience halls to hear the great Quaker preacher. Why should not woman be permitted to lift her voice and vote in the convention hall where delegates assembled in the cause of humanity? Yes, why should not woman, with an intellect, if not always equal in strength, at least universally regarded as more subtle and possessed of a keener intuition, be permitted to take her place by the side of man in the affairs of the world? Out of this incident and in this thought the woman's suffrage movement was born. Mrs. Mott and Mrs.

Stanton there decided to call a convention at some future time, in America, for the advocacy of woman's right to participate in the political affairs of the nation, and this resolve they carried out.

The first Woman's Rights Convention was called in Seneca Falls, New York, in July, 1848. James Mott, the husband of Lucretia, presided, and thus the woman's suffrage movement was begun. To this cause and to the cause of temperance and work of reform generally the remaining years of Mrs. Mott's life were devoted.



THE HOME OF LUCRETIA MOTT, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.
(A station on the underground railroad for fugitive slaves.)

It is a happy thought that Lucretia Mott, like Garrison, Wendell Phillips and John G. Whittier, lived to see the triumph of the cause of emancipation, to which they devoted their lives, and to witness also a complete reversion of popular feeling toward herself as an Abolitionist that brought with it a general recognition of her claim to admiration and esteem. Her latter days were days of peace.

Her old age had that accompaniment which is so beautiful—"honor, love, confidence, troops of friends."

We might have told many incidents of her visit abroad in the memorable year of 1840, when she preached in the largest halls and churches of England,

and of her experiences in antislavery meetings and lectures, even in slavery States, where Southern chivalry made it less dangerous than in many Northern localities; of how even a Quaker physician refused to prescribe for her on one occasion because she was not what he called "orthodox in the true faith," etc. But to those who would study her life in its details we take pleasure in recommending the book written by her granddaughter, Mrs. Anna Hallowell, published in 1884.

Mrs. Mott was a great reader, a great thinker and a great preacher, but a poor writer. In fact, she has written nothing worthy of being called literature. "Her proper study," says her biographer, "was mankind, seen face to face."

Physically, Lucretia Mott was a woman of very small stature, for she never weighed ninety pounds, and her weight was often less than that the last years of her life. But this little woman, like the "Little Corporal," was a host within herself. Her head was a model in its well-balanced proportions and of large size.

Perhaps her greatness was also largely due to her husband. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, the poetess and lecturer, says: "From their marriage, in 1811, to the death of James Mott, in 1868, nothing ever came between the hearts of these two. Of them it might fitly be said: 'They were they whom God had joined together for a noble purpose.'" Continuing, Mrs. Smith says: "I visited their home in Philadelphia in 1855. It was a beautiful household, composed of the sons and daughters and their wives and their husbands. They had lived thus as one family for eight years, and Lucretia remarked to me: 'The first disagreeable word has not been spoken.' It was a bright, cheery household, quite gay for Friends, with tasteful, elegant dressing and pleasant music. I was more than once in the family receptions, where Lucretia, knitting work in hand, moved about with an apt remark here and a word and a smile there, eliciting the best abilities of her guests and putting all upon an easy footing. She took me several times to ride with her, and charmed me by her elevated poetic cast of mind and conversation. She was alive to all the beauty of scenery, and often ready with some sweet poetic extract garnered away in her retentive memory."

It was in this home that Lucretia Mott died on November 11th, 1880. The old house near Philadelphia is still pointed out as a landmark to sightseers who visit this city.

THE HEROIC MOTHER OF JAMES A. GARFIELD,

ELIZA BALLOU.

"The history of a brave, domestic mother will be written in the lives of her children, if nowhere else."—SHEPPARD.

THE BOY JAMES GARFIELD BRINGING HIS FIRST DAY'S EARNINGS TO HIS MOTHER.

WHEN Lincoln was splitting rails in Indiana and Illinois, the woods of Ohio rang with the echoes of another axe and mall. The blows were not so resonant of strength and the staccatos of the strokes were not so pointed and exact as those which sounded in the forests of Illinois, for they were administered by weaker hands. They were the hands of a woman, and that woman was the mother of James A. Garfield.

Yes, the mother of the future President, while he toddled in helpless infancy around the lowly log cabin, split the rails to fence his father's grave, which lay unprotected in the wheat field he had cleared the year before.

Amid all the stories of heroism with which history has adorned the pages of time, we might look in vain for a braver, truer heroine than Eliza, this young widow, who battled with the wilderness and conquered. It is little wonder that the sons of such women become rulers and heroes. They are born with the kingly principle which quails before no difficulty and acknowledges no defeat.

Abram Garfield, the father of the President, was a man of noble principles and great strength of character. Under fairer circumstances he might have

made a notable career, but the hardships of his frontier life and the care of his little family drove all thought of personal advancement from his mind. He worked day and night to make them a home in the wilderness. Both father and mother came from the East. They had known each other from childhood, and they removed from New York to Ohio in the frontier days of that State.

The little home they occupied was a log cabin, eighteen by twenty feet, containing but one room, in which the family must eat, sleep, cook, spin, weave, and receive their company. All the furniture in it, as the house had been, was manufactured by the husband, and the young wife was proud of it, as she was of him, and he was too truly noble to think of anything aside from the happiness of that young wife who had come to cheer his pioneer home.

They were young, honest, and contented. The future was before them, good health blessed them; they were the world to each other, and together they hoped to make "the wilderness to blossom as the rose." At morning the husband went away with his axe on his shoulder or followed his plough, whistling and singing from his happy heart.

Children came in this humble cottage, and at night the scenes described by Burns in "Cotter's Saturday Night," save for the grown-up children in the Scottish picture, might have found its counterpart in this happy, humble home in Ohio.

One day Mr. Garfield came home from his labor, ill, and in a few days he died, at the early age of thirty-three.

It was a sad funeral. The scattered neighbors for many miles around gathered in, and they made a rude plank coffin, in which they put the body of the husband (and the heart of his widow). They bore him to the new wheat field near the house, which as yet remained unfenced, and laid him down to his last sleep.

Picture this young mother, with her four fatherless children, in that cabin in the wilderness, if you can, when the last kind neighbor had gone that night, and with the darkness came the sense of her loss and responsibility. The farm was encumbered by debt; there was no money to provide the barest necessities of life. "Sell your little farm, pay the debts, take the balance of the money to carry you and your children back to your people in the East," counselled a neighbor. "Go away and leave my husband's body in the wheat field here? Never! I can't do that." Her spirit revived, all her energy was aroused, and her resolution was formed from that hour. She would stay by the sacred spot, and her children should grow up in sight of his grave.

Her oldest son, then ten years of age, said: "I can plant and plough, mother; I can cut wood and milk cows. I want to stay here, and I'll work real hard to help you." He kept his word. He was her counsellor and her assistant, and together they made the living and inspired the other members of

the household as they grew up with their noble example. With her own hands Eliza Garfield split the rails and fenced the new wheat field in which her husband slept, and the plowing and the planting she and her son carried on with zeal and energy.

But before the harvest came her scanty supply of food was fast failing, and there was no money to buy more. She determined to avoid adding to her present debt, and, without letting the children know it, she put them on a daily allowance, and when she found the provisions would not last until harvest time for them all, she denied herself a portion, by living first upon two and then upon one meal a day. All this time she worked in the field, taxing her strength to the utmost to save her children from want. The deep lines that this starvation, care and anxiety wrought upon her face in the early days of her widowhood were never effaced. They were honorable scars, won in a noble warfare.

At last the harvest came, and the grateful mother rejoiced, for it was an abundant crowning of her labors. Fresh vegetables were plentiful, and her small garners were filled with grain. The dangers were past and the household was saved. Her eldest son was now a boy of eleven years of age, and his two sisters were next him in age. James, the youngest, was three years old, and was the idol of his brothers and sisters. The character of this eldest brother was noble and unselfish. As a child he took upon himself the cares of a man, and he never laid them down until his mother was above want. He hired himself out to do farm work for a neighbor at $12 a month, and with his first week's wages he bought his little brother the first pair of shoes which the child, then four years of age, ever had. He likewise paid a part of the cost of James's schooling. The eldest sister, to enable this pet brother to go so far to school, carried him on her back, and the wise mother worked for all and provided for them as comfortably as she could.

Had the father lived his children would, no doubt, have had a less toilsome and perhaps a happier childhood, but they would not have been more wisely instructed than they were.

Mrs. Garfield was, like Mary Washington and the mothers of Lincoln and Stonewall Jackson, intensely religious. Her ancestors were Huguenots. One of them, Maturin Ballou, was a preacher in Rhode Island in Colonial times. He built the old church which still stands in the town of Cumberland, R. I., and is known as "Elder Ballou's Meeting House." The sons of many generations which succeeded him before we come to Eliza Ballou, the mother of Garfield, were preachers. One of them, Hosea Ballou, was the founder of Universalism in the United States. Hence, we see that Mrs. Garfield belonged to a family noted for executive ability, perseverance, ambition, fortitude, and unyielding courage. Therefore it is not strange that she was able to face such adversity as met her in the prime of her womanhood, and that she overcame it in the end.

THE AGED MOTHER OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Mrs. Garfield was a devout member of the Society of Disciples, and she instructed her children systematically in Bible study. The Sabbath day she kept holy, and she invariably read the Bible and explained to her youthful audience what was not apprehended by them. Her Bible teaching took the place of church service, for there was no church near enough for them to attend. On week-days she read four chapters regularly, and the family circle discussed the histories of Moses, Isaiah, and Paul as they sat at meals or gathered about the evening fire.

She was a pioneer reformer, and her children were zealously taught temperance, love of liberty, and loyalty to their Government.

It was the widow Garfield who from her scanty acres gave the land to build a school-house, in order that her children and those of her neighbors might have the benefit of schooling all the year round. She it was who proposed the erection of the school-house, and who urged and encouraged the idea until it was successfully carried out. Her brother-in-law was a member of the Church of the Disciples, and he organized a congregation in the school-house, where the merits of the Disciples as a sect were discussed, and where the controverted religious questions of the day were carefully considered.

Her eldest son left her to accept work in the clearings of Michigan, and James, the future President, took his place on the farm. In addition to his daily work he learned the carpenter's trade sufficiently to earn a dollar a day while yet a boy. The first day's pay he took home to his mother and poured out the pennies into her lap. He was barefooted, and clad in jean trousers of her manufacture, but in his heart he was the happiest of boys, and his mother felt that she was the mother of a "Great Heart." The eldest son had set this example to the younger brother, for his six months' earning for cutting wood in the wilderness he took to his mother and gave her to build a house. Not a thought of themselves had these boys; only for their mother they toiled, and the children were fathers to the men, for in all the years of their lives they considered her first, themselves last. They loved her because she was worthy of their love, and they made sacrifices for her sake because she had made them freely for their sakes. They worked away from home, and as the years passed on they both went from home to live, but "mother" was the loadstar in all times and places. She lived to see her two daughters settled in life, her eldest son a highly respected citizen, and her youngest son to pass from college to the church, to the halls of legislation, and to the army. He was spared to return to her after the war, and was sent to Congress. When he was nominated for the Presidency in 1880, at the Chicago Republican Convention, Mrs. Garfield came into greater prominence, and her brave life was a familiar story in all parts of the country.

At his inauguration in Washington on the 4th of March, 1881, which at-

tracted thousands of people to the Capital, Mrs. Garfield was a participator. She rode with her daughter-in-law to the Capitol, and sat during the ceremonies of the inauguration beside Mrs. Garfield. When the oath of office had been administered, and President Garfield had reverently kissed the Bible and sealed his compact with the nation to rightly administer its laws for the term for which he was chosen, when thousands of eyes rested upon him to see the next act in the drama being enacted, in the presence of the foreign dignitaries and leading men of the country, he turned to his aged mother, who had been unconsciously weeping during the delivery of his address, and kissed her; then he kissed his wife—the two persons of all the world most interested with him in the events they had witnessed. The act, the most unexpected at that moment, called forth cheers from the multitude who witnessed it, and the one incident of the inauguration the most impressed upon all who saw it was the tribute paid his mother and wife by the President. Wherever the soldiers wandered in Washington during that day, wherever the news was flashed over the wires to the distant sections of our own country or to foreign lands, was heard this sentence: "The President kissed his mother."

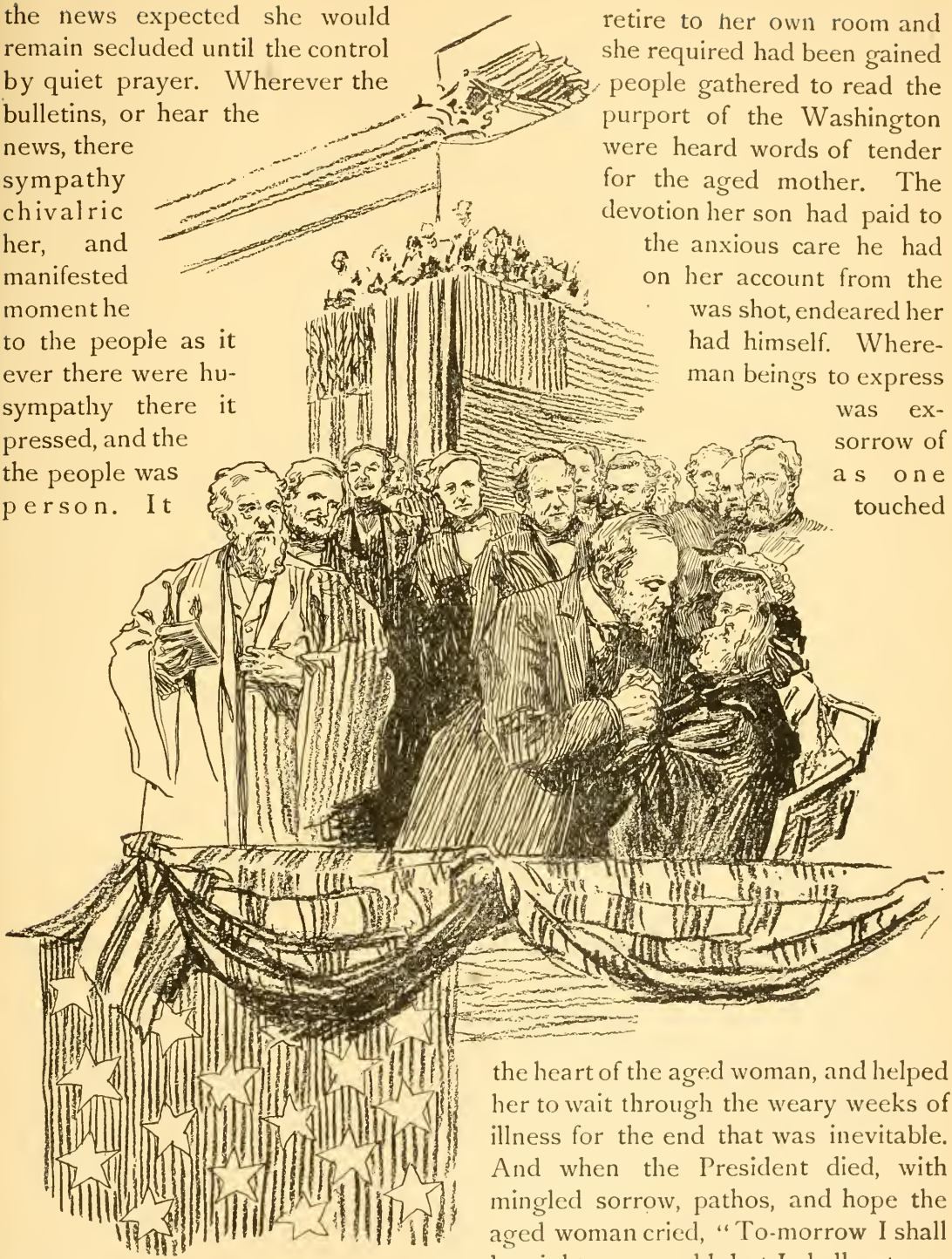
Widow Garfield was welcomed to the White House by the nation. The first mother of a President who had ever occupied the Presidential Mansion with her son, she was looked upon as the only guest of the kind the country had ever known, and she was the most popular woman in the land immediately. All the incidents of her widowed life in Ohio were told and retold in the newspapers, and "Mother Garfield" was of more interest, if not more importance, than her son.

The world knows true merit when it is before it, and it delights to recognize it. Not a dissenting voice objected to the plaudits uttered in praise of the noble woman who had become a representative mother, to sit in the house of the Presidents and share the honors of high place with her children. The press of the country hardly had done with their reiterated praise of her when one morning in July, as she sat at the house of her daughter in Ohio, whither she had gone to spend the summer, word was brought her that her son was shot.

When she realized the import of what her daughter was trying to tell her, in the gentlest manner possible, she exclaimed suddenly, "The Lord help me!" Then as the telegrams were read her, and she knew all, her only remark was, "How could anybody be so cold-hearted as to want to kill my baby?" Then, rallying forces which had been almost broken, she uttered the calmer words of trust, "God will help me through."

The man at the head of the nation was still his mother's baby, the youngest of her children, and she was growing old. Without the slightest traces of excitement in her manner she waited for the news that was sent to her constantly of the President's condition, and when there was no strength left to meet

the news expected she would retire to her own room and remain secluded until the control she required had been gained by quiet prayer. Wherever the people gathered to read the bulletins, or hear the purport of the Washington news, there were heard words of tender sympathy for the aged mother. The chivalric devotion her son had paid to her, and the anxious care he had manifested on her account from the moment he was shot, endeared her to the people as it had himself. Where-ever there were human beings to express sympathy there it was ex-pressed, and the sorrow of the people was as one person. It touched



WHEN GARFIELD TOOK THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HE TURNED AND KISSED HIS AGED MOTHER.

the heart of the aged woman, and helped her to wait through the weary weeks of illness for the end that was inevitable. And when the President died, with mingled sorrow, pathos, and hope the aged woman cried, "To-morrow I shall be eighty years old, but I shall not see the beginning of another year. James has gone, and I shall not be long after

him." But the paroxysms were soon conquered, and she manifested again the heroic courage which marked her whole life.

She went to Cleveland to meet the funeral cortege, and was there joined by her eldest son, who, as in the days of his youth, threw the loving arm of protection around her to soothe her. It is remarkable that she did not sink under the strain put upon her. The death of her son under any circumstances would have deeply affected her, and the added excitement and sorrow of the people were enough to prostrate her. There were in Cleveland the day she reached there thousands of people who had gone from all parts of the country to attend the funeral. The sympathy of the public and the presence of so many mourners were enough to weaken her to prostration. But she quietly assured those about her of her intention to follow her son's remains to the grave, and as she walked beside the grief-stricken widow she seemed as firm as she. The funeral ceremonies were the most imposing ever witnessed in this country, and the old mother noted the mourning emblems everywhere present as she rode along the streets to the park where the obsequies were held. Mrs. Garfield had not seen the President since she left Washington, a few weeks after the inauguration, when she parted with him in the height of health and happiness. Now she was sitting beside the coffin which held all that remained of him. The thought was too much to bear composedly, and, impelled by the irrepressible yearning of her mother's heart, she arose and walked to the head of the casket, where she covered her face in her hands and stood bowed in grief. The thousands who observed her wept from sympathy with her.

At length a grand tomb was erected in Cleveland to the memory of the second martyr President—the most imposing and most expensive in the country, with the exception of that of General Grant in New York—and his remains were removed thither, places being left beside his sarcophagus for those of his wife and mother when Providence should call them to join him on the other shore.

To the surprise of Grandmother Garfield's friends and herself, she was not so soon to follow her gifted and honored son as she had anticipated.

The sudden shock of grief once passed, she lived for six years in patience and cheerfulness with her daughter-in-law, the President's wife, at Mentor, Ohio, to whom the writer is indebted for the following information concerning the last years of her life and the memoranda concerning her death and funeral services.

"Grandmother Garfield" was the title by which she was everywhere honored. She was not melancholy, and she often spoke of her gratitude for so many comforts and the kindness which every one bestowed upon her. She enjoyed company and the pleasantries of conversation, yet through it all she wore an air of peaceful resignation which seemed to say, "I am only waiting for God's good time to cross the silent river."

She was a devout Christian and a constant reader of her Bible and religious literature. When her son James, the future President, went to Hiram College, she said to him: "Whenever the sun is setting read in the Bible, for I will read with you then." It was thus she believed the mystic cord bound heart to heart each evening hour, and as her son thus read the Sacred Word she and he believed the purest love and the divinest truth kissed each other.

It is said that Grandmother Garfield often felt that the spirit of her son communed with hers. She did not speak of him as dead, but "gone before." She believed literally in the words of Christ, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Garfield while he lived believed, with his mother, that the mortal and immortal spheres of existence were very close together. In his own words, "There are times in the history of men when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear their breathings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite."

On the morning of January 21st, 1888, the veil which this grand old woman in her eighty-seventh year had been so long standing near, listening to the breathings of loved ones within, was gently parted and she was bidden to enter. Who could grieve at her going?

"Life's work well done,
Life's race well run,
Life's crown well won,
Now comes rest."

The funeral services were held at the Garfield home in Mentor, Monday, January 23d, in the presence of a large and reverent company. The choir sang a beautiful hymn, "It is not death to die." The 23d Psalm, beginning "The Lord is my Shepherd," with other selections, closing with "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" were read by her pastor, Rev. H. R. Cooley. Rev. Mr. Cooley and Prof. B. A. Hinsdale also delivered appropriate addresses. After the choir sang "Rock of Ages," those present marched in single file by the bier and took a last look at the calm face of the saintly sleeper nestled in the soft folds of her snowy hair.

The casket was then closed forever. A large concourse followed the hearse to the railway station, where the sacred freight was embarked for Cleveland. At Euclid Avenue Station the funeral party was met by a funeral car and the remains were taken to the Lake View Cemetery. The snow was falling fast and darkness was settling over the silent city of the dead when the car stopped in front of the general receiving vault. The casket was lifted from the car and the remains of Eliza Ballou Garfield were placed beside those of her beloved son James.

What a beautiful closing of a long and noble life, which in every act

speaks to us of a sublime courage born of devotion to duty, and strengthened by a faith and hope that knew no wavering! From physical bravery to the courage of moral and religious conviction there was no faltering in Eliza Ballou. From the blush of life's morning in 1801, amid the hills of New Hampshire, to its twilight shades at the setting of the sun, in 1888, on the far-away southern shores of Lake Erie's rolling waves—ever the same, morning, noon, and evening—the model daughter, wife, and mother passed to her reward, full of honors and with no cloud to dim the golden glow of life's evening sky.

"Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.
Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep
Over worn-out hands—Oh, beautiful sleep!"

TEACHER—HOSPITAL NURSE—AUTHOR.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

LOUISA'S SCHOOL IN THE BARN.

While Miss Alcott always considered New England her home, she was actually born in Germantown, Philadelphia, November 29th, 1832. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, after his marriage in New England, accepted a position as principal of a Germantown academy, which he occupied from 1831 to 1834, and afterward taught a children's school at his own residence, but he was unsuccessful, and he returned to Boston in 1835, when Louisa was two years old.

From this time forward Mr. Alcott was a close friend and associate of the poet and philosopher, Emerson, sharing with him his transcendental doctrines, and joining in the Brook Farm experiment of ideal communism, at Roxbury, Mass. The Brook Farm experiment brought Mr. Alcott to utter financial ruin, and, after its failure, he removed to Concord, where he continued to live until his death. It was at this time that Louisa, although a mere child, formed a noble and unselfish purpose to retrieve the family fortune. When only fifteen years of age she turned her thoughts to teaching, her first school being in a barn and attended by the children of Mr. Emerson and other neighbors. Almost at the same time she began to compose fairy stories, which were contributed to papers; but these early productions brought her little, if any, compensation, and she continued to devote herself to teaching, receiving her own education privately from her father. "When I was twenty-one years of age," she wrote many years later to a friend,

"I took my little earnings ($20) and a few clothes and went out to seek my fortune, though I might have sat still and been supported by rich friends. All those hard years were teaching me what I afterward put in books, and so I made my fortune out of my seeming misfortune."

Two years after this brave start, Miss Alcott's earliest book, "Fairy Tales," was published (1855). About the same time her work began to be accepted by the "Atlantic Monthly" and other magazines of reputation. During the winters of 1862 and '63 she volunteered her services and went to Washington and served as a nurse in the Government hospitals, and her experiences here were embodied in a series of graphic letters to her mother and sisters. These letters she revised and had printed in the "Boston Commonwealth" in the summer of 1863. They were afterward issued in a volume entitled "Hospital Sketches and Camp-fire Stories." This was her second book, which, together with her magazine articles, opened the way to a splendid career as an author.

Being naturally fond of young people, Miss Alcott turned her attention from this time forward to writing for them. Her distinctive books for the young are entitled "Moods" (1864); "Morning Glories" (1867); "Little Women" (1868), which was her first decided success; "An Old-fashioned Girl" (1869); "Little Men" (1871); "Work" (1873); "Eight Cousins" (1875), and its sequel, "Rose in Bloom" (1877), which perhaps ranks first among her books; "Under the Lilacs" (1878); "Jack and Jill" (1880), and "Lulu's Library" (1885). Besides these, she put forth, at different times, several volumes of short stories, among which are "Cupid and Chow-Chow," "Silver Pitchers" and "Aunt Joe's Scrap-bag."

From childhood Miss Alcott was under the tutelage of the Emersonian school, and was not less than her father an admirer of the "Seer of Concord." "Those Concord days," she writes, "were among the happiest of my life, for we had the charming playmates in the little Emersons, Channings and Hawthornes, with their illustrious parents to enjoy our pranks and join our excursions."

In speaking of Emerson, she also wrote to a young woman a few years before her death: "Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson have done much to help me see that one can shape life best by trying to build up a strong and noble character, through good books, wise people's society, and by taking an interest in all reforms that help the world, . . . believing always that a loving and just Father cares for us, sees our weakness, and is near to help if we call." Continuing, she asks: "Have you read Emerson? He is called a Pantheist, or believer in nature, instead of God. He was truly a Christian and saw God in nature, finding strength and comfort in the same sweet influence of the great Mother as well as the great Father of all. I, too, believe this, and

when tired, sad or tempted, find my best comfort in the woods, the sky, the healing solitude that lets my poor, weary soul find the rest, the fresh hopes, the patience which only God can give us."

It was in this atmosphere of literature and transcendentalism that the child awoke to the consciousness of her existence, and in it she grew up. No wonder that, at an early age, she was fond of reading Shakespeare, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Goethe, George Sand and other writers of deep thought.

Thus stimulated, her imagination and her muse awoke. At eight years she wrote rhymes. At thirteen she wrote the beautiful hymn, "My Kingdom," which was so meritorious that it was published in a volume entitled "Woman in Sacred Song."

Louisa had three younger sisters, and in their home at Concord they lived a merry life, notwithstanding their scanty means. Louisa was very imaginative, and she improvised vivid stories which she told to her sisters and her playmates. These impromptu stories of her childhood were afterward written out and published in book form under the title of "Flower Fables." Occasionally they got together benches and loose boards and made a stage in the barn, where they produced real plays, memorized from books, and did it so well that the neighbors came to enjoy their entertainments. These plays in childhood had their serious influence, too, for in them little Louisa received such a fondness for the stage that when she was nineteen years old she made her book, the "Rival Prima Donnas," into a drama, and a manager promised to put it on the stage. He gave her a pass to the theatre for forty nights. She became so infatuated with the theatre that she made arrangements to become an actress herself; but, fortunately for those who love to read her books and for the world that has been blessed by her work, the manager who had employed her broke his leg and had to give up the business until the season was past. By that time Miss Alcott's stage fever had cooled off.

The mother of the Alcott girls deserves more credit than the world has given her. They owe to her that sweet, gentle, charitable disposition which is the second charm in Louisa Alcott. She was a plain, unassuming, tenderhearted little woman, who never obtruded herself in public, but was often seen in the room of the sick and in the humble cottage where poverty opened the way for benevolence. At this mother's suggestion, the children often ate only bread and milk that they might carry their nicely prepared meals to a poor woman with six small children.

Louisa was a most industrious and helpful daughter. As has been said, her father was a poor business man, and what little he had saved was sacrificed in the Brook Farm failure. While quite young, Miss Alcott began to earn money. When not teaching, she hired herself to care for an invalid child or to act as governess, or took in sewing, and added to her slender earnings by

writing late at night after the day's work was done. When she wanted inspiration, she tells us, she often went to the house of Rev. Theodore Parker, where she met Emerson, Sumner, Garrison, Julia Ward Howe and other great scholars and thinkers. "How goes it, my child?" Dr. Parker would ask, as he took her hand; and, when she was departing, he always said: "God bless you, Louisa; keep your heart up." Emerson, too, never failed to speak words of encouragement.

After the publication of the "Rival Prima Donnas" her stories were eagerly sought after, and so prolific was her pen that she often produced ten in a single month, and received one dollar per column for them. But these were nearly all the ordinary sensational stories. They brought no lasting fame, and she soon tired of them.

The hard-working school-teacher and authoress was thirty years of age when the great Civil War broke out in 1861. Her heart was moved at the accounts of the suffering that came from the battle-fields and hospitals, where

> "There was lack of woman's nursing,
> There was dearth of woman's tears."

She had waited on invalids. It was part of her profession, and she determined to go to the front. The battle of Fredericksburg had just been fought when she arrived. "Round the great stove," she says, "was gathered the dreariest group I ever saw—ragged and pale, mud to the knees, with bloody bandages, untouched since put on days before. * * * "

"I yearned to serve the dreariest of them all. Presently there came an order, 'Tell them to take off their socks, coats and shirts; scrub them well, put on clean shirts, and the attendants will finish them off and lay them in bed.' Think of it, reader, what a task for young women! It took a stout heart, and those brave women who went to the front were true heroines, and they handled those rough and dirty strangers as tenderly as they would have done their own fathers and brothers."

One of the characteristics of this gentle, sweet-faced Boston school-teacher was her invariable cheerfulness. She believed the Scripture declaration that "The rich wine of a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and, whenever there was a ludicrous point that could not give pain she always saw it and laughed with the sufferers over it. Like a ray of sunshine, she went among the soldiers, singing lullabies, washing faces and writing letters for them. "One day," she says in a letter to her mother, "a large, manly fellow was brought in badly wounded. As they dressed his wounds, no cry or complaint was uttered, but I saw big tears roll down his cheeks and drop on the floor. My heart opened wide and took him in, as, gathering the bent head in my arms, as freely as if he had been a child, I said, 'Let me help you bear it, John!' Never on

any human countenance have I seen so swift and beautiful a look of gratitude, surprise and comfort as that which answered me more eloquently than the whispered—

"'Thank you, ma'am; this is right good! This is what I wanted.'

"'Then why not ask for it before?'

"'I didn't like to be a trouble; you seemed so busy, and I could manage to get on alone.'"

LOUISA M. ALCOTT AS A HOSPITAL NURSE.

"I knew you'd come. I guess I 'm moving on, ma'am."

The doctors told her that the soldier was wounded unto death, but he lingered several days, as Miss Alcott tells us in her book, and she wrote letters for him home, while all the time he talked of his mother and younger brothers and children for whom he was the support. She could not bear to tell him he would die, but one day when she came in John stretched out both his hands as he whispered, "I knew you'd come. I guess I'm moving on, ma'am." An hour later he lay dead, holding both her hands in his. A letter came for the

soldier from his home while she was brushing his hair for the burial. Putting it in his hand, she stooped down and kissed the cold brow for his mother's sake. A few minutes later, with mother's letter in his hand and this consecrated kiss still warm on his brow, they bore him away to the grave. Such deeds of love and sacrifice and noble heroism are the crown of glory upon the brow of Louisa May Alcott that her literary fame cannot eclipse.

We admire the authoress of "Little Women" and "Little Men" and "Aunt Joe's Scrap-bag" for her beautiful stories of true life and her pictures of natural grace, and natural ugliness, too, for everything is natural and entertaining, as if her characters were real beings doing her bidding before us. But it is in "Hospital Sketches," which she wrote for her mother and her sister, and afterward gave to the world, that we see the true, sweet and noble heroine that we love for herself and what she was.

It was after this noble service to humanity that Miss Alcott was able to make herself famous as an authoress and to earn a fortune as well. "Little Women" and "Little Men," "Shawl Straps," "An Old-fashioned Girl," "Under the Lilacs," where your heart goes out and your tears come as you read the story of Ben and his dog, Sancho, all came after this hospital service, as did also "Jack and Jill" and several volumes of those delightful sketch-books called "Aunt Joe's Scrap-bag." These books have delighted a world of young people, for they have been translated into many languages. Those who have not read them have missed a treat. They also brought a fortune of more than $100,000 to their author, and enabled her to bestow upon her old mother and father every comfort which their declining years could wish, and to provide for "Little Lulu," her dead sister May's child, which was left as a baby for her to bring up.

The mother of Miss Alcott passed away in 1877, but her distinguished father, whom she idolized, lingered eleven years longer, dying at the age of eighty-eight, just three days before the death of his gifted daughter. During the last six years of his life he was paralyzed, and "Louisa" was his constant nurse. Miss Alcott and her father spent their last years in the house in which Thoreau died at Concord. It was known as the "Orchards." Its walls were covered with sketches and paintings by her artist sister, May, the mother of little Lulu, and it was, at the time of Louisa's death, and still remains, if we mistake not, the home of the "Summer School of Philosophy," in which father and daughter always took so much interest.

As already suggested, Miss Alcott survived her father only three days, dying March 6th, 1888, at less than fifty-six years of age. Her last years were the happiest of her life. Expressions of affection came to her in almost every mail from various parts of the world.

"As I turn my face toward sunset, I find so much to make the downhill

journey smooth and lovely, that, like Christian, I go on my way rejoicing, with a cheerful heart."

It is not strange that it should have been so. All her life she had cast her bread upon the waters, and it was returning to her. "They who would have friends must show themselves friendly," says an old adage; and another, "They who would be happy must give others happiness." The chief aim of Miss Alcott seems to have been to make others happy. Her kindness for young people grew with her advancing years. Being a maiden lady, without daughters of her own, she was looked up to, and delighted in being considered as a foster-mother to aspiring girls all over the land. How many times she wrote sentences similar to this: "Write freely to me, dear girl, and if I can help you in any way, be sure I will." This was written to one she had never seen and only four years before her death, when she was far from well.

The world needs women like Louisa May Alcott. How insignificant are the butterflies of fashion as compared with her!

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.
(After a Photograph by Notman, Boston.)

THE TANNER'S WIFE AND MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE,

JULIA DENT GRANT.

IRAM ULYSSES GRANT entered the Military Academy at West Point in the year 1839. By some mistake, they registered his name on the roll as Ulysses Simpson Grant, and this name he bore ever afterwards. The modest young soldier graduated in the year 1843 and was assigned to duty at Jefferson Barracks, then a frontier military post (the largest in the country) to watch and keep in place the exasperated Indians.

It is not strange, after the routine of unceasing study for four years at the school, that the monotonous, idle, and dreary life at this frontier post dragged heavily upon the nervous, energetic young soldier, and that he chafed under it.

But it is often under just such circumstances that Cupid comes to pierce the heart of the embryo hero and introduce him upon the stage of real life an actor in the beautiful melodrama of love, where, amid its changing scenes of suspense, success or disappointment, joy, sorrow, pathos, the interest never ceases, and there is no more time for loneliness or monotony.

Ulysses had a friend at the Barracks who had been his classmate at West Point. The family of this friend lived at a country home known as White Haven, four miles west of Jefferson Barracks. It was an old-fashioned Southern home, attended by some thirty negro slaves, and the hospitality exercised was Southern in its liberality. It was natural that Fred T. Dent invited his friend Grant to accompany him on his occasional leaves of absence for a visit to "the old folks at home." Besides his parents there were two bachelor

MRS. GRANT VISITING GENERAL GRANT AT CITY POINT BELOW RICHMOND,
NEAR THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

brothers and two little sisters in short dresses. It was a pleasant escape from the Barracks, and it was with bounding hearts, as well as with galloping steeds, that the young soldiers hastened over the country roads when the opportunities came for an exchange of military restrictions and monotony of the post for the freedom and variety of this hospitable country fireside, where the sweets of domestic bliss were so unrestrained and generous that Lieutenant Grant is said to have felt himself scarcely second to his friend Fred Dent in the privileges of the home. But one winter's evening, after he had been at the Barracks some months and many times at the home of the genial old Judge Frederick Dent, a circumstance arose which made him feel again a stranger, for on that winter's evening he met Miss Julia, the seventeen-year-old daughter of his host, just returned home from Moreau's School at St. Louis.

Julia was full of life and a superb horsewoman, who delighted to ride with the young soldiers, but, in spite of himself, Grant was as uneasy in her presence as he was unhappy out of it.

> "The glances from her eye told him of some strange fate.
> He knew not what it meant; but that it boded him
> Some coming good or woe he could not dare to doubt."
>
> —SHEPPARD.

Some time after his first meeting with Julia Dent he was granted a furlough to visit his parents in Ohio. While there he was ordered to Louisiana to join General Taylor's army. The Mexican War was threatening. With all possible speed he hastened back to the Barracks. But it was not the prospect of death or glory in war with his companions-in-arms that made him nervous. It was the face of Julia Dent that rose up between him and his duty. In vain he struggled to cast her image away. The silken cords whose presence he knew not of till then were cables now. He must admit it. He loved Julia Dent. Had she ever given a thought of him lodgement in her heart?

Yes, he would go to Mexico. He would fight—die if necessary—for his country, but first he must see Julia Dent and tell her all and know his fate in this his first, life's most important battle.

A soldier must act quickly. In a state of feverish excitement he mounted his horse and took the shortest course for White Haven. Within a short distance of the mansion a dangerously swollen river lay across his pathway. The bold horseman rode into the rapid current. He was washed from his horse's back, and holding to the bridle the "gallant rider and the gallant steed" were seen struggling in the stream as the current carried them down. Supporting himself by swimming with one hand, Grant guided the animal with the other and gradually approached the shore.

Again on the back of his dripping steed, he galloped away, and soon astonished the family at White Haven by rushing in with a half-drowned appear-

ance. A change of borrowed clothes and a hearty laugh around the fireside over his adventure and his farmer-like appearance in citizen's garb had the effect of reassuring the hero. The opportunity for which he had come was not long delayed, and *Grant's first fight* under the leadership of General Cupid resulted in a victory. With his usual military bluntness and lack of eloquence, but with invincible soldierly dash, he assailed without ceremony the citadel of fair Julia's affections, and she—setting the example which great heroes afterward followed—surrendered.

It was deemed wise not to notify the parents at the time, and Grant, with his fellow-soldiers, steamed down the "Father of Waters" with new zeal for the duties before him in war, and a vision of a happy home presided over by his ideal of female loveliness—"by and by."

For some time the troops remained at New Orleans. Finally it became apparent that they would soon be ordered to invade Mexico. Lieutenant Grant's thoughts again returned to White Haven. "Was it not his honorable duty to go back and ask the parents of the girl who had promised him her hand?" he said to himself. Was it a question of honor? Perhaps; but had fair Julia been somewhere else a letter might have served to bear the message which now the gallant soldier must carry in person.

Again the household at White Haven was astonished by his sudden arrival, this time in the properest of military trim The interview with the father resulted in *Grant's second victory*, which was announced with as much publicity as the former had been guarded by secrecy. Back to New Orleans, and on to Mexico. Is it any wonder Lieutenant Grant distinguished himself throughout the struggle, and that his name appeared in the official despatches with honorable mention? Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Buena Vista are written down in the pages of history, and from these battle-fields Julia Dent, with bated breath, received, and opened, and read letters from her soldier lover.

Peace came, and on the return of his regiment in 1848 the happy young couple were married. It was a gala day at White Haven. The dancing was kept up until midnight. The company consisted of numerous friends of the family and Grant's military comrades. The negro slaves had a holiday, and made merry in the yard around the house. Mr. Dent, the father, felt proud of his daughter's choice, which he had at first disapproved, thinking that there was little promise in the young Lieutenant, and—as all doting fathers do, or should—doubted if any man short of one who had already become famous was worthy of his daughter's hand. The prospect, to say the least, was now better, for the young officer had brought home evidences of his patriotism, bravery, and skill. Beside, he had saved the life of Fred T. Dent in the war. Was not this another reason for the daughter's love and the father's gratitude?

A furlough of four months covered the honeymoon of love, feasting, and

visiting among friends and relatives, and then from all these pleasant things the call of duty summoned the soldier back to his post, and with him went the soldier's bride. Sackett's Harbor, a military post on Lake Ontario, for a while, and then Detroit became their headquarters.

Finally in 1852 came what promised to be a long separation. The Fourth Infantry, to which Grant belonged, was ordered to the wilds of Oregon. Mrs. Grant could not go, and was left for a time at the home of her husband's parents, and afterward she was to go to her relatives. Grant was promoted to the rank of Captain, and his military career was opening well, with promise of advancement; but, to his credit be it said, he could not bear separation from his wife, and with all the honors in store he valued them not if she could not be with him. Therefore Captain Grant resigned, came home, took off his uniform, and determined to live and support his family like any other citizen.

THE HAPPY MEETING ON GRANT'S RETURN FROM THE MEXICAN WAR.

This act was not lacking in bravery. He was poor, had no prospects, no money; but he did have a wife and two babies, and he would rather live with them in poverty and obscurity than wear the uniform of a commissioned officer and receive the admiring salutes of those he commanded. It is said that Mrs. Grant was rejoiced at this decision. She had longed for

it, but, knowing the hardships he must meet if he did it, she had not the heart to make known to him her desires.

This incident shows three appreciable facts: First, that Grant was not an ambitious man in the offensive sense of that term, which grasps for power. Second, he was willing to sacrifice himself for his family, and that home was the dearest place on earth for him. Third, the marriage of (now) Mr. and Mrs. Grant was a love match, and they were both so unselfish that they each considered the comforts and happiness of the other the paramount object of their lives.

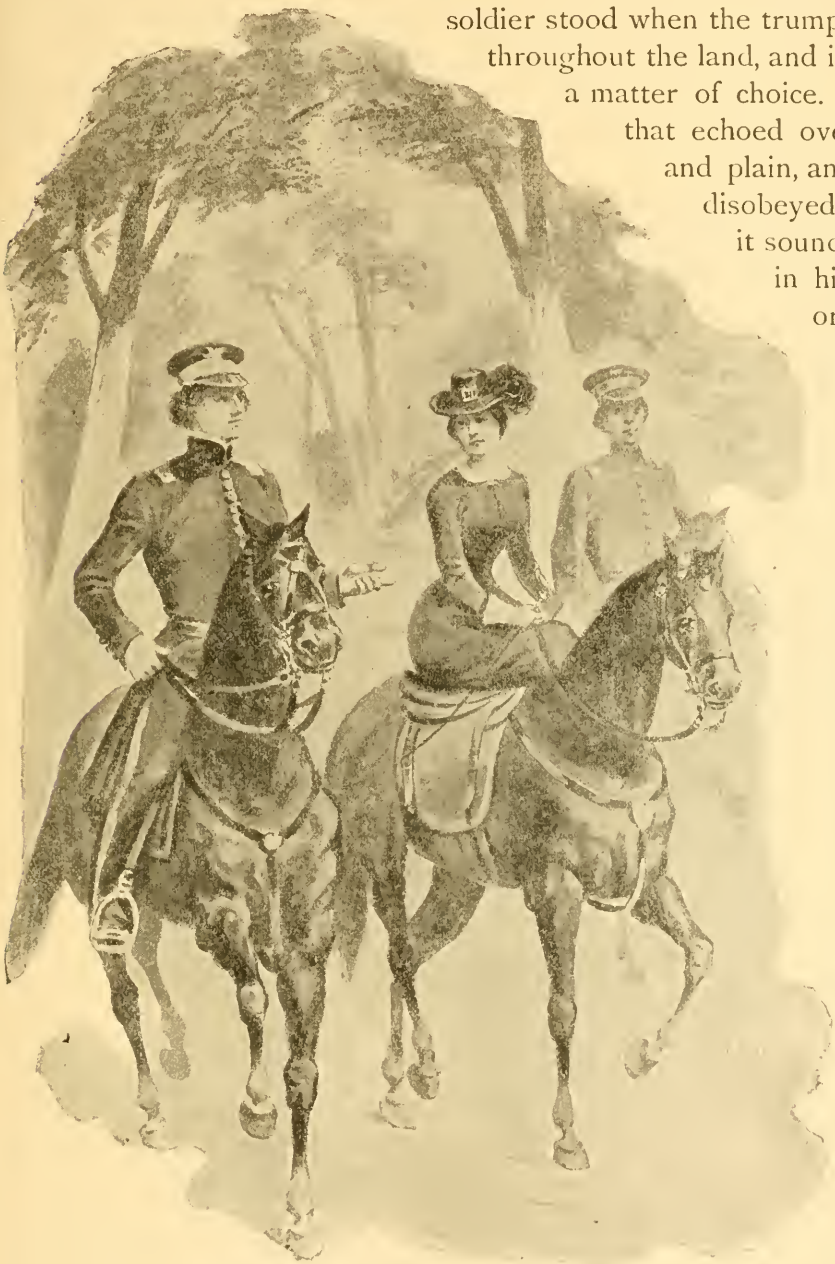
Now let Grant prove himself. What should he do? Mrs. Grant owned some land near St. Louis. Thither he went and put up a rude house with his own hands, and moved his family to it. He cleared the land and began farming. He worked hard, but it seemed that fate was against him, for, like Patrick Henry, he utterly failed as a farmer. Mrs. Grant did all her household work and attended to her children, ever encouraging her husband with assurances of faith in his ultimate success. His wife's relatives offered him assistance, and he struggled on, but finally had to give it up. "He was not cut out for a farmer."

Back to the army? Yes, he might go. He could if he wished. But he could not bear the thought of parting with her and them. He then tried business. Like Patrick Henry, here again he failed. Real estate tempted him. Others succeeded; why not he? Failure was again the result. Why not be an auctioneer? He tried. There was an opening, and he jumped into it. He would jump into anything now, for his wife and four children must be fed. He mounted the auction-block. What folly! He never could talk. Of course, he failed.

What should he do? Back to the army. Disheartened, he went to his father in Galena, Illinois, for advice. His father had tried to get him to learn the tanner's trade when he was a boy, but he would not, for he did not like the smell of the vats and the stain of the tan-ooze. But that tannery was now very prosperous. His younger brothers managed it. He could get a job as a common laborer only, because he did not know how to do anything else. There was no choice. Wife and children must have meat and bread, and honor and manhood demanded he should earn it. He could go back to the army and be a commander, but he preferred to stay with his wife and children and be a common laborer. True, they could live in more comfort on the pay, and have more honor in the neighborhood as the wife and children of Captain Grant, of the United States Army; but that meant his absence, and they preferred to be the humble family of a laborer in the tan-yard, with husband and father to share their scanty meals.

Truly has Drummond declared "Love is the greatest thing in the world,"

and there is nothing greater in Grant's career than the sacrifice he and his family made for this the crowning passion of the human soul.



GRANT, MISS DENT, AND HER BROTHER.

At the tan-vat in Galena the ununiformed soldier stood when the trumpet of war sounded throughout the land, and it was no longer left a matter of choice. 'Twas duty's call that echoed over hill, and valley, and plain, and Grant had never disobeyed that call, whether it sounded in blasts of war in his country's cause, or whispered a small still voice within when his country needed him not—except at his humble fireside.

With the consent of Julia, always his guardian angel, he laid aside the apron and the currying-knife of the tanner, and, kissing his wife and children farewell, buckled on his sword, and as a volunteer captain marched away to the front beneath the Stars and Stripes.

The eulogistic pages of history tell us the rest. The world knows the story of this four years' terrific struggle, when brother smote brother, and hundreds of thousands laid down their lives, and the land was baptized in blood, and the cry of pain went up

from almost every home in the land for father, husband, son, or lover sacrificed on the altar of war's bloody carnage.

Mrs. Grant visited her husband at Fort Donelson, at Jackson, Mississippi. She also spent several weeks with him at Vicksburg, and when his headquarters were established at Nashville she removed there and remained in that city until after his appointment as Lieutenant-General. Everywhere she was confident of his success, and had he doubted for himself she would have driven all doubts from his mind.

When the tan-yard Captain from Galena came back, it was not as the volunteer Captain marching on foot at the head of his little company, but as the hero Commander-in-Chief, riding at the head of all his nation's host. All hail, *Lieutenant-General Ulysses S. Grant!*—a rank which had been held in our country only by Washington, "the Father of his Country," and by General W. Scott, the hero of the Mexican War. This honor was now resting upon the brow of him who, four years before, was currying leather—a hireling in a tan-yard—and the country and the world were now hailing him as "the saviour of his nation!"

This was a proud day for the hero and a proud day for the heroine who had shared his adversity; but we dare say the most joyous occasion of that return was when he first met the wife and children of his bosom alone, and he and they realized that the war was over, and from out all the danger he had come unscathed to remain with them.

How much honor was due Mrs. Grant for the victories achieved we know not, but, as already stated, she spent much time with her husband at headquarters during the war, and was his constant encourager. Men used to say she was his adviser also in his military movements. Certain it is she took great interest in them.

Let it also be remembered that General Grant's moderation and magnanimity to the conquered South placed a stamp on his greatness which will endure with that of his military skill. How much he was influenced in this by Mrs. Grant is also a matter of conjecture, but it is reasonable to suppose she played her part in this magnanimous act, for her family were slaveholders and they were warm Southern sympathizers, as was Grant himself, and it is doubtful if anything short of firing on the flag at Fort Sumter could have moved him to take up arms against a people he and she so much esteemed.

After the war was over, for the first time in her married life, Mrs. Grant went to live in a comfortable house that she could call her home. They now had a house in Washington, and she declared the four years between this and the time General Grant became President were the happiest years of her life. Her husband had a military appointment for life, with ample pay, friends, and honor, and a happy home. What more could she wish? But the country had greater honors for her.

Then came the eight years of residence in the White House, as "first lady of the land." These she enjoyed, for they were a continual season of such ovations as no other woman, save Lady Washington, had ever seen showered upon the man she loved.

The social life at the White House under her was gay and well directed. It was said by Mrs. Grant's most intimate friends that she would have preferred a quiet, unostentatious home, but the casual observer and ordinary visitor on state occasions would never have believed this statement. She appeared to enjoy thoroughly her position as "first lady of the land," and had too much sense of her position to allow any patronage. Mrs. Lincoln and the daughter of Andrew Johnson, whom she succeeded, had lived under a cloud and performed their parts as an irksome duty. Mrs. Grant, on the contrary, entered with a pure womanhood and the sympathy and confidence of society to back her zeal in making the society of her court the pride of best society in the capital her nation. The ceptions, and it was she who flocked to her re- pretty custom, still prevail- introduced the herself with ladies of dis- ing, of surrounding doing the honors. tinction to assist in

GRANT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

At her state dinners everything was conducted in liberal style, and it is said that she entertained more distinguished guests than any preceding mistress of the White House. Among others were Emperor Dom Pedro and Donna Teresa of Brazil, Queen Victoria's son, Prince Arthur, and the Czar's son, Grand-Duke Alexis.

The hero of Appomattox was the second time elected President. Is it

really true that Mrs. Grant censured her husband for refusing to run for a third term as President of the United States? It is said she did. But it is also said that it was not so much because she disliked to give up the place she had so gracefully filled as because of the belief that her husband was the only man in his party who could lead them again to victory. The fact that President Hayes was seated amid great excitement, threatening a terrible war, may argue the correctness of Mrs. Grant's judgment.

The retiring lady received her successor with gracious winsomeness, and tendered a handsome entertainment to her. The incoming President and his wife were even invited to choose the company they desired to meet on this occasion, and after the pleasant event was over Mrs. Grant "turned over the keys" (if we may use this expressive slang) to Mrs. Hayes, leaving her a liberal supply of food in the pantry. The White House was left in perfect order, which was in strange contrast to the condition the retiring lady had entered it eight years before.

In May, after the inauguration of President Hayes, General Grant, accompanied by his wife and their youngest son, Jesse, together with Mr. John Russell Young, now Librarian of Congress, started on that famous tour of the world which has become a part of history. The Prince of Wales, the Queen of England, and after them the reigning sovereigns of almost all great nations entertained them. They wandered over Europe, Asia, and Africa, and at every court they were treated according to the rules of good breeding as recognized throughout the world.

After their return, two years later, the General's friends urged him to stand again before his party for President. Mrs. Grant, after this foreign travel, was keenly desirous to occupy the White House once more, and if the Convention had nominated her husband it is doubtful if her influence would not have compelled him to break the precedent established by Washington. General Grant used to say his wife was his ambition. Certainly she had a cause for feeling proud of him, and those who know her best agree that her ambition was for him rather than herself.

But Garfield was nominated and elected, and General Grant and his family removed to New York, where they were received by the best society.

By the advice of his son, the General invested all his capital in the banking business. The concern was prosperous. The little fortune grew, doubled and doubled again, and the whilom tanner counted himself a millionaire. But "Grant is not a business man" had been said and proven when he was young, and the unlucky star of adversity rose again the latter part of 1883. Misfortunes followed each other fast until one morning, when he entered his office, his son Ulysses met him with this salutation: "Father, you had better go home. This bank has failed."

Grant & Ward, brokers, *had* failed. His family, and friends, and the General lost their all. Beside, Grant had recently borrowed $150,000 from William H. Vanderbilt, which he had turned over to his faithless partner. Mr. Vanderbilt offered to make this debt a present to Mrs. Grant, but they declined to accept it. Everything Grant possessed and his wife's own home, which a grateful people had given her, were transferred to Mr. Vanderbilt.

It was a dark day for the old hero and his wife, for after he had given up everything his honor was assailed by those who had suffered by his failure, though he and his family, including his daughter, Mrs. Sartoris, had lost everything in the crash. This is not the place to discuss the disaster.

The "Century Magazine" offered him a handsome remuneration to write a series of articles on the war. He did it for "bread and meat," he said, for he disliked literary work, but he must again earn a living.

The success was phenomenal, and suggested the writing of his "Memoirs," for which several publishers made him offers. He really accomplished this work in a dying condition, for scarcely had he begun it when the terrible throat cancer of which he died in 1885 appeared.

Death seemed to wait at the very threshold for him to finish it. His only incentive, he declared, was the all-absorbing love he bore his wife, children, and grandchildren. The book was true to the mission on which he sent it. No memoir, and indeed perhaps no other work of its volume ever published in America, brought so much royalty in so short a time, It is estimated that fully one-half million dollars in royalties have been paid to the family of the author, placing them again independently beyond want. Beside, Mrs. Grant was pensioned by the Government $5000 per annum.

The heroism of Mrs. Grant was remarkable and admirable in her husband's lingering, painful, and fatal illness. She put aside her grief and was always cheerful for his sake. "Even in his dying hour," says one biographer, "she controlled herself—held his hand and looked lovingly into his eyes until they were closed in death."

When the remains of General Grant were removed to the splendid new tomb at Riverside Heights, New York, Mrs. Grant saw placed beside the sarcophagus of her distinguished husband an exact duplicate prepared for herself, inscribed "Julia Dent Grant." She was also the honored guest of Philadelphia at the unveiling of General Grant's equestrian Statue in Fairmount Park, May 1899. The veil was dropped from the statue by her granddaughter, who in 1899 married the Russian Count Cantacuzene. In 1898, when the Spanish war began, numerous societies of women were formed for the purpose of relief. Chief among these organizations was the War Relief Association, of which Mrs. Grant was elected president. This society sent the hospital ship *Relief* and thousands of dollars' worth of supplies to the soldiers.

THE FAMOUS CHAMPION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE,

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, AT 36.

Susan B. Anthony achieved her own greatness, and her life is an inspiration to the noble-souled girl whose ambition is to do good, but who is impatient at the beginning. No life, perhaps, among all our great women is a more pointed illustration of Agnes L. Pratt's assertion that

"We must live through the weary winter
If we would value the spring;
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must lie buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom;
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom."

Susan B. Anthony was born on the 15th of February, 1820, in South Adams, Massachusetts. Her father, Daniel Anthony, was a Liberal (or Hicksite) Quaker, and her mother a Baptist. Mr. Anthony had a fairly prosperous business as a cotton manufacturer, and it was not necessary that his children should resort to employment for self-support, but he and his wife both believed that women as well as men should be able to take care of themselves, and he educated his daughters accordingly. This was a wise step, for in 1837, just as Susan reached her womanhood, a financial crash caused her father's failure, and his children afterward greatly aided him in his efforts to retrieve his fortune. When the children were young, skilful teachers were employed in his own household, and afterward he sent Susan to a Friends' boarding school in Philadelphia. In 1826 Mr. Anthony removed from Massachusetts to Washington County, New York, and in 1846, after his reverses in business, took up his residence in Rochester. At the age of seventeen Susan began to teach in a Quaker family, receiving the munificent sum of one dollar a week and board. After this she taught in the public schools, where she received eight dollars per month for the same grade of work for which men were paid twenty-five and thirty dollars per month. In fact, the Superintendents gave her credit for the best disciplined and the most thoroughly taught scholars in the county. The practical sense of justice in the young school mistress rebelled against such treatment, and she

petitioned the Superintendent for equal pay with male teachers if her work was as good. This was denied her on the ground that she was a woman. Miss Anthony submitted to the injustice, and continued her teaching until 1850, saving, as she declares, out of the fifteen years' work, the sum of $300.

But Susan B. Anthony learned one valuable lesson that was worth all the loss she sustained in the salary, and she at the same time received a conviction that has been the guiding star of her lifework. The lesson was this: That woman can do, in certain lines, just as good work as man. The conviction was that woman never will receive, never could receive, proper recognition or proper pay, or be able to do the work God intended her to accomplish unless she should be given equal rights with man, and this she believed could be obtained only by placing the ballot in her hands. This lesson and this conviction made her a woman suffragist, and to that end for a full half century she has devoted herself with unflagging zeal and untiring energy.

It is proper to say, however, that Miss Anthony, though she recognized the justice of woman's right to the ballot, regarded it first as entirely beyond the range of possibility, and it is doubtful if she would ever have openly espoused the cause had it not been for the influence of her friend, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It was, indeed, Mrs. Stanton and Lucretia Mott, in the year 1848, who called and held the first Woman's Right Convention, which met at Seneca Falls, New York. Of her association and that of Miss Anthony we will speak later. Miss Anthony first spoke in public in 1847 in the cause of temperance. She was then over twenty-six years of age. The Sons of Temperance had invited the Daughters of Temperance to a Convention at Albany. The "daughters" came, but, to their surprise, the "sons" would not allow them to talk in the public meeting. Miss Anthony's strongest characteristic has always been her courage, and it was then that she rose in that meeting and denounced the injustice shown to her sex, and under her guidance half a dozen women left the hall, determined to hold a temperance meeting of their own, which they did. Out of this grew the Woman's New York State Temperance Society, formed in 1852, the first ever organized in the world, and it was the foundation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This, Miss Anthony says, was her first rebellion, and she has never been afraid from that day to this to rebel against any injustice or to try to correct a wrong.

"My first meeting with Susan B. Anthony," says Mrs. Stanton, "was in 1851 in the temperance movement, although she had for several years previous lectured on that subject and formed temperance societies while teaching. In May following she called a Woman's Temperance Convention in Rochester. Corinthian Hall was packed during the proceedings, a State society was formed, and three delegates—Miss Anthony, Mrs. Bloomer, and Mrs. Mary Hallowell —were appointed to attend the Men's State Temperance Convention at Syra-

cuse in June. The delegates went, but were denied a right in the Convention. The very idea of a woman's society or a woman delegate quite upset the gentlemen of the Convention. The clergy, as usual, were especially denunciatory. . . . Rev. Mr. Lee, of the Wesleyan Church, invited the ladies to speak in his house in the evening. The consequence was, while they had an immense audience, the men's Convention was almost deserted."

No opposition, however great, could discourage Miss Anthony, once she felt it her duty to espouse a cause, and it was through her exertions and those of Mrs. Stanton that woman came at last to be admitted to the educational and other conventions, with the right to speak, vote, and serve on committees.

As said above, Miss Anthony was not one of the inaugurators of the woman's right movement. In fact, when she first heard of it, before she knew Mrs. Stanton, it is said that she laughed at the impossibilities of the undertaking, admitting and defending its justice. She was teaching away from home at the time Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Stanton called the first Convention, in 1848, at Seneca Falls, and it was a year or two later, when she returned home, that she found her family had been to a later Convention at Rochester and had become thorough converts to the doctrine, and she herself lost no time in embracing the new faith.

Another doctrine which Miss Anthony early imbibed from her association with Elizabeth Cady Stanton was that of the Abolitionists. Mrs. Stanton had accompanied Lucretia Mott in 1840 to the Antislavery Convention in London, and from that time forward entered with her usual force and zeal into the movement. From 1857, when Susan B. Anthony first espoused the antislavery movement, until the emancipation came, January 1st, 1863, she was an agent and faithful worker for the cause.

One of the greatest battles of Miss Anthony's life was that involving the discussion of the Woman's Property Rights Bill in the Legislature of New York. During 1854 and 1855 she held fifty-four conventions in different counties of the State, with two petitions in hand: one demanding equal property rights, the other the ballot for women, and she presented them to the Legislature with 10,000 names signed. In performing this labor she travelled throughout the State in all seasons, in stage coaches, open wagons, or sleighs, going sometimes from door to door on foot, and at times suffering all sorts of insults without complaint. When asked if this was not a very difficult task, she laughingly gave the greater honor to Mrs. Stanton by declaring that nothing she did required more tact or patience than she had to summon to amuse Mrs. Stanton's four rollicking boys, as she often had to do when their mother was writing out some petition or article for the paper on their common cause. But that Miss Anthony was successful in taking care of the boys is also evident, for they, like the people she met everywhere, were so fond of her that they regarded her as their second mother.

Mrs. Stanton, in speaking of her friend, Miss Anthony, personally, says: "Though she was never beautiful, she always had a fine figure. Her head is large and well-shaped. The world calls her sharp, angular, cross-grained. If she has her faults and angles they are all on the outside. She has a broad and generous nature, and a depth of tenderness that few women possess. True, she does not faint, or weep, or sentimentalize; but she has genuine feeling, a tender love for all true men and women, a reverence for noble acts and words, and an active pity for those who come to her in the hour of sorrow and trial. She is earnest, unselfish, and true to principle as the needle to the pole. In an intimate friendship of eighteen years I can truly say I have never known her to do or say a mean or narrow thing. She is entirely above that petty envy and jealousy that mar the character of so many otherwise good women. She is always full of the work before her, and does it, going through and over whatever stands in her way. The legislators of this State can testify as to her pertinacity and perseverance."

SUSAN B. ANTHONY AT 56.

In 1860, largely through Miss Anthony's influence, the New York Legislature passed an act giving to married women the possession of their earnings and the guardianship of their children. During the war she devoted herself to the Women's Loyal Legion, which petitioned Congress for the abolition of slavery. She and Mrs. Stanton secured nearly 400,000 signatures to these petitions from different parts of the country, and they were so powerful in arousing the people and Congress that Charles Sumner urged Miss Anthony to continue the work. "Send on the petitions," he wrote; "they furnish the only background for my demands." But amidst all her work for the slaves she did not forget her theme of woman suffrage. It was in 1860, also, that she started the petition in favor of leaving out the word "male" in the Fourteenth Amendment, and worked with the National Woman Suffrage Association to induce Congress to secure to her sex the right of voting.

In 1867, in company with Mrs. Stanton and Lucy Stone, she went to Kansas, and there obtained 9000 votes in favor of woman suffrage, thus laying the foundation of that political doctrine which has at last prevailed in several of the Western States, where woman, before the close of the century, has been admitted to the full privileges of the ballot. In 1868, with the co-operation of Mrs. Stanton and others, she began in New York city the publication of *The Revolutionist*, devoted to woman suffrage.

The most dramatic event, perhaps, in Miss Anthony's life was her arrest

and trial for illegal voting at the State and Congressional election in Rochester, New York, in 1872. She cast her vote in order to test the application of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution. When asked by the Judge "You voted as a woman, did you not?" she replied: "No, sir; I voted as a citizen of the United States." Before the date set for the trial Miss Anthony thoroughly canvassed her county and instructed the people in citizens' rights, intending in that way to have the jurors, whoever they might be, well instructed in advance. To her chagrin, however, a change of venue was ordered to another county, setting the date three weeks ahead; but Miss Anthony was equal to the emergency. In twenty-four hours dates were set and appointments made for a series of meetings in that county, and the country was thoroughly aroused in Miss Anthony's behalf. The jury would, no doubt, have acquitted her, but the Judge, declaring it was a question of law and not of fact, pronounced Miss Anthony guilty and fined her $100 and costs. With her usual defiance to injustice she declared: "I shall never pay a penny of this unjust claim. Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God." And to this day she has not paid this fine.

There is hardly a State in the Union where Miss Anthony has not worked. Twice in her life during campaigns she has spoken in sixty counties in New York. In 1895, when seventy-five years old, she made a tour of the West, speaking as she went, and ending with a month's work in California. In her work for womankind she seems to have wholly forgotten herself, and makes no personal claims. The International Council of Women was her idea, although she always is willing it should be attributed to others.

At the Centennial she had been mortified at the poor representation and opportunity women had, and she resolved such a thing should not happen again in her lifetime. Accordingly, when the World's Fair of 1893 was being planned, Miss Anthony went to Washington. She invited the wives and daughters of official men to meet at the Riggs House to consider the interest of women in the fair, and, for fear her radical views would hinder the progress of the enterprise, she did not present herself at the meeting, but walked about her room awaiting the result. The women organized, but before they could take any action the bill came up in Congress. Miss Anthony, seeing the time was short, drew petitions and rapidly circulated them herself and through friends, and in a few hours the names of seventy-nine wives and daughters of Supreme Court Judges, Senators, and Representatives were affixed to the petition, and thus the amendment providing for the appointment of women on the Commission was passed. Although she was the originator of this act, and the direct cause of its existence, she never, in her several speeches at the fair or elsewhere, referred to her part in it. "No matter how it started, so it did start," she would say when it was mentioned.

There probably never was a leader more loved by young workers than Miss Anthony. She has a sad and rather stern manner to strangers, but with young women she is "one of the girls," and has the rare quality of bringing out and developing them. She has faith in them, and never seems to doubt their ability to do any branch of work. She looks about a new community, spies a young woman, gives her a task, and ten chances to one is successful. All young women love her.

Mrs. Stanton and the women older than Miss Anthony always depended upon her as their executive; those of her own age and younger looked to her for advice and sisterly fondness, while the young women, the new women, worshiped her. Among them, from Maine to California, she is known as "Aunt Susan." In 1895 she said in a speech at Ashtabula, "No woman has a right to die till she has done something for womankind," and a young woman about twenty years old, a member of the Convention, replied, "We as young women have no right to *let Aunt Susan die* till she sees the fulfilment of her desires."

In February, 1898, the National Convention of the Woman Suffrage Association met at Washington, D. C. "Aunt Susan," as everybody called her, presided and was in her glory, for the reports from everywhere showed wonderful progress, and many States had already given the ballot to women. When Miss Anthony introduced Miss Grace E. Patton, the State Superintendent of Education in Colorado, who addressed the Convention, she said with exultation, "And she is a voter. Look at her!"

When the roll-call of pioneers in the work came, Miss Anthony referred most happily to those who had been forty or fifty years in the service, calling them familiarly by their given names. When she came to introduce the Rev. Antoinette Blackwell (who began to speak for woman's rights in 1846) she said: "We could always brag on Antoinette, because in her young days she was beautiful and the rest of us were not, and she had a sweet voice and many of us didn't, and she was orthodox and some of us were not."

She also introduced the venerable sister of Henry Ward Beecher—"Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, with her handsome silvery curls and light weight of seventy-six years"—who addressed the Convention, and following her came many young women, for all of whom she had a hearty pleasant word. Is it any wonder she felt happy and enjoyed the title "Aunt Susan," which those hundreds of women used in addressing her?

"Love lightens labor," says an old adage. Perhaps that is why Susan B. Anthony remains so full of spirits and so strong after a long life of labor. One of the young delegates at the 1898 Convention exclaimed, when told her age, "What! Aunt Susan cannot be seventy-eight years old. No. Why, she's the youngest and jolliest girl in the Convention!"

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER WHO BECAME FAMOUS,

JULIA WARD HOWE.

"Honor and fame from no conditions rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE adage, "Poverty and hardships are the father and mother of greatness," is not always true. There are exceptions to this as to all other general rules, and Julia Ward Howe, author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," is one of them.

She was born May 27th, 1819, and reared in New York city, her father being a wealthy banker, well-bred and scholarly. His ambition was that his little pet, Julia—a wise little atom, even in her babyhood—should not be merely a fashionable girl. He gave her teachers and books and appealed to her ambition, using every effort to arouse her artistic instinct and kindle her religious nature. Her quick intellect and spirit responded to every touch.

At five years of age the fond mother of this precocious child died. At ten years another shadow, darker than that of five years before, came over her life. The devoted father sickened and died. Little Julia was now an orphan. But she had learned before the panacea for all her grief. Her father had left her abundant wealth, and in her books and in her reveries she found meat to eat that other children of her tender age knew not of. All nature, the muses, and the fountains of learning beckoned her, and she answered their call. In the study of the German language and literature she came into a shining inheritance which she declared created in her new faculties of comprehension. Goethe and Schiller were her prophets and kings, and she received with large welcome their subtle speculative philosophies. In her school-girlhood she published learned reviews of German authors and translations of a sketch from a number of them in verse.

Thus grew Julia Ward to womanhood—reading, writing, dreaming; as fiery

within as her rich bright hair and beaming eye declared her to be; but, under the repression of her education, apparently cold and within an approach of the haughty in her outward manner. "At twenty years of age," says one of her biographers, "the effect of such studies and such restraint upon one of so romantic and sentimental a nature longing for the actual vivacity of life, she was subject to seasons of passionate and profound melancholy. Her German studies had made her skeptical and indifferent to the formal worship in which she had been bred, and no vital belief as to God and Christianity cheered her.

"At this juncture, into this vague, hungry, and dark, moody heart of hers came the awful kindness of death taking away an idolized brother. His death and funeral so impressed her that for two years she read little else than the Bible, which she undertook as a meritorious devotional exercise, and the questioning heretic became a religious and spiritual enthusiast."

For a while her ideas of withdrawing from the world and crucifying the flesh were almost of monkish severity; but from this life of a recluse another circumstance happily released her. One day a friend put into her hand "Guizot's History of Civilization." She studied it with all the vigor of her well-trained mind, and its large, broad thought aroused her from the fatal dream of secluded holiness and opened her eyes to a life of usefulness.

Her self-centred imagination took wings. She became a Liberalist in politics, and in religion a thoughtful inquirer. "Paradise Lost" and "Dante's Inferno" were read and re-read, and she felt their gloomy grandeur to her inmost soul. She compared their teachings to God's justice and God's mercy as taught in the Bible, and as a result of this comparison her "reason was compelled," she declared, "to reject an eternal hell as impossible."

God is love, God is good, God is truth, God is light, God is happiness, God is merciful and kind, was her creed. As such she loved Him, and pointed humanity to Him as the one and only source of all that is good, and lovely, and desirable. With such a conception she would lure people into heaven, instead of trying to frighten them out of hell. Such was the education and training this young woman had enjoyed, and such was her character when, at the age of twenty-three, in 1843, she married Dr. Samuel Howe, of Boston, whose labors for Greece in her struggle for independence, whose beautiful devotion to the blind, and whose antislavery crusade made him a man of prominence.

The young people went abroad immediately to spend a year in the Old World. She came to the countries of Europe as a queen comes to her own. Had she not studied their history, geography, manners, and customs from her childhood, and visited them a thousand times in her vivid imagination? All the beauty, maturity, and solemn antiquity of ancient lands seemed her inheritance.

Rome, magnificent and desolate, made her life a rapture. There her first

child was born, and her mother-love for her babe was hardly deeper than her passion of sad tenderness for the supreme city. Now, and here, for the first time, her firmament was high enough to let her stand upright. For many months she lived in this inspiring atmosphere, and then returned to her cold, practical New England, and settled down to housekeeping, all the time continuing her studies, for which the difficulties she encountered only stimulated her. In 1850 she again went abroad, returning to her beloved Rome, where she passed the winter with her two youngest children. Here she wrote most of the poems included in "Passion Flowers," which was published on her return—her first book. In referring to this winter in Rome, she says: "Art, and books, and my precious children made this season my golden prime of happiness."

On their return to Boston Dr. Howe undertook the editorship of "The Commonwealth," a newspaper dedicated to free thought, and zealous for the liberty of the slaves. Mrs. Howe's opportunity had now come. She wrote editorials, literary articles, and poems, and contributed those brilliant paragraphs for which the paper became famous. This success opened the way for the publication of her volume of verse entitled "Passion Flowers," already alluded to, and which made its appearance in 1853, and, though it was published with no name on the title-page, the public learned that it was Mrs. Howe's book, and it was hailed and praised no doubt beyond its artistic merits. "It is a book powerful and pungent, but unripe," said the critics. The masses said it was grand. Its personalism was terrible. In every page it said, according to one critic, "Lo, this thing which God has made and called by name! What is it? Why is it? Behold its passions and temptations, its triumphs and its agonies of defeat, its fervors and its doubts, its love and its scorn, its disappointments and its acquiescence!" Another wrote: "Here at last in America is a true woman poet; not an echo, nor a shadow, nor a sweet singer of nothings. Another Sidney, chivalrous, gracious, and eager for her part in the battle of life; to whom, also, the muse said 'Look into thy heart and write!'" Such was the reception into literature which greeted this long-trained and deeply-learned mind. And once entered, like the refrain of her noble Battle Hymn of the Republic, her fame went "marching on."

Space forbids more than passing notice of her great lifework, which at last had begun in real earnest. About the time of the publication of "Passion Flowers," "Words for the Hour," a drama in blank verse, was produced in a leading theatre in New York and Boston. Her interest in the slavery question and her writing upon it gave her a national reputation—popular among her friends and unpopular among her foes, but prominent on both sides.

In 1855 came her book of poems entitled "Words for the Hour," a book in which her red heart-blood seemed to course through the lines. These poems, like those of "Passion Flowers," showed haste, and were inartistic, but they

were replete with ripe thought, and defiant and full of promise. . . . And "the common people heard her gladly." Her passionate expression, terrible sarcasm, love, hate, scorn, with now and then stately rhythm and glimpses of lyric beauty, lavished by an intense soul, revealed to all a power which no woman but Elizabeth Browning has ever exceeded.

All critics now acknowledged her genius, but some of them refused to accept her into the charmed circle of poesy because she lacked the art, the finish, the rule they demanded. But all genius is independent, and so Mrs. Howe went steadily on her way, saying such witty, sharp things about her detractors that at length it took a critic of marked courage to assail her, and, when he did, he usually found himself sustained only by artists and critics; the masses were with the poetess.

In 1857 she and her husband, as companions to the dying Theodore Parker, visited Havana, and on her return she published her observations in a book entitled "A Trip to Cuba," which so vigorously attacked the degrading institutions of the Spanish rule that its sale has since been prohibited on the island. About this same time the readers of the "New York Tribune" were charmed with occasional letters from Boston, Washington, New York, and other cities, written in a style so chatty, and yet so full of information about the places and people, manners, and customs, poetry, art, religion, etc., that every one was delighted. And when it was learned that Mrs. Howe had written them the world manifested its obligations for the bright living pictures she had painted. It was a new form of letter that has since become a feature of every pretentious newspaper.

The busy woman also turned her mind diligently upon the study of philosophy in various branches. Swedenborg, Kant, Spinoza, Fichte, Hegel, and others were mastered. "I am afraid," she said to a friend, "I believe in each one until I read the next." She wrote many admirable social and philosophic papers, and prepared a course of six drawing-room lectures on ethics, which were read with splendid effect before the most critical audiences.

In 1861 appeared her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," with the chorus "John Brown's Body," etc., which was published in her third volume, entitled "Later Lyrics." The song and chorus at once became known throughout the country, and were sung everywhere. In 1867 Mrs. Howe and her husband visited Greece, and won the gratitude of that nation by aiding them in the effort they were making for national independence. Her book "From Oak to Olive" was written after her visit to Athens. In 1868 Mrs. Howe joined the Woman's Suffrage Movement, and the next year, before the Legislature in Boston, made her first speech urging its principles, and from that time forward has been officially connected with the movement.

In 1872 Mrs. Howe again visited England, where she lectured in favor of

arbitration as the means of settling national and international disputes. At the same time she held in London a series of Sunday evening services devoted to Christian missionary work. During the same year she attended, as a delegate, the Congress for Prison Reform held in London. On her return to the United States she organized or instituted the Woman's Peace Festival, which still meets once every year on the 22d of June.

Since her husband's death, which occurred in 1876, this learned woman has preached, lectured, and travelled much in all parts of the United States, the most popular of her lectures being "Is Polite Society Polite?" "Greece Revisited," and "Reminiscences of Longfellow and Emerson." In 1878 Mrs. Howe made another journey abroad, and spent over two years in travel in England, France, Italy, and Palestine. She was one of the presiding officers of the Woman's Rights Congress which met at Paris, and she lectured in that city and in Athens on the work of the various women's associations in America. She served as President in the Association of Advancement for Women for several years, and at a greatly advanced age retained her connection with this organization as an earnest promoter of their interest. She has formed a number of women's social clubs, having for their object mental improvement, in which the members study Latin, French, German, literature, botany, political economy, and many other branches.

Mrs. Howe's three living daughters, all of whom are married, have been followers of her theories concerning woman's freedom. One of them, Mrs. Laura Richards, is a well-known writer of stories for children, some of which are classics of their kind. "Captain January" is her best-known book. Mrs. Maud Howe Elliot, the third daughter, is a successful lecturer and also a novelist. Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, another daughter, is a writer of acknowledged ability on social topics.

Were we in Boston to-day it would be pleasant to walk around on Beacon Street and see the old-fashioned house where this grand old woman, with the snow of eighty winters upon her brow, sits, mingling the twilight of her eventful life with the evening of the closing century, of which she has been a potent factor in its progress and developments. In her unpretentious little home have sat and talked the greatest men of America and many of the European celebrities who have visited this country. Even the casual visitor to the home of this aged woman feels in the atmosphere of the place, with its mementoes of great men and women, some indefinable flavor, like a lingering perfume, which tells him there has been high thinking and noble speech within the walls which surround them.

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD
SUSAN B. ANTHONY
FRANCES WILLARD
MARY A. LIVERMORE
JULIA WARD HOWE
ELIZABETH C. STANTON
ANNA DICKINSON
FAMOUS WOMEN ORATORS AND REFORMERS

THE TEACHER, THE MODEL MINISTER'S WIFE, AND HUMANITY'S FRIEND,

MARY ASHTON RICE LIVERMORE.

MRS. LIVERMORE AS THE YOUNG GOVERNESS IN THE SOUTH.

MARY A. LIVERMORE, the famous scholar, teacher, hospital nurse, editress, lecturer, anti-slavery advocate, temperance advocate, and woman suffragist, has shown woman what a woman can do under the most adverse circumstances and in face of the world's opposition. Her life is an inspiration to girls to make the most of themselves and their opportunities, and it has been a blessing to mankind and a crown of honor and glory to herself.

Mary Rice was the daughter of Timothy Rice, and was born in Boston, December 19, 1821. For six generations her ancestors had been Welsh preachers, and she was reared by parents of the strictest Calvinistic faith. Her father was a man of honesty and integrity, and her mother was a woman of remarkable judgment and strong intellect. She was early sent to the public schools in Boston and displayed unusual aptness, advancing so rapidly that she graduated at the age of fourteen and received a medal for good scholarship. Two years later, at the age of sixteen, she graduated at the seminary at Charlestown, Mass., having completed the four-years' course in two years. For the next two years she was a tutor in this institution, teaching French and Latin, at the same time studying to perfect herself in Greek and metaphysics under a private tutor.

At the age of eighteen, against the will of her parents, she determined to go South and investigate for herself the slavery question, which at that time was being agitated by the Abolitionists. Her sympathies had been especially wrought upon by the lectures of Lucretia Mott and the Quaker poet, John G. Whittier; but her own religious denomination—the Presbyterians—and her associations generally were not in sympathy with the "despised sect," as the Quakers were called; and still less did they countenance the "fanatical zealots," as Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and their followers were declared to be.

For nearly three years Mary Rice lived as governess or tutor in a rich Southern home in Virginia. At the age of twenty-one she returned to Massachusetts an uncompromising Abolitionist, and remained so for twenty-three years, neglecting no opportunity to plead for the black man's right to liberty until the last gun of the Civil War was silent and the nation's blood and treasure had paid the price of his freedom. For two years after her return she taught a select school for young ladies at Duxbury, Mass., which she discontinued in 1845, when Dr. D. P. Livermore, a Universalist minister, made her his wife.

Few women have been more helpful to their husbands, and it is doubtful if any have been better fitted in spirit and mind to fill "the difficult position of a minister's wife." From her childhood Mrs. Livermore was most industrious, overly charitable, and intensely religious. When she was in school, if a little boy or girl was a cripple, or wore shabby clothes, had poor food for dinners, or was ridiculed, such an unfortunate always found an earnest friend and defender in the courageous Mary Rice. In her home were also five brothers and sisters, younger than herself, and so much did she take to heart the matter of their conversion that when but ten years old, unable to sleep, she would rise from her bed and waken her father and mother and ask them to pray for her sisters. She was a natural preacher. Even in her playtime one of her chief pastimes was holding meetings in her father's wood-shed with other children. Great logs were laid out for benches, and sticks were set up on them for people when they wanted to increase their congregation. Mrs. Rice said: "Mary was always the leader in praying and preaching in the meetings. I was so much amused that I had to laugh at them, but Mr. Rice often looked on half reverently, and on more than one occasion said to Mary, 'I wish you had been born a boy; you could have been trained for the ministry.'"

But we must not conclude that this thoughtful child, mature beyond her years, was not full of those sportful feelings which characterize other children. Her robust body showed that she had not neglected to exercise it as nature intended. She was as fond of outdoor sports and merry times as any other child, but her better nature and common sense dominated, and controlled, and

guided her in every indulgence. "Sliding on the ice," says her biographer, "was her special delight. One day, after a full hour's fun in the bracing air, she rushed into the house, her blood tingling in every vein, exclaiming, 'It's splendid sliding.' 'Yes,' replied her father, 'it's good fun, but wretched for shoes.' All at once the young girl saw how hard it was for her parents to buy shoes with their limited means, and from that day to this she never slid upon the ice."

But this disposition to help her parents did not stop with merely saving her personal apparel from wear. She wanted to earn something. She could not bear to think of the father having to make the living for the whole large family. So when she was twelve years old she decided to learn dressmaking, though she says she "disliked sewing above almost all work;" "but," she said, "work is no more disgrace to a girl than to a boy," and besides this would enable her to help her father. For three months she worked without pay that she might learn her trade, and after that she got thirty-seven cents a day for every day she worked.

When Mary Rice returned from the South, at the age of twenty-one, and opened her school at Duxbury, Mass., she had $600 of her own earning, and was one of the most learned women of her age. Her students in the school at Duxbury adored her, and the dullest caught her enthusiasm. Many were the long walks she took with them, and "talked sense" by the way. "It was woman's duty," she said, "to make her body as vigorous as her heart was sympathetic."

After marriage to Dr. Livermore she immediately began to help her husband as she had helped her parents. She at once organized literary and benevolent societies among the membership. She was also an active temperance advocate and organized a cold-water army of 1500 boys and girls, whom she delighted with temperance stories which she wrote and read to them. These stories were afterwards published under the name of "The Children's Army."

In 1857 the family moved to Chicago, where Dr. Livermore became editor of the "New Covenant," the Universalist organ of the Northwest, and his wife his assistant. During her husband's absence Mrs. Livermore had charge of the entire establishment, paper, printing, office, and publishing house included, and wrote for every department of the paper except the theological, at the same time furnishing stories and sketches to the Eastern publications. She was also untiring in church, Sunday-school and charitable work. During these fifteen years, from 1845 to 1860, three children came to bless their home, and "life, with all its cares and work, was a very happy one," says the hard-working woman.

In 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President, Mrs. Livermore was the only woman reporter present, and was perhaps the first woman

representative of the public press who ever attended and reported an important political convention.

In 1861 the nation was plunged into civil war, and now the time had come for the quiet life of Mary Livermore to be entirely changed. When the President called for 75,000 volunteers she was in Boston, and saw the troops start for the front. After the train moved out four women fainted, and Mrs. Livermore helped to restore the grief-stricken mothers to consciousness, and in comforting words told them that she envied them, in that they could send their sons to battle for their country, while she herself had none to send.

"What can a woman do?" was the question that came up in the noble women's minds. They held a meeting in New York and sent this question to the front. The answer came: We have no place for women; they cannot fight, and we do not need them nor want them in the hospitals.

They organized, anyhow, and called themselves "The United States Sanitary Commission." Their object was to provide bedding, fruits, clothing, and all needed comforts for the camp and hospitals. Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. A. H. Hoge were put in charge of the Northwestern branch. Mrs. Livermore and a few others went to Washington to see President Lincoln, and they put this direct question to the great man:

MRS. LIVERMORE AS A YOUNG TEACHER.

"Can no woman go to the front?"

"The *law*," said Mr. Lincoln, "does not *grant* to any civilian, either man or woman, the privilege of going to the front."

But they noticed he emphasized the words *law* and *grant*, and that he did

not say *prohibit*. Long before he had declared the law of right and humanity was higher even than the written Constitution. He was not, could not be, opposed to anything which would help the men who were fighting and bleeding for their country.

Mrs. Livermore was now forty years old, and was just beginning the career which made her famous. She resigned all other work, secured a governess for her children, and devoted herself entirely to the work of relief and assistance to soldiers. She organized soldiers' aid societies, delivered public addresses, wrote circulars, bulletins, and reports, and made trips to the front with sanitary stores, giving personal attention to the distribution of the same, and bringing back invalid soldiers, accompanying many of them in person to their homes. She enlisted nurses for the hospitals and accompanied them to their posts, and herself nursed and cheered the sick and wounded. To tell the story in half the detail it deserves would require the scope of a volume. At the close of the war she published these interesting and touching details in a volume entitled "My Story of the War," which we heartily recommend to our readers.

This book is regarded as the most complete record of the hospital and sanitary work in the Union army during that great fratricidal struggle. It is replete with thrilling scenes and touching incidents, depicting alike the horrors of battlefields and the pain and pathos of army hospitals and prisons.

In the rear of the battlefields this Sanitary Commission, as soon as it was admitted to the front, kept its wagons of hot soup and hot coffee, and brave, virtuous women to administer it in the midst of danger. They held up the head of the wounded man with one hand, while they pressed the canteen of cool water to his lips, administered medicine, or wiped the death-damp from his brow, or wrote the last message of love to wife, or mother, or sister at home. Such women behind a body of fighting men were an inspiration to deeds of valor and heroism which no other influence could impart.

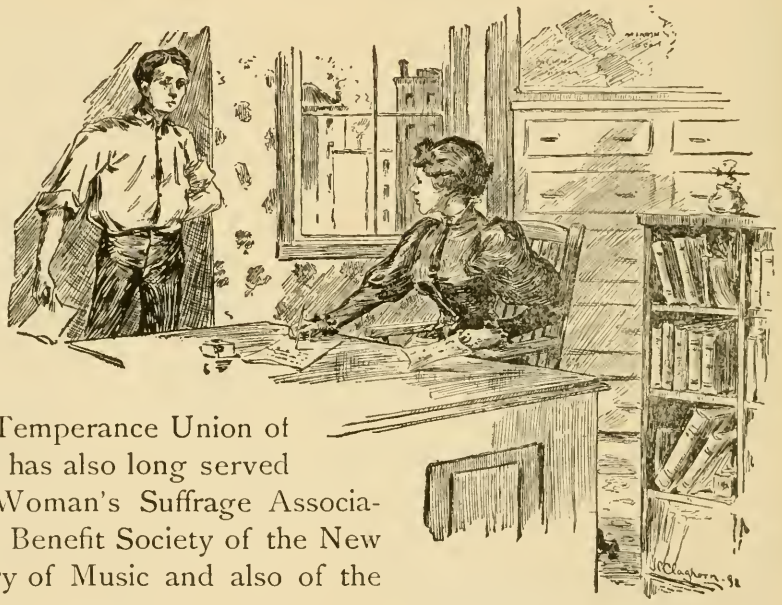
Mrs. Livermore, by her speeches and sanitary fairs, which she organized often in the face of the press's ridicule, raised hundreds of thousands of dollars for the hospital and relief work, and hundreds, perhaps thousands of soldiers owe their lives to her influence.

At the close of the war she had become so famous and the people were so anxious to hear her that she entered the lecture field, and for years held the foremost place among women as a public speaker. She lectured five nights a week for five months, travelling 25,000 miles annually. Her fine voice, womanly, dignified manner, and able thought brought crowded houses before her year after year, and the money she earned she spent generously for others.

The war also made her a woman suffragist. Previously she had opposed it, but her experience in the army taught her differently. She organized the first Woman Suffrage Convention in Chicago, and was its first President.

In 1869 she started "The Agitator," a woman-suffragist paper, at her own expense, and in this she also advocated temperance. In 1870 the family removed to Melrose, Mass., and she became editor of the "Woman's Journal," which she retained two years, giving it up in 1872 to devote her time entirely to the lecture field. In this capacity, during a quarter of a century, at the instance of the Lyceum Lecture Bureau, she visited every State in the Union, and also went abroad, lecturing in many places in Europe. The charm of Mrs. Livermore's manner and the eloquence of her delivery have been equalled by few modern speakers.

During all this period her pen has never been idle. "The North American Review," "The Arena," "The Chautauquan," "Independent," "Youth's Companion," "Woman's Journal," and other high-class periodicals have enriched their columns with her contributions.



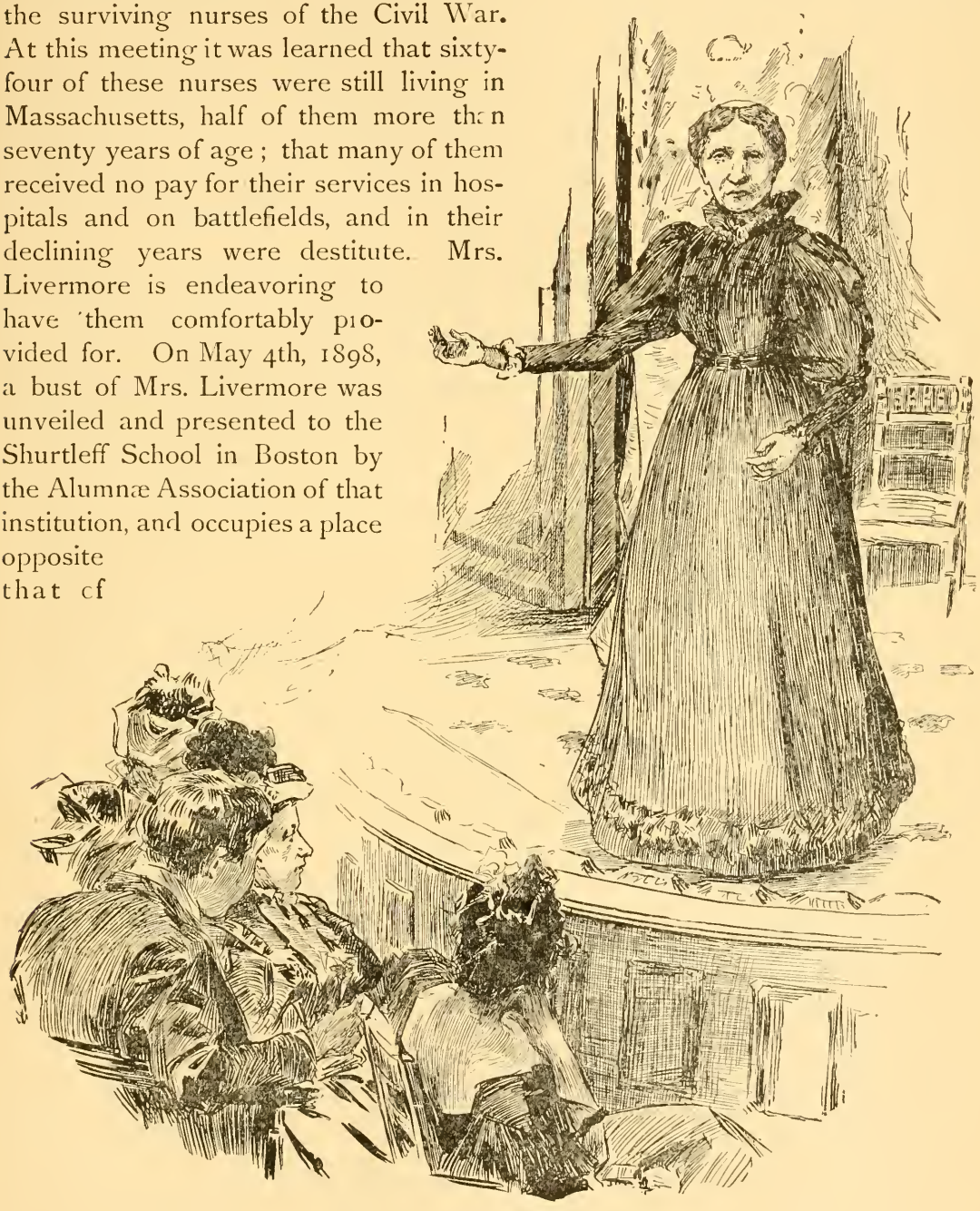
MRS. LIVERMORE THE EDITRESS.

Other duties, many of them, came at the same time. For ten years she was President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts. She has also long served as President of the Woman's Suffrage Association, President of the Benefit Society of the New England Conservatory of Music and also of the Woman's Congress.

In addition to her many crowding duties and demands upon her time, after she was seventy-five years of age, at the urgent entreaty of her friends, she wrote the autobiography of her life, a large volume of over 700 pages, published in 1897. The book is a fitting crown to her noble lifework. In this volume, after taking a retrospect of her fruitful past, filled with hardships, but also with many triumphs and pleasures, she turns with pleasing willingness and joy to the prospects of the world to come, and says: "I prefer to go forward into the larger life that beckons me further on, where, I am sure, it will be better than here."

But it seems until that summons come there is to be no cessation from her labors. She is still lecturing and laboring for the causes dear to her heart. On Washington's Birthday, 1898, she delivered in the morning an address at the

dedication of the Mary Heminway School, in Dorchester, and in the evening presided at a patriotic meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, for the benefit of the surviving nurses of the Civil War. At this meeting it was learned that sixty-four of these nurses were still living in Massachusetts, half of them more than seventy years of age; that many of them received no pay for their services in hospitals and on battlefields, and in their declining years were destitute. Mrs. Livermore is endeavoring to have them comfortably provided for. On May 4th, 1898, a bust of Mrs. Livermore was unveiled and presented to the Shurtleff School in Boston by the Alumnæ Association of that institution, and occupies a place opposite that of



MRS LIVERMORE THE LECTURER.

Lucy Stone. The bust was the work of Miss Annie Whitney, the well-known sculptor. The "Boston Globe" in referring to it said:

"This marks the second occasion when the bust of a well-known woman has been presented to the school by the graduates. Two years ago the bust of Lucy Stone was given to the school, and on this occasion Mrs. Livermore delivered the eulogy on the life and work of Mrs. Stone.

"The Lucy Stone bust was the first bust of a woman that the city of Boston had ever consented to accept as a gift, its conservatism being so strong against recognizing the sculptured honors paid to women that, at the time the Harriet Martineau statue was finished for Wellesley College, the City Fathers refused to allow an exhibition on public ground of Miss Whitney's masterpiece because it was the statue of a woman."

On the occasion referred to Mrs. Livermore and the orator, Wendell Phillips, went before the City Fathers to plead for the exhibition of the statue, but they were refused. It must be as pleasing as it is significant to Mrs. Livermore to know that she has lived to see the day when the city of Boston, with appropriate ceremonies, has received her own bust and placed it in one of the grammar schools of the city.

MOTHER McKINLEY, AGE 88.

THE NOBLE MOTHER OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY,

NANCY ALLISON.

Religious tyranny in Europe drove many a heroic spirit to the New World who assisted in laying the foundation stones of our present great national structure. Among those who first fled from persecution were the ancestors of William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States.

When William Penn chose exile in the wilderness, with a free conscience to worship God without molestation, rather than to remain where he might have become a favored courtier at the throne of a king, he brought with him Andrew Rose, who owned all the land on which Doylestown, Pennsylvania, stands to-day. He was, before the Revolution, one of the representatives of the thirteen colonies. His granddaughter, Mary Rose, became the great-grandmother of President McKinley. Andrew Rose the second, the father of Mary Rose, did double duty in the war for freedom. He both fought and made weapons for others to fight with against Great Britain.

James McKinley, a fine Scotch-Irish lad of twelve years, came over about the same time, and was the first of his name in America. He was the father of David McKinley, a Revolutionary soldier, and the great-grandfather of the President. So much for the paternal ancestry of "Ohio's favorite son."

On his mother's side he comes from the old Southern family of Allisons, who came to Virginia in Colonial times. A branch of this family, from which the President's mother descended, emigrated to Pennsylvania, where Major McKinley's maternal grandfather, Abner Allison, married Ann Campbell in Greene County, Pennsylvania, in 1798. Ann Campbell was of Scotch-German origin. Soon after their marriage the young couple removed from Pennsylvania to New Lisbon, Ohio, where ten children were born to them, one of them being Nancy Campbell Allison, the mother of the President. The family were farmers.

It was at New Lisbon that the young iron founder, William McKinley, Sr., wooed, won, and married farmer Allison's daughter Nancy, in 1827. This combination of the tillers of the soil and the moulders of the iron was a good one, and no doubt added much to the strength of character in their offspring which manifested itself so decidedly in their daughter Anna, who was a teacher, and found its culminating climax in the Napoleonic face and character of the President.

The life of Nancy McKinley was a long one, and its record is a simple nar

rative of a good wife and devoted mother whose children looked upon her as the embodiment of all that those two sacred names, wife and mother, mean in a Christian American home.

The young couple, William and Nancy McKinley, settled, soon after their marriage, at Fairfield, Ohio. There the father established an iron foundry. They were plain and respectable people, without any of the disadvantages and embarrassments of a great name. The father devoted his time to earning a living by honest toil, and the mother to making a happy home for husband and to the training of the children which came, teaching them the cardinal virtues of truthfulness, honor, and self-dependence.

From Fairfield the family removed to Niles, Ohio, a village in an adjoining county, and it was here, about sixteen years after the marriage of his parents, that William McKinley, Jr., was born, January 29th, 1843, and named for his father. The little, long, ungainly, two-story, frame house in which the family lived, and in which the embryo President was born, is still standing in Niles. At one end is a portion used for a store. Adjoining this is the vine-covered doorway which constitutes the entrance for the part used as a dwelling. The vine which covers the whole side of the house is very old. It was probably planted by the hand of Nancy McKinley, and it is undoubtedly associated with the earliest recollections of the President.

Humble as this house appears, it is a palace in comparison with the birth-places and early homes of Andrew Jackson, Lincoln, and Garfield, and, with them, it goes to show that humble birth is no barrier to greatness, but rather a stimulus to the noble-souled and energetic American youth.

The question of educating the children is always a serious one in a new country. Educational advantages were poor at Niles, and the parents removed to Poland, a small town of some two hundred inhabitants not far away, where there was an academy. William was now a young lad, and with his brothers and sisters he entered the school. His sister Anna became a teacher in the academy. William was possessed with a quiet dignity and serious habits, was studious and manly from a child, but he was as vigorous a player at games as he was diligent at his books. The family were held in high esteem at Poland, and to this day it is full of reminiscences concerning the members. Everybody liked William as a boy, and his thoroughness and brightness in his school work caused local prophecies of something great in store for him. He was his mother's chief dependence to run errands and do chores about the house, "because," she said, "he always seemed so pleased to help me."

Poland was a small agricultural and mining town a few miles out from Youngstown, Ohio, and near the Pennsylvania line. It was noted for the integrity, education, and patriotism of its citizens. It is said no soldier was ever drafted there. Every time a call was made there were more volunteers than

the quota of the town required. It was while he was serving as a clerk in the Post-office at Poland, and studying at the same time, that William McKinley, not then eighteen years of age, volunteered, and, after receiving his mother's consent and blessing, marched away as a private in the ranks to fight for his country's flag. Before this the boy had advanced so far in his studies that he had already taught one country school in which some of the scholars were older than himself. When fifteen years of age, under his mother's influence, he became an active member in the Methodist Church. He was also a great student of the Bible and a constant attendant of the Sunday Bible class. In fact, he sought every opportunity to increase his knowledge on all profitable subjects.

The career of the boy-soldier is well known. At the close of the war he had been many times promoted and commended, and was on the staff of General Hayes.

At the age of twenty-one the boy came home to his mother, and with him he brought a commission of Major. It was dated in 1864, and read: "For gallant and meritorious service at the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek, and Fisher's Hill.

"Signed, A. LINCOLN."

Perhaps the old mother was not proud to have her boy safe at home? And perhaps she was not prouder still to read that document? The welcome home and the sweet communions of such reunions are too sacred for comment, even if we were possessed of the details. There are thousands of mothers throughout this land, North and South, who know the story, for similar experiences have graven them, in letters that fade not, upon the tablets of their own hearts, where "sacred memories keep them ever fresh" and each advancing year lends them the "sweet mellowing light of age."

Upon the advice of his father, the young soldier decided to study law. The family assisted him by making personal sacrifices, in which Nancy McKinley and her daughter Anna were foremost. After a year and a half reading in the office of Judge Glidden, the unselfishness of mother and sister enabled him to go to the Albany Law School. In 1867, at the suggestion of his sister Anna, he went to Canton, whither she had preceded him as a teacher in the public schools.

It was in this beautiful city—then of 6000 inhabitants—under the influence and with the help of mother and sister, that the young lawyer of twenty-four opened his office and began the battle of life which afterward crowned him with the laurel wreath of national fame.

It would be unjust to President McKinley and his mother, Nancy McKinley, and especially to his heroic sister Anna, should we not add at this point that it was this sister—in her mind and character so like her distinguished

brother—who saved her hard earnings, and, aside from assistance given her brother, bought a home and induced her parents to accept it and remove to Canton, that the whole family might live together. It was in this home that the last happy years of these old people, with their children around them, were spent. It was here that their grandchildren came to visit them and the happy family reunions of nearly a quarter of a century were held; and from here both parents were buried—the father in 1892, and the mother in 1897. A special photograph of this plain but comfortable cottage, now made famous by its associations, was taken for this sketch in the month of April, 1898, showing the trees around it, with the buds of spring putting forth. It is the most unpretentious house in the neighborhood of elegant and palatial homes which surround it; but we doubt if there was a happier home in all Canton than this while Nancy McKinley was its mistress.

Not more than half a mile away, on another street, stands the house of President McKinley. It, too, is in an elegant community, and its simplicity is in striking contrast with the palaces of the rich by which it is environed.

Every Sunday when he was in Canton the great son of this great old mother walked over the quiet streets which lay between his home and hers and took her to church in the morning, and generally spent a part of the afternoon at her cottage home.

Eight weeks before her death, on his vacation from Washington, her son was with her at the church where they had both been members for many years, and they sat together in the family pew, little dreaming that it was the last time they should accompany each other to the house of worship, and that their next meeting before the altar should be the occasion of her funeral.

The devotion of the President to his mother was always one of the most marked and admirable traits of his character. Even in the most important political events of his life, he seemed never to forget her. On the day of his nomination he was solicitous that she be present at his house when the news of the proceedings came over the wires from the Convention at St. Louis. It was the 18th day of June, 1896, an ideal summer day at Canton, and the air full of golden sunshine. Major McKinley rocked on his porch, enjoying the freshness of the breeze that was balmy, though touched with fire. Telegrams came every few minutes, which he opened, reading to his friends such portions of them as pleased him.

Ladies of the family came up the walk from the street, and as the Major rose to greet them he asked, "Is mother coming up to-day?" and the answer was, "Yes, she will be here." About one o'clock the carriage drove up and three ladies descended. The Major hastened forward to greet them. The venerable woman with Roman features was the Major's mother, and with her were his sisters

Luncheon was served. Some one mentioned a comforting passage from the Bible as appropriate to the occasion. There was at once a curiosity to read the passage, and Mrs. McKinley's Bible was brought. A gentleman said he presumed the Major was too busy a man to know much of the Bible. "He does, indeed, know the inside of his Bible; no man better, I assure you," said Mrs. McKinley. The passages referred to were found and read by a lady present. They were Jeremiah, xx, 11, beginning, "But the Lord is with me," and Psalm xlvii, 6, beginning "Sing praises to God."

RESIDENCE OF MOTHER McKINLEY, CANTON, OHIO.

After lunch the company retired to the Major's office, where, with two telegraph lines and one long-distance telephone bringing the news simultaneously, the excitement was too intense for levity. They had not expected the Convention to reach a nomination before night, but it came about four o'clock on the first ballot, when Ohio cast her vote, forty-six strong, for her

favorite son. Without waiting for further returns a gentleman present arose and exclaimed "The majority is big enough. Major, I congratulate you. God bless you, and now you have just a quarter of a minute before you are mobbed to greet your wife and mother."

McKinley quickly crossed the hall to the parlor crowded with ladies, and as his wife and mother were seated side by side stooped low to kiss them and clasp their eager hands, the wife responding with a bright smile and sweet exultation in her eyes as he told her the vote of Ohio had given him the nomination. The grand old mother placed her trembling hands on her son's neck, her eyes streaming with tears brighter even than smiles, and whispered to her illustrious boy some holy words for him alone. At this moment the bells rang, the whistles blew, the cannon thundered, and the beautiful little city of Canton went stark, gloriously mad. A vast multitude precipitated themselves in a gigantic, ungovernable procession upon McKinley's unpretentious home, and there, with wife and mother at the windows with him, he acknowledged, in a voice ringing with resolution and sincerity, his gratitude to his neighbors and countrymen.

The world knows the sequel to his nomination. The most bitterly contested campaign followed which ever occurred in the history of America, with the possible exception of that of 1860, when Lincoln was elected and slavery was the issue. McKinley's opponent was William Jennings Bryan, the young and magnetic orator of Nebraska, who was the nominee of the Democratic, the National Republican (Silver Republican), and the People's parties.

The election day came on November 3d, 1896. The wires and the telephones brought the news. The Nebraskan had made a gallant fight, but the "favorite son of Ohio" had won. The booming cannon and the blare of trumpets shook the land from Maine to California, and Nancy McKinley, the farmer's daughter, became the mother of the President of the United States.

On the 4th of March, 1897, at the inauguration—the grandest this country has ever given any man—the proudest witness was Mother McKinley. For a short while she remained at the White House, and saw her son and his wife properly installed. Then she said she was satisfied that they did not need her any longer, and furthermore that she was glad she did not have to stay where there was so much ceremony required. She vastly preferred her own quiet little home and informal friends at Canton.

"Never did the little house seem so dear a home as when I got back to it," she said to a neighbor. "I would not begin to exchange it for the White House."

When the President took a vacation in September he went to Canton to rest, and, as has already been stated, accompanied his mother to church, as he had always done before his exaltation to the highest position in the gift of his

countrymen. A few weeks later news came of the serious illness of the aged woman, and, though in the midst of the most pressing official duties incident upon the assembling of Congress, the President at the earliest possible moment hastened to her side. After a lingering illness, which followed a stroke of paralysis, the end came at three o'clock Sunday morning, December 12th, 1897 —almost the identical hour at which her husband died on Thanksgiving night five years before.

When the light faded from her eyes and the breathing ceased the President sat silent and suffused in tears, holding her hand. The wife was by his side, and around the bed stood his brother Abner and his sisters, Mrs. Duncan and Miss Helen McKinley. Six grandchildren were also there, as was the aged sister of the deceased—Mrs. Abigail Osborne, the only living member of her father's family. For more than an hour after the spirit had flown the President remained sitting at the bedside, gazing silently upon the sacred form which for more than fifty years had been his ideal of noble, exalted womanhood.

At daylight on Sunday morning the bell in the steeple began to toll, and it struck slowly eighty-eight times, once for every year of the long life of the deceased. This was a custom in vogue many years ago, and it was at the suggestion of some of the older members that it was revived for this occasion.

On Sunday afternoon the President and his brother Abner drove to Wood Lawn Cemetery, where they personally made all arrangements to place their mother's remains beside those of their father. While here another touching scene occurred. Under two carefully-kept mounds slept the President's two only children. Before leaving the city he had ordered two beautiful wreaths of flowers, and he laid them gently and reverently on the two little graves while the spot for the mother was being measured off by the workmen.

The funeral services were held in the First Methodist Church, already referred to as the sacred spiritual home of mother and son. Here, thirty years before, McKinley had been Superintendent of the Sunday school. Here, for a quarter of a century, mother and son had come together to worship—a fitting spot in which to pay a last public respect to her memory.

Rev. Dr. C. E. Manchester, pastor of the church and a warm personal friend of the President and his mother, who had accompanied them to the inauguration in March, and was a frequent attendant and comforter at the cottage during the illness of Mrs. McKinley, conducted the funeral service, and it is from his address on the occasion and a personal interview which the writer enjoyed with him and his good wife at their home, in Canton, that we are indebted for much of the data contained in this sketch.

All of the thirty pastors in Canton were invited to be present, occupy the pulpit, and participate in the service. The pall-bearers were of the old men who for many years had been neighbors and friends of Mrs. McKinley. Dr. Man-

chester, in his funeral eulogy, declared "It was of such as she the wise man spoke when he said, 'The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up and call her blessed. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.'

"It is worth all the cost of trial and sorrow," said Dr. Manchester, "to be worthy of such divine portraiture as this—and she was worthy of it. Her motherhood was the crowning glory of her days. She was by divine right the gentle mistress of her own house. Always tender and true in her loving sympathies, self-poised and sturdy in her personal uprightness, she ruled like a queen over her own home. The law of kindness was the law of her life. Her heart throbbed with tenderest care for those whom God had given her, and her children do rise up and call her blessed.

"Another characteristic of Mother McKinley was her unvarying cheerfulness. It was as if the sunlight from the throne of God played upon her soul and kept it bright. And, after all, that was the sublime secret of her daily existence. She might have said to a sordid, grasping world, 'I have meat to eat that ye know not of.' Her faith that God does all things well, that He makes no mistakes, was the one creed of her Christian life. She grew old beautifully, because she walked with God. She came down to her grave like the well-ripened grain ready for the harvest."

The assemblage was the largest ever gathered at a funeral in Canton, and perhaps the largest ever turned out to honor any mother of the nation's Chief Magistrate. Members of the Cabinet and prominent officials and national celebrities travelled from Washington and all parts of the country to attend. "The church was appropriately draped," said the "Canton Repository," "and when at one o'clock, under the strains of the great organ, the body was carried to the front of the pulpit, it was literally covered with flowers. After the services the undertaker removed the cover, and the vast congregation marched, to a solemn dirge from the organ, past the chancel rail and gazed upon the pale, peaceful face, passing out at one door while crowds passed in at another, until thousands had passed the casket in respectful silence."

After this a brief private service for the immediate family and Washington guests was held at the cottage, and the carriages, headed by the hearse, with its black nodding plumes, moved slowly away to Wood Lawn, where this noble wife, mother, and grandmother was laid to rest with those who had preceded her to the silent city of the dead.

During her life Mrs. McKinley showed a fondness for visiting her children

at their homes, as well as having them often at hers. She spent one winter with her son David in California shortly before his death, and frequently went to Somerset, Pennsylvania, the home of her son Abner, as well as to Pittsburg and Cleveland, the home of her daughter, Mrs. Duncan. Some of her grandchildren were nearly always at her cottage with her and her maiden daughter, Miss Helen, who continued to reside at the cottage after her mother's death.

"Did you know Mrs. McKinley?" I asked of Jeremiah Lind, Canton's oldest inhabitant, who claims to have lived in one street seventy-four years.

"Oh, yes," he responded. "She and I were nearly the same age. I often saw her on the street. The old woman was hearty and pleasant all her days. Only a little while before she got sick I saw her with her little market basket on her arm tripping along better than many a woman of fifty years could do."

"Her head was never turned by the glare of society," said another acquaintance. "The common people were always fond of her."

On December 15th Congress adjourned out of respect to her memory; and coming generations will point to the grave of Nancy McKinley, as they now delight to point to that of Mary Washington, as the resting place of a model mother.

THE INSPIRING SPIRIT OF "GOD'S AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS."

MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

MRS. MAUD (BALLINGTON) BOOTH.

In the winter of 1892–93 fashionable Murray Hill, New York, was electrified and enlightened by a charming woman from the ranks of the Salvation Army. She was so magnetic, so full of spirituality, so chaste and refined in her language, that she sent a wave of sympathy throughout fashionable circles by her sweet and womanly presence, force of personal magnetism, and the clear and eloquent presentment of her cause. Up to this time the Salvation Army had been regarded as incapable of touching any element above the slums, and Mrs. Maud Booth did more to remove this prejudice and misconception and to help the cause of the Army, perhaps, than any other person in America, with the possible exception of her distinguished and consecrated husband, Ballington Booth, with whom she is now engaged as a leader in the new American Army known as "God's American Volunteers," of which we shall speak later.

It is impossible to prepare a sketch of this interesting woman without introducing a partial history of the Salvation Army, which is composed of a certain body of men and women possessing child-like faith and perfect devotion to duty, who have consecrated their lives to following the red banner adopted as their ensign.

William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, was at fifteen years of age an evangelist among the poor of Nottingham, England, where he had connected himself with a small Wesleyan chapel. So successful was he in his work that at seventeen he was a recognized lay preacher, and at the age of

twenty-one became a regular minister in the Methodist Church. In the same year, 1857, he married a young girl, who afterward became so inspired, and aided him in his lifework, whose life has been printed and read by thousands, as to be known and loved as the mother of the Salvation Army. Of this union ten children were born, eight of whom are still living and are important workers in the various branches of the Salvation Army. One of the daughters is manager of the Army in France and another in Australia. His daughter Eva is the present commander for America, succeeding his son, Ballington Booth, the husband of Mrs. Maud, the subject of this sketch.

General Booth remained in the ministry of the Methodist Church only four years. His open-air meetings and his zeal on new, aggressive, independent lines, and continual goadings at the Church for failing to reach the lower strata of society, caused them to disfellowship him. He went out from among them, not to begin a new work, nor to inaugurate the Salvation Army at that time, but to establish Christian missions, and to continue his outdoor singing, prayer and preaching services, drawing scoffings and abuse from the crowds which gathered out of curiosity, attracting, as he desired, the very lowest classes, who, as he said, came to scoff and ridicule, but invariably ended by listening to him, and he felt fully repaid when now and then one of the wretches, as he called them, was converted. From Nottingham he carried his crusades into London, and it was there he introduced the drums and cymbals to attract a crowd when the interest seemed to wane. His wife joined him, as did other earnest women. Some of them, as he said, were reclaimed from among the very lowest ranks. As he departed from one section he would establish a post, composed of his converts, to carry on the work, and out of this grew the military organization of the Army. So slow, however, was his progress in the beginning, that in 1878 he counted only fifty stations or posts in fifty different towns of England where he had labored. The next year, 1879, the Salvation Army, under that name, came into being, and a thorough organization, as it exists at present, was established, and the wisdom of his organization, much as it has been ridiculed as autocratic and tyrannical, is shown by the fact that four years after the organization he had 442 army corps and 1067 officers, with several thousand soldiers, as against the fifty posts which he had four years previous.

In 1873 a family of Booth's volunteers removed from England to the city of Philadelphia, in America, and began to hold meetings on the English plan. In 1880, when the Army was fully organized in England, a man by the name of Railto was sent over with seven women to formally open the work in America. They came to the Philadelphia family above referred to, and planted their headquarters in this city, for the reason that open-air meetings were not prohibited here, as they were in New York, Boston and other Eastern cities. Indoor meetings were held in New York, and, as a result, in seven months they

counted fifteen hundred converts in the two cities and had twelve corps organized, holding 172 services a week. In 1884 or 1885 Major Moore was sent to succeed Railto as commander in America, and through his disgraceful conduct the Army was brought into general disfavor. General Booth accordingly dismissed Commander Moore and appointed Major Smith in his stead, who did much to restore the Army to favor and repair the damage done the organization through the personal disgrace and odium of Commander Moore.

In 1887 General Booth sent his son Ballington to take command, and with his coming, his wife, the now famous Maud Booth, was introduced to the American public. The newcomers immediately ingratiated themselves into public favor by promptly taking out naturalization papers and becoming American citizens. Furthermore, Ballington Booth was quite a musician. Both he and his wife were well educated, and with their good sense and accomplishments never failed to win the hearts of well-disposed, educated people when they met them. From their arrival in America dates the real growth and rapid advance of the Salvation Army.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.
(Commander of "God's American Volunteers.")

Mrs. Booth was the daughter of an English clergyman, the Rev. Samuel Charlesworth, a rector in the Church of England, and she is of unmistakably good breeding, for she is gentle and feminine to the finest degree. She was married to Ballington Booth on his return from Australia, September 16th, 1886, in Congress Hall, London, in the presence of five thousand spectators, and the next year the young couple sailed to America. This cultured young woman came as a surprise and a revelation to many, even in Christian circles, who broadly and unreservedly condemned the noisy and blatant methods of the Salvation Army. She had been here but a little while before she formed the acquaintance of prominent Christian ladies, members of churches of various denominations. These she won by her intelligence, brilliant conversational powers, and thorough consecration to her work. Through them she began to be invited now and then to speak in this or that church, and finally gained audiences in some of the finest churches and halls and drawing-rooms, even the

drawing-rooms of the rich, in New York City, Philadelphia and elsewhere. Everywhere her speeches awakened sympathy and admiration, which were pleasing to her only because they meant good and advancement to her great lifework. They also brought large sums of money in the form of donations from wealthy Christians, given, as they declared, entirely upon their faith in Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth, and with this money the great Salvation Army Building was erected on Fourteenth street, New York, where it is one of the architectural ornaments of its locality.

Mrs. Booth's introduction into these leading churches and the friendships she gained from other prominent members of society caused the newspapers and leading periodicals to seek her out and request of her interviews and articles. She readily consented to write, and the subjects of her contributions were always the work of the Salvation Army. Here, too, she was a faithful preacher of her cause. It was in one of these meetings that she first called the Salvation Army "The Church of the Black Sheep," which name afterward attached to the organization.

HOPE HALL.

(Mrs. Maud Booth's Prison Reform Home for Ex-Convicts, in New York.)

It is a great pity that one so devoted to the work she had in hand should be separated from it; but even while she was uttering such sentiments and winning the American people, rich and poor alike, to the most hearty sympathy with her and her husband's work the plans were forming in England for their removal. It seemed like a great calamity at the time, but in the light of later developments many Christians regard it as a wise Providence which ordered it, for the result has left us the Salvation Army to work the slums and given us in addition the American Volunteers to labor with the working classes, artisans and clerks, with plans suited to the higher plane on which they live.

As nearly as we have been able to learn and judge the facts, the separation of Mr. and Mrs Ballington Booth from the Army came about in this way: On January 6th, 1898, an order was received from England at headquarters of the Salvation Army in New York directing Commander Ballington Booth to prepare to resign his charge of the Army in America and return to England in

about nine weeks. No previous notice was given of this, but it is proper to state it was done in accordance with an established rule of the Army that territorial commanders should be changed once every four or five years. This was a rule which General Booth had inherited from the Methodist Church, and he believed it a good one.

Ballington Booth and his wife had been in this country already nine years, and loved America, their adopted home. They had no thought, however, of demurring at the established rule of the Army. But, on January 20th, a protest was begun entirely outside of the Salvation Army and even against the desire of Commander and Mrs. Booth. It was done by the respectable public, which seriously objected to their recall. On February 3d a mass meeting was held in Carnegie Hall, New York. Chauncey M. Depew presided, and such church dignitaries as Rev. Josiah Strong and Dr. Lyman Abbott were present, as were also such leading women as Miss Margaret Bottome and Miss Grace Dodge. Mayor Strong and other municipal and political lights were also there.

Mr. Depew made a stirring speech, referring to Mr. and Mrs. Booth as ministering angels, and advised recommending and urging their retention upon General Booth. He declared they had made the Salvation Army respected and powerful in this country; that they were American citizens; that they could not, for the good of the Army and the cause, be replaced by strangers coming from three thousand miles away.

Mayor Strong said: "I believe Commander Booth and his wife can do more good here than they can in any country on earth. I come here to-night with whatever dignity there is in the Mayor's office to protest against this recall."

Letters were read from many noted people commending their work. Miss Frances E. Willard wrote:

"The departure of Commander and Mrs. Booth from our shores will be a public calamity. No husband and wife have ever combined to set in motion among us so many forces for the good of humanity and the glory of God."

A resolution was adopted in accordance with the sentiments expressed and a copy forwarded to General Booth. After assuring him of their appreciation and esteem, the American people urged him to recall his order in the interest of his own cause. Under Ballington Booth and his gifted wife the Army had made wonderful progress. They had, in round numbers, 300,000 avowed friends and adherents, contributing over $2,000,000 a year, with more than 30,000 active soldiers wearing the uniforms; besides, they had been the instruments of sending large numbers into Christian churches. Chicago alone had 10,000 soldiers, while Boston, New York and Philadelphia were other strongholds. The religious and secular press of the country, which ten years before was all arrayed in ridicule against the Army, now joined, with few exceptions,

in the plea for the retention of the commander and his wife. Many papers went so far as to urge secession, if General Booth should not yield, and the establishment of an independent American Army if Ballington Booth and his wife would lead it. Some of the more bitter journals declared General Booth to be an autocrat as imperious and complete as the Pope of Rome. They assailed him for his anti-American sentiments, especially for his objection to the display of the American flag.

Thus was planted the seed which so soon bore its fruit in the establishment of "God's American Volunteers," as the new Army was called. Despite all the pleas and pressure brought to bear, General Booth sent over the successors to his son and his daughter-in-law. They arrived on February 20th in the persons of his daughter Eva and his son, Herbert Booth, of Toronto, and Colonel Nicol, of London, and later, Booth Tucker, former commander in India. A conference was held between the Commission and Ballington Booth, resulting in his dismissal, which he promptly accepted, for insubordination by refusing to obey promptly the command at headquarters for his recall. Ballington Booth and his wife tendered their resignations, and Eva Booth, sister of the late commander, and her husband, Booth Tucker, were put in command.

This is not the place to discuss the right or wrong of the step. The Salvation Army is supposed to be governed on military principles, and, with all the good it has done, is an absolute despotism, and General Booth is its autocrat, from whose decision there is no appeal.

Other telegrams passed between Mr. Depew, Chairman of the Citizens' Committee, and General Booth, but without avail, and on March 1st Ballington Booth and his wife, yielding to the pressure of their sympathizers, issued a statement announcing that they would organize an independent Army, national in its scope, and not greatly differing in method from the Salvation Army, except that it was intended to reach the middle or artisan class. "Forty-six per cent.," said Commander Booth, "of the wage earners never attend church. It is to these we want to present the Gospel. We do not intend to conflict with the Salvation Army. It will be seen at once that the section of the population which we have chosen for our labor forms in itself a wide and responsible field." Their plans were briefly outlined. The features differing prominently from those of the Salvation Army were:

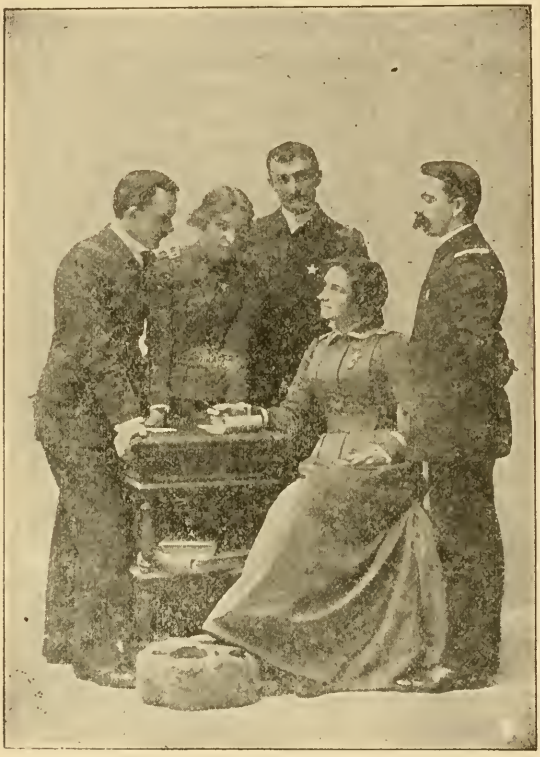
1. Travelling special evangelists of eminent qualifications to go from centre to centre and hold meetings in connection with various churches.

2. Beautiful music was to be made a special feature, the drum and cymbals being largely discontinued, and excellent consecrated musicians invited to enlist.

3. Prison reform work was to be made a specialty, as, in fact, it already had become an individual specialty with Mrs. Booth.

The new movement was launched at Cooper Union, New York. Nothing was lacking in the way of numbers and enthusiasm, and Mr. and Mrs. Booth started with every reason for gratification and encouragement.

In her new relations Mrs. Booth is thoroughly at home. Mr. Walter W Haviland, in "The American Friend," declares: "There is more than one point of similarity between Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, of the Volunteers of America, and our own Elizabeth Fry. Born and educated in an English family of culture and influence, accustomed in early years to the pleasures of social life, Mrs. Maud Booth has had it laid upon her heart to help and save the inmates of our prisons."



MRS. BOOTH GIVING DIRECTIONS TO HER PRISON RELIEF CORPS.

To this special branch of work Mrs. Booth is directing her personal attention. Soon after the Booths had withdrawn from the Salvation Army, Mrs. Booth began a systematic visitation of the prisons. She found that the prisoners gave her in an unusual degree their confidence. She said: "God gave me in a special way their confidence, and, I think, the affection of many of them. It dawned upon me how awful would be the responsibility of disappointing it. Those who learned to trust me, and write to me while in prison, as their friend would naturally turn to me for advice and help in the hard struggle that faced them on leaving it." A problem with three elements now presented itself to Mrs. Booth which she felt it her duty to solve: 1. To carry Christ to the men in prison. That she thought would be easy to do. 2. To find situations for those discharged prisoners who had an earnest desire to do better. That was difficult, in a world which, she says, "offers them no home, no welcome, no chance." The third part of the problem was to provide a home or a stopping place where they could go after leaving prison until employment could be secured. To conceive a duty is to begin the execution of it with Maud Booth. She appealed to the public for sympathy and support, secured a large house on the outer edge of New York City, and christened it "Hope Hall." She suggested the name to the prisoners in Sing Sing, New York, and it was adopted by their vote. She purposely avoided the

using of any name which would recall their former disgrace. No visitors are permitted in the hall. On one occasion a friend of Mrs. Booth requested permission to go, when she replied:

"I have made it a stringent rule that no visitors are admitted. I have no doubt that it would be very helpful to our work from one aspect to allow friends to see it; but, on the other hand, these men are very sensitive, and I feel that they must be allowed all the privacy that they would have in their own mother's home. They appreciate my respecting their feelings in this way, and so far I have found the rule a very wise one. This, of course, brings to our Home many self-respecting men who would not go to any of the existing charities for the very reason that they want, as far as possible, to forget the brand that has come into their lives. I feel sure that you will understand and see the wisdom of this regulation."

MRS. BOOTH AND HER CHILDREN.

In referring to Mrs. Booth's personal work, "The American Friend" says:

"It is wonderful what influence for good Mrs. Maud Booth has exerted in the prisons she has visited. Sing Sing, with its 1400 prisoners, has been her main field, but she has been to the other State prisons of New York, Clinton and Auburn, the Massachusetts State prison at Charlestown, New Jersey State Prison at Trenton, and many other institutions.

"The general testimony of prison officials is to the value of her work. Hundreds are leading new prison lives through her influence. Her method is to address the prisoners collectively and to talk personally with as many as she can. She spent the whole of last Christmas Day in talking with individual prisoners at Sing Sing. In each prison she organizes a Volunteer Prison League, binding together the men who want to lead better lives."

Mrs. Booth is making strenuous efforts to get employment for those who are released from prison. She believes that nearly all criminals are capable of a thorough reform, and may make the very best of men if they are properly treated when coming out of prison. Their hearts are then in condition to

appreciate whatever charity is shown them, and it is not unreasonable to believe that those who have been under her influence in prison and go with her recommendation from the home she has established for them out into the world will not again become criminals, unless they are driven to it by the cold, unchristian lack of charity which they meet at the hands of Christian employers. Says Mrs. Booth. "I am making an earnest plea in every audience to Christian business men to help me by offering employment to those we recommend from our homes. Some little risk may be run, but is it not worth while? And, after all, I consider the risk very small, for the men that we shall send out will have learned a bitter lesson by the past, and most, if not all, of them will, we trust, have found the power of God which transforms the life and brings in the influence that can keep. If I could get two or three hundred business men and employers of labor to promise to give a chance to one man per year from our Hope Hall, my difficulties in this direction would be very soon removed."

In Hope Hall Mrs. Booth endeavors to transform the convict into as nearly a gentleman laboring man as is possible. Charitable citizens send her new and partially worn clothing, and each man she starts out at least has the appearance of a thoroughly respectable citizen, and he goes forth backed by the Christian influence and sympathy of one of the truest and noblest women on God's footstool. Who knows how far her sympathy, loving-kindness and influence will go to make an honorable man and a useful citizen of many a former criminal? It would be a wretch, indeed, who could so far forget what she had done for him as to return again to his old ways of sin and crime.

There are few such women in the world as this noble and heroic little Englishwoman, who, with her husband, has become an American citizen, and who, though she is yet a young woman, has done so much for the betterment of her fallen fellow-beings, and whose influence has reached up to, purified and awakened the sympathy of the highest circles of American society. Long live Mrs. Ballington Booth and her noble husband, and may their last years be crowned with a realization of their hopes beyond the most sanguine dreams of the present!

Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth live in an unostentatious but pleasant cottage at Montcalm, N. J., a short distance out from New York City.

Their home is cheered by the presence of two bright, pretty children, in whose company the hard-worked parents, and particularly the mother, find great delight when the tasks of the day are over. The picture on the previous side shows Master Willie at the age of ten and his little blue-eyed sister, Theodora, so like a flower,

"When her life was five short summers long."

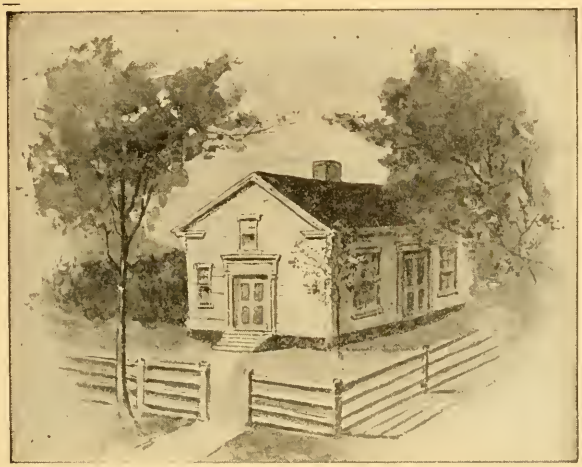
"REST COTTAGE," MISS WILLARD'S HOME AT EVANSTON, ILL.

THE WILLARD TEMPLE, CHICAGO.

MEMORIAL PICTURE OF FRANCES E. WILLARD

THE FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE W. C. T. U., THE QUEEN OF LOVE, THE ANGEL OF TEMPERANCE, THE CHAMPION OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL REFORM, THE MOST LOVED WOMAN IN THE WORLD,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.



BIRTHPLACE OF FRANCES WILLARD.

Such are a few of the just and richly deserved characterizations applied to the woman of whom not only Americans speak with pardonable national pride, but which sentiments find an echo in the universal heart of mankind.

Frances E. Willard died at the Empire Hotel, in New York City, February 17th, 1898. She had suffered a painful illness of several weeks, but on the last afternoon she was very bright, and up to seven o'clock talked with interest about the temperance work to which she had devoted her life.

Soon after this she fell asleep, and from that sleep she awoke on the other shore. The physician noticed she was sinking and summoned her friends, Mrs. W. W. Baldwin, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Vice-President of the W. C. T. U., and Miss Anna Gordon, Miss Willard's secretary.

In the presence of these witnesses and the physician, the beautiful sleeper ceased to breathe, and the watchers knew that she had gone to prove the truth of the last words she had uttered as she was falling to sleep: "How beautiful it is to be with God!"

Let us briefly review the principal events in the career of this remarkable woman, who, Lady Henry Somerset declares, was at once "a character more perfectly human, more exquisitely divine than any other I have ever met;" and whose fifty-eight years Charles J. Little asserts "were more than centuries of a common life."

Miss Willard's ancestry, early training, education, and environments were all admirably calculated to fit her to lead the great movement to which she

* This includes full-page illustrations not previously numbered.

brought the courage of a dauntless leader, the ripe attainments of a liberal scholarship, and the loving kindness of a nature that never lost the softer attributes of refined womanhood.

Her blood she inherited from the Puritans, but it was of the Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams strain—the martyr woman and the apostle of religious liberty—not that of John Endicott and Increase Mather, whose methods were those of force and persecution.

Frances Elizabeth Willard's parents were Wisconsin pioneers, though she was born in Churchville (near Rochester), N. Y., on September 28, 1839. The home of her childhood was luminous with thought and sweet with prayer, and the memory of it became the inspiration of her life. She would gladly have transformed to its likeness every cottage and every tenement in the world where dwelt a mother with her growing children.

The Willards traced their descent from a noble English forefather. One of them was the first settler of Massachusetts. To her parents, Josiah F. and Mary Willard, Frances owed those inherent qualities which combined to make her what she was. She embodied the best of these two noble souls. Her father was brave, strong-willed, God-fearing, and a man of intellectual force. He became one of the leaders and shapers of the political destiny of his adopted State, represented his district in the Legislature, and contributed in various ways to contemporary progress. Her mother blended piety with pithy speech, a splendid intellectual courage, unfailing humor and unfailing seriousness—a remarkable combination. Her spiritual strength was a pronounced feature of her character. "Her mind was always occupied with great themes," said Frances in after years. Mr. and Mrs. Willard were a rare couple, and their three children (Frances, an older brother and a younger sister) were a comfort and a joy to them.

When Frances was two years of age her parents removed to Oberlin, Ohio, then the most noted educational centre of the West; and again, five years later, to Janesville, Wisconsin, which was in a partial wilderness, and there they lived the simple and hardy life of pioneers.

At "Forest Home," as the Willards called their cottage, the children were taught by their mother and governess for some years. When she was seventeen Frances entered a "Female College" in Milwaukee, and a year later she and her sister both entered the Northwestern College at Evanston, where she was graduated.

Mr. Willard removed to Evanston, that he might be with his daughters while they were in college, and here he built in 1858 the home which continued to be the residence of the family. Here the youngest daughter passed away after "nineteen beautiful years," and here the father died, leaving Frances and her mother, whom she christened "St. Courageous," alone in the world when

the brother had followed the father; and to this home, which she christened "Rest Cottage," she returned each year to spend two months with mother and recuperate her strength by rest. The house is inviting, but unpretentious. It is a two-story frame house, and is set in one of those spacious lawns for which Evanston is famous, and nestles under the umbrage of great oaks and giant elms. In summer time its velvety sward and sylvan environs form a picture of rustic beauty and simplicity that is in marked contrast to the palaces of wealth that surround it on all sides.

Frances Willard's energy and ambition would not permit her to be idle. Shortly after her graduation she began by teaching a little district school in 1858, and for many years devoted herself to this profession. The knack of teaching came honestly to her. She inherited it from her mother, and her father had also been at one time a teacher, and, fortified by her tact, winning personality, and great common sense, it made her a wonderful success and the idol of her pupils. In her autobiography she says:

MISS WILLARD'S FIRST SCHOOL.

"Between 1858, when I began, and 1874, when I forever ceased to be a pedagogue, I had thirteen separate seasons of teaching in eleven separate institutions and six separate towns; my pupils in all numbering about two thousand. In my summer vacation at Forest Home, 1858, I taught our district school; in my own home town of Evanston I taught the public school one term; in Harlem, two terms; in Kankakee Academy, one term; in my alma mater, the Northwestern Female College, two; in Pittsburg Female College, three; in the Grove School, Evanston, one year; in Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, at Lima, N. Y., three terms; the Evanston College for Ladies, two years; the Woman's College, one year, and I was a professor in the Northwestern University one year. Nor did I relinquish any of these situations save of my own free will, and in every case but one I had from the authorities a warm invitation to return."

Two years of the above time, 1868–69, Miss Willard spent abroad, studying French, German, Italian and the history of the fine arts, visiting nearly every European capital, and travelling extensively in Egypt and Palestine and Greece. It was on her return, in 1871, that she was elected President of the

Evanston College for Ladies. In this she enjoyed the distinction of being the first woman in the world to be made president of a college. It was due to her labors that the town authorities gave, as a site for the new college, what was then one of the chief parks of Evanston. In 1873 this college became a part of the Northwestern University on conditions proposed by Miss Willard, and she was made Dean of the Woman's College in the University and also professor of æsthetics in the faculty of liberal arts.

The one position to which Miss Willard referred as not being invited to return was that of Dean of the Woman's College in the Northwestern University, which she resigned because her views as to its conduct were not in accord with those of the President, and, believing herself to be right, she could not consistently remain. It was this ill wind, perhaps, which blew all the world good by throwing Frances Willard personally into the temperance work. The venerable Mary A. Livermore, in the "Woman's Journal" of February 26th, 1898, thus writes of her knowledge of this step:

"My acquaintance with Miss Willard antedated the temperance reform. She was Dean of the Woman's College of the Northwestern University when I met her, and she sought me to talk over her plans for the betterment of the college. This was just before the women of Ohio were stirred to the depths by the ruin wrought in their homes by the liquor traffic. Frances Willard caught the spirit of the Woman's Crusade and believed herself called of God to take up the temperance cause as her lifework. Everyone opposed her, even her mother withheld her approval of what she regarded as a Quixotic enterprise, and she came again to me. I saw that she could not be hindered in her purpose; that she had phenomenal gifts for such work; that she would win women to follow her, and that only good could come from the movement, bitterly as it was then opposed, and I advised her to follow the leadings of her own spirit, and promised assistance."

Says Lilian Whiting:

"Nothing in all romance is more deeply engaging than Frances E. Willard's autobiographical record of those opening days when, in Chicago, she entered upon the work for whose cause she had come into this world. We find her saying:

"'Many a time I went without my noonday lunch downtown because I had no money with which to buy, and many a mile did I walk because I had not the prerequisite nickel for street-car riding.

"'But for several months I went on this way, and my life never had a happier season. For the first time I knew the gnawings of hunger, whereat I used to smile and say to myself, as I elbowed my way among the wretched people to whom I was sent, "I'm a better friend than you dream; I know more about you than you think, for, bless God, I'm hungry, too.'"

Even her brother Oliver chided her. He said; "Frank, your faith that you will be taken care of in this work is simply a challenge to the Almighty. You have, by giving up your lucrative position and going into this work without compensation, simply put a chip on your shoulder and dared Omnipotence to knock it off." But God only smiled in His heaven and tried His child a little longer.

Mrs. Livermore's advice proved to be good, and her estimate of Miss Willard's ability has been proved correct. She gave herself to her work with all that she was or had or hoped to be or to have; with complete unreserve, toiling like a Titan until she died from overwork—a martyr to her sense of duty.

The W. C. T. U. was organized in 1874, and Miss Willard was offered the presidency, but declined, preferring to work in the ranks, which she did for four years. But affairs were unfortunately managed, and but poor progress was made, until 1879, when she was induced to become President. At that time no Southern State, except Maryland, was represented in the national society, and the whole yearly income was only about $1200.

Miss Willard had scarcely assumed the office before her strong hand and magnetic spirit were felt all along the line, and women enthusiastically rallied to her support to carry out her plans. Her personality was charming; her oratory enchained the thousands who heard her, and her printed speeches were like blasts of bugle summoning to duty.

In company with her friend and secretary, Anna Gordon, she visited every State and Territory in the Union, speaking, writing and organizing as she went. Then she crossed over the border into British Columbia, and throughout Canada she went, speaking and organizing in every town of over 10,000 inhabitants, until she had completed a gigantic tour of 25,000 miles, and came home famous and with her lifework established.

In twelve consecutive years she stood before more than 4000 audiences as a lecturer, an average of more than six lectures a week for that entire time—a feat equalled by no woman on earth, and surpassed only by Beecher, Gough and Moody among men. Since that time the press of the country has recognized in her one of the leaders of reform in the world, and what she has said and done has been promptly published. Without disparagement to others, it may be said that Frances Willard surpassed all women of modern times as a leader. So executive, magnetic, winning and persistent has she been that she has fused and moulded the once heterogeneous elements of the W. C. T. U. into a solid and united mass. Miss Willard's efforts were responsible for securing the passage of laws in all the States in the Union, except Virginia, Arkansas and Texas, requiring the introduction of the scientific study of the effect of narcotics and stimulants upon the human system.

When Miss Willard was in England her power and skill as an organizer was made the topic in many a distinguished company, this being the marvellous element of her character which appealed so strongly to Englishmen. But she was not only an organizer, but a diplomat and commander as well. She was one of the finest presiding officers that ever graced a rostrum with the gavel of authority. Although so gentle in manner and frail in physique, she had the power of holding vast assemblages, as it were, under her thumb, keeping them always pleased with her bright wit, sparkling humor and wonderful versatility, displayed with marked effect in introducing speakers at conventions.

FRANCES WILLARD AND HER MOTHER.
("SAINT COURAGEOUS.")

Miss Willard as a friend, inspirer and leader had no equal among women. Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens said of her on this point: "Frances Willard knew how to be a friend. It is not an easy matter to be a true friend. The qualities which enter into it are the rarest. There must be tact and courage, truth and justice, love and patience. There must be that divine quality—that seer's vision—which can pierce beneath the veil of appearances and bring to light the ideal. There must be also something of that prophet's function which shall arouse that slumbering ideal until it actualizes itself in the real. She possessed all these. No other woman was so truly the friend of humanity, because no other was so truly the friend of the individual. She always found one's best points, and how she loved all the world knew. She will be a friend forever to mankind."

She was a great leader, because in her hand she held the hearts of all who followed, and drew with her irresistible charms those who had not the courage to follow. All loved her because she loved all. She had faith in humanity, and she drew all by the power of love.

A marked trait of Miss Willard's character was her ambition to be helpful to young women. Having been Dean of the Woman's College at Northwestern University for four years, she believed in the highest culture for women. When she was the guest of Lady Henry Somerset in England, young

ladies who were studying art, music and letters, many of them Americans, flocked to Reigate to receive inspiration and help from this gentle and polished exemplar of the graces and refinements of the best American womanhood. There was no ambitious girl she was not ever ready to help and encourage. The following true incident no doubt has its varied counterpart in the experience of hundreds of young women:

The Washington "Post" says: "When Frances Willard lay dead in Chicago, among the flowers near her was a bunch of violets from a Washington newspaper woman. 'I never saw Miss Willard but once,' said the newspaper woman the day she sent the flowers. 'It was in a Western city. I was reporter on a local paper, discouraged, overworked, blue, homesick and altogether miserable, for I was only—well, I wasn't out of my teens, and I had been away from home only a few months. Miss Willard came to the city. I was sent to her hotel to ask her something impertinent. Miss Willard was ill, but sent word that I might come up. I found her sitting in an easy-chair, very pale, but very sweet. I had only begun to tell my errand when she rose and came toward me. She put her hands on my shoulders. "Why, dearie," she said, "how tired you look! Take my chair, child." And I—well, nobody had called me "dearie" for so long, nobody had called me "child," that I—well, I put my head on Frances Willard's shoulder and cried it all out. I had never seen her before; I have never seen her since, but for the memory of those few kind words I say: God bless Frances Willard.'"

If we were called upon to name the chief elements in the character of Frances Willard which gave her such power over the world in addition to those already outlined, we should answer:

1. *Her indomitable will, courage and unfailing faith* in the triumph of the right. Once fortified behind a well-grounded conviction, she knew no such word as fail or retreat. She was possessed of a moral courage which would have gone unflinchingly to death for her cause had it been demanded of her.

2. *Her generosity, Christ-like love and unselfishness.* She was deeply religious, but so liberal in her views that she never offended anyone who differed most radically in point of creed. On the broad platform of love to God and mankind she embraced all religionists and philanthropists. "Love is the greatest thing in the world" was the constant echo from her daily life. She loved the human race with that divine affection which sorrowed over its woes and rejoiced in every advance it made toward purity, intellectuality and happiness, while her unselfishness prompted her to offer herself a living sacrifice to the causes she espoused. On her very last birthday, after giving $3000 in cash and mortgaging her home for more to give to the Woman's Temple, she wrote: "I have consecrated this, my fifty-ninth year, to try to help clear off the $300,000 worth of Temple bonds;" and, in her death, coming so soon after

this bold and heroic declaration, she no doubt quickened her fellow-women to a speedier accomplishment of that great work and saved the Woman's Temple.

3. *Her fervent eloquence and masterful oratory.* By this power she put herself en rapport with other souls and drew them to her. The charm of her speech; the magic of her idealism; the courage of her piety; her strong, clear, melodious voice, blending defiance, intrepidity, deference, tenderness; her language simple; her reasoning luminous; her illustrations full of poetry and humor; her pathos deep and natural as tears to a child. The great hope of her life—the ideal home—stood ever before her and transfigured her in the presence of her audiences. Old prejudices lost power. She stretched forth her loving hands to the women of the North, the women of the South and the women of England, and made them forget the past in the rapture of great expectations for the future.

4. *Her extraordinary common sense and executive ability.* But all of the foregoing points would have failed of the high results that Frances Willard accomplished had they not been sustained and guided by her precision of judgment, which made her wise beyond other reformers, and that executive faculty which enabled her to see and compass and harness to her service all the natural tributaries and accessories to her one great object—the purifying, elevating and Edenizing of the home. Let it be understood, she was, first of all, a *home woman.* And temperance, woman-suffrage, education, everything she fought and lived for was to make home brighter, happier, as near like heaven as is possible on earth.

"What a good preacher's wife you would make, honey," said an old minister once when shaking the brilliant young orator's hand after she had delivered a stirring address. He was right; and that Frances Willard never married was not due to the fact that she was insensible to the sentiment of conjugal love. It was her obedience to the call of conscientious duty to humanity, with which marriage would have interfered, that she gave up the love of her youth.

In her early girlhood Frances E. Willard was the promised wife of a gentleman who is now a prominent Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. To this, in her autobiography, she thus alludes:

"In 1861–62, for three-quarters of a year, I wore a ring and acknowledged an allegiance based on the supposition that an intellectual comradeship was sure to deepen into unity of heart. How grieved I was over the discovery of my mistake my journals of that epoch could reveal. Of the real romance of my life, unguessed save by a trio of close friends, these pages may not tell. When I have passed from sight I would be glad to have it known, for I believe it might contribute to a better understanding between good men and women. For the rest, I have been blessed with friendships rich, rare and varied, all lying within the temperate zone of a great heart's geography, which has been called

'cold' simply because no Stanley has explored its tropic climate, and set down as 'wholly island' because no adventurous Balboa has viewed its wide Pacific sea."

In "The Beautiful Life of Frances Willard," by her friend and secretary, Anna Gordon, the story of this romance of the Christian heroine's life may be read.

Did Frances Willard die too early? God must answer that; not we. She might have lived longer had she learned to spare herself, but then she might have lived less. It seems to us no career was ever a more glorious triumphal march from the cradle to the grave, and none more maturely grand in its closing.

Scarcely had Miss Willard's death been flashed over the wires before telegrams and cablegrams came from all over the world by thousands, and the succeeding mails brought bushels of letters, and the express companies carried tons of floral offerings; and not only the "Union Signal," the organ of the W. C T. U., which she so long edited, but the religious and secular papers and magazines were flooded with eulogies and reminiscences and poetic tributes, contributed by hundreds—yea, we may say thousands—of those whose hearts she had touched and whose lives had been influenced by hers.

Lady Henry Somerset and many others cabled from England; and from far-off Australia came several cablegrams, and from New Zealand, and Jamaica and Hawaii, Nova Scotia and Canada. Almost every distinguished clergyman in America and many from abroad, and every State organization and almost every branch of the W. C. T. U.—thousands in number—sent messages by wire and resolutions by mail. Prominent politicians and all religious and most other representative bodies in convention, and almost every prominent woman in America in literature, religious or reform work, sent telegrams and written testimonials until the mere cataloguing of the names would be almost to make a directory of the celebrities of the times. They all breathed the same spirit of love and devotion and confidence expressed by the Armenian woman who wrote: "Two hemispheres have lost their friend, protector and civilizer; all nations weep." And all estimates of Frances Willard's character were summed up in the words of Harriet B. Kells' telegram: "No other life ever uplifted so many lives; no other soul saw so great beauty and possibilities in every soul; no other heart held such largeness toward all hearts."

No woman in America ever had such a funeral as Frances Willard. At New York the most marked respect was tendered her remains, by the masses as well as people of distinction, and then the train went on its long journey of one thousand miles to the West. At every station sad-faced men and women waved tear-damp handkerchiefs at her passing car. It arrived at the Central Depot, Chicago, at 8.30 A. M. The remains were accompanied by Miss Anna Gordon, her private secretary; Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, who succeeded her

as President of the National W. C. T. U., and other ladies prominent in the organization.

For six hours the flower-decked casket lay in state in Willard Hall in the great Woman's Temple, erected by the splendid white army of which she was the chosen leader, while the crowd filed reverently past her bier and took a last look at the familiar and well-loved face. At 5.15 a special train bore the remains to Miss Willard's suburban cottage at Evanston, where thousands gathered to "welcome her home." The next day the funeral services were completed in the First Methodist Church, and thousands were turned away for lack of room. In the afternoon, amid the tears of the multitude—for all Evanston mourned—and with flags at half-mast on the public buildings and the stores and offices closed and all the schools dismissed, Frances Willard was borne to the tomb.

The remains were deposited in a vault, and on Saturday, April 9th, according to her expressed wish, the casket was removed to Graceland Cemetery and placed in a retort, where the remains were cremated. The ashes were placed in an urn, and later were transferred to a small metal book and buried in the grave of her mother at Rose Hill Cemetery. Miss Willard, in common with many advanced thinkers, believed that cremation would in the future become the popular mode of disposing of the bodies of the dead. She considered it also an important sanitary move in the right direction, and, being always in life a promoter of helpful measures for the betterment of mankind, she desired that her body after death be made an example to others in what she believed to be a beneficial reform.

Perhaps no woman who ever lived was more loved, and not one who ever died was so much spoken and written about by prominent divines and by the religious and secular press immediately after her death as Frances Willard. Her life, her work, and her theories were given the widest possible publicity.

> "And woman's rights and wrongs,
> And mortal sorrows, and the drunkard's woes,
> And virtue's claims, by her life's sudden close
> Have found ten thousand tongues."

THE FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS,

CLARA BARTON.

"Show us the battle,—the field,—or the spot
Where the groans of the wounded rang out on the air

"That her ear caught it not, and her hand was not there.

* * *

"She staunches his blood, cools the fever-burnt breath,
And the wave of her hand stays the Angel of Death.

"She wipes the death sweat from the cold clammy brow,
And sends home the message: ''Tis well with him now.'"

CLARA BARTON.

For nearly twenty years, since the United States signed the articles of the Geneva Convention, aligning itself with the other nations in the humane enterprise of relieving suffering, the National Red Cross of America has been Miss Clara Barton, and Clara Barton has been the Red Cross Association. It is natural that it should be so; and, while some few discontents have complained that she has been given too much power, yet it must be remembered that, after sixteen years of unavailing efforts by others, it was Clara Barton who secured the ratification of the articles of the Geneva Red Cross Convention by the President and the Senate of the United States, together with the passage of an appropriation by Congress for the Society.

Furthermore, with her rare qualities of executive ability, tact, mind, heart and will to organize and execute she has conducted the Society so successfully that her country has been honored and suffering alleviated under her administration of its affairs as no other one woman's direct efforts and influence ever

gave credit to a nation or relieved human woes. All the honors that have fallen upon the gray hairs of this aged woman are but the shadows of her good deeds and sacrifices for others.

Clara Barton, like so many others, both men and women, who have amounted to anything in the world, is a self-made woman. She was born in North Oxford, Massachusetts, in 1830. Her father was a farmer, who had been a Revolutionary soldier under General Anthony Wayne, and was noted for his habits of precision and punctuality. Her mother was a woman of singularly sweet and even temperament, with a most acute sympathy for suffering. The girl grew up in a poor but well-ordered home, where intelligent, sober thought, honesty, industry, frugality, and a generous spirit of good-will and fellowship prevailed. During her childhood she attended the public schools in Oxford, and then worked in a factory as a cloth-trimmer, earning some money, with which she paid for more schooling.

At sixteen Clara Barton began to teach, and from this vocation saved enough to give her a year's tuition at Clinton Seminary, New York. From here she went to Trenton, New Jersey, for a short term as a teacher, and thence to Bordentown in the same State, where, under the patronage of a few progressive people, she founded a free school for girls. At first she was much opposed in this—her first effort for the benefit of the poor; but with that remarkable tact and unyielding energy which has ever characterized her efforts in a good cause, she persevered, and "Miss Barton's Free School" soon outstripped all its competitors for popular favor, and grew not only to large proportions, but became generally esteemed as an indispensable public necessity.

In 1853 the delicate health of the highly nervous young woman gave way under the strain of unremitting toil and anxiety, and forced her to give up teaching. She went to Washington, D. C., to visit relatives while recuperating. Here she became acquainted with the Commissioner of Patents, and was offered a position of trust, involving the management of a number of clerks. It was not common then, as it is now, to employ ladies in the Government Office; and the male clerks under Miss Barton rebelled at her attempted discipline, and determined to drive her out of the position. To accomplish this they employed both personal insult and, afterwards, slander. The result, however, like Haman's gallows, ended in their own discharge, and Miss Barton remained, with a new corps of assistants, whom she trained to her own methods, and soon had her department organized and running with a smoothness and efficiency which it had never before enjoyed.

During President Buchanan's Administration Miss Barton was discharged for political reasons, but after a time it was found that she was a necessity to the Department, and she was recalled, and remained in the Patent Office until the breaking out of the Civil War. When the country seemed in need of money

to equip its army she generously offered to donate her services to the Government by continuing in the Patent Office without pay while the war should last.

But there was a greater service for this daughter of the Republic to render her country than that afforded by a Government clerkship. Patriotism is a passion with Clara Barton, second only to her love for humanity. When the Massachusetts regiment on their way to the front were attacked in Baltimore, all Washington was thrown into a fever of excitement, and she went with the enthusiastic throng to the depot in Washington to welcome the heroes. The sight of the forty wounded men filled her heart with sympathy, and the instincts of her special vocation asserted themselves so strongly that she resigned her position in the Patent Office, at once assumed the role of a nurse, and tenderly cared for the sick soldiers until they were brought back to health.

As Florence Nightingale first discovered her own power in the encounter with the group of Arabs who were ill at Cairo, so Clara Barton in meeting these forty wounded soldiers at Washington, touched the key-note of her vocation for life. From this time on her desire was to get on the battlefield; and, as the war clouds gathered and deepened, she petitioned to be permitted to go to the front. To such a pitch did her enthusiasm reach that just before the battle of Bull Run she advertised in the Worcester, Massachusetts, papers, saying she would receive stores and money for the wounded soldiers at the front, and that she would go herself and personally distribute them. The appeal was so liberally responded to that she filled a building at Seventh and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, and permission was granted her to go to the field of battle.

General Buckner, assistant quartermaster, agreed to furnish transportation for the supplies which Miss Barton had gathered, and she arrived on the scene just before the famous battle of Bull Run and was one of the leaders in organizing relief. With her own eyes she witnessed the tragic scenes of this and several other notable conflicts, among them being the battles of Cedar Mountain, Spottsylvania and the Wilderness. Throughout the war she continued relieving the suffering by nursing and administering to the sick and wounded. Her work was entirely independent of any of the state organizations and of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, and it did not end with the surrender at Appomattox.

After the close of the war, President Lincoln, whose keen judgment recognized the superior ability and qualifications of Clara Barton, appointed her to superintend the vast and intricate correspondence of the friends of missing soldiers. She at once established a bureau of records. Her accurate habit of keeping accounts and recording data were here of inestimable value. She advertised for information and employed many assistants, communicating

to them her own comprehensive power and perfection of detail. During her services on the battlefield she had compiled extensive hospital, prison and burial lists; and, assisted by the records of Mr. Dorance Atwater, a Connecticut prisoner at Andersonville, she located and marked with head-boards over 13,000 of the 15,000 graves at that place; and, of the lost living and dead together, she found or located 30,000 by means of her own records and skill (which amounted to positive genius) in following other clues.

For four years consecutively Miss Barton was engaged in this arduous work, and, to further its purposes, when the national appropriation was exhausted she drew largely on her own private funds, and when Congress offered later to restore the sum, she refused to accept it.

Many of the letters which she recieved from anxious mothers and wives during this four years' search for the lost and dead, are treasured by her as precious mementoes of the service; and fully as many letters, perhaps, from her own pen, are treasured by those anxious ones throughout the length and breadth of our great country, as mementoes of her kindly offices in their behalf. This colossal labor of love alone should immortalize her. The hopes she sustained and the hearts she comforted—aiding them in the realization of their long deferred desires, or to resignation and faith when their desires could not be fulfilled—are among those nobler pages of life reserved for the book of the recording angel.

We have spoken of her using her private means. This means (for her early earnings were long since expended in charity) was accumulated largely during the last two years of her service in the Bureau of Correspondence. Her sympathetic work in this department had increased her fame, and a demand to see her and hear from her own lips the story of her work, came from many quarters. As a means of gratifying this desire and assisting in the work she had in hand, more than for repleting her own purse, she accepted the offer of a manager to deliver three hundred lectures at $100 a lecture. These engagements carried her to all sections of the North and West, and she was everywhere greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences.

In 1869, at the close of her work in the Correspondence Bureau, Miss Barton went abroad for a much needed rest and recuperation; but there was another mission of which she knew not, nobler than she had dreamed. Perhaps the greatest reward to those who have done well in conducting a noble work is in feeling a distinct recognition of their services in the form of opportunities to do more. Within a year after she left America's shores returning health had renewed her strength, and she was planning for the voyage back to America when the Franco-Prussian War broke out, and she threw herself heart and soul into the work of nursing the sick and wounded soldiers, just as she had done in the Civil War of her own country.

Miss Barton rendered especially noble service at Strassburg, and from there she went to relieve the suffering after the fall of the Commune in Paris. Her services gave her a practical experience in the working of the Red Cross agencies in Switzerland and Germany, and an acquaintance with Empress Augusta of Germany, who was at the head of the German Red Cross Society, and won for her the Prussian Order of Merit. At this time every civilized country except the United States had signed the Geneva Red Cross articles. Its comprehensive methods, covering every detail of caring for the sick, without interfering with military strategy, enlisted the warmest sympathy and interest of Miss Barton, and she immediately entered upon the work of commending it to her own country.

To better assist in this matter, she remained in Europe. For her distinguished services in the Red Cross work, she was honored by many sovereigns. The Grand Duchess of Baden presented her with an amethyst cut in the form of a pansy, and the Grand Duke conferred upon her the Golden Cross of Remembrance. Queen Natalie honored her with the Servian decoration of the Red Cross, the Queen of Italy presented her with a Red Cross Medal, and Queen Victoria, with her own hand, pinned the English decoration upon the little American's dress.

All this time Miss Barton was communicating with influential friends in America with a view to inducing our Government to formally sign the Geneva articles. President Moynier of the International Committee of the Red Cross addressed a letter to the President of the United States, which she brought to America and translated in 1877, and from that time until the United States signed the articles, several years afterwards, she was unremitting in her efforts to that end. With consumate skill and energy she wrote, lectured, advertised and thus popularized the movement. In 1881, she secured the personal endorsements of President Garfield and Secretary Blaine, from whom she had letters of encouragement.

With this encouragement she succeeded in bringing together on May 21, 1881, the first convention in this country to consider the organization of a national society. The convention was held in Washington and a constitution and by-laws adopted. Five objects of the association were named: First, To secure the adoption by the United States of the international treaty; Second, To obtain the recognition of our Government; Third, To organize a system of national relief, and to apply the same in war, pestilence, famine or other calamities; Fourth, To collect and diffuse information, and Fifth, To co-operate with all other national societies.

On June 9, 1881, the officers were elected, Miss Barton being chosen as president, which position she has since held. Under the administration of President Arthur, in 1882, Congress passed the neccessary laws for authorizing

a union with the International Red Cross, and the American Branch of the Red Cross was incorporated into the International Society and received into the fellowship of the kindred societies of thirty other nations. It was to the Forty-seventh Congress that the honor of this legislative enactment was due, but it was Clara Barton's influence and several years of unremitting toil which brought about that enactment.

WORK IN THE RED CROSS.

Miss Barton's serious work in the Red Cross of America began in 1882, when the Mississippi River overflowed its banks. With her usual promptness, and with less than a thousand dollars in the treasury, she started for the scene of disaster. But before she started she set the associated press' wires a-flashing to all parts of the country, with a double account of the disaster of the floods and a plea for aid to be sent at once to her society. Aid poured in from every direction to such an extent, indeed, that more came than was needed, and the frugal Miss Barton wisely put away the surplus to answer the next cry for help, which came with the Ohio's overflow in 1883, and the Louisiana cyclone the same year, both of which were as promptly relieved as the Mississippi sufferers had been.

In 1886, the Texas drought and the Charleston earthquake were made the main objects of relief. In 1887, the sufferers from the Mount Vernon cyclone were assisted; but the greatest work of the Society up to that time remained to be done in 1889, when the terrible Johnstown flood swept away a city, destroyed hundreds of lives and rendered thousands homeless. The Philadelphia branch of the Red Cross was the first to arrive on the ground. Miss Barton gave personal supervision to the distribution of clothing to the sufferers, and altogether the Society expended about $40,000 in relief at this point within a few weeks time.

Passing over a number of smaller events, another gigantic task confronted the Society in 1893, when a great hurricane fairly blew the sea over the Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina, devastating 150 square miles of territory. Miss Barton went to the field and superintended the work of relief in a practical matter of fact way that has always characterized her work. "Happily for the country," says Dr. Magruder, one of her chief assistants, "the colossal work of furnishing assistance to this large population has been undertaken under the direct leadership of our president, Miss Clara Barton, who has for the past six weeks been doing noble work, and it is surely to be hoped that the approach of spring will find another magnificent charity brought to a successful termination."

Two months later Miss Barton made a report from the field, saying that the Society had not only relieved the suffering, but that houses had been

rebuilt, wells cleaned, seeds and implements furnished to farmers, and tools to mechanics, the traces of the terrible flood well nigh obliterated, and the opportunity of self-support given the people, hundreds of whom without the Society's timely aid must have suffered starvation. Besides its own expenditures of about $25,000, the Society distributed large sums of money. Train loads of supplies sent by northern newspapers and special benevolent contributions founded by fraternal orders, churches and other organizations.

These magnificent services greatly popularized the Society and added to the public confidence in Miss Barton, and spread her fame throughout the

CLARA BARTON IN A CUBAN HOSPITAL.

world. Many people in the United States believed she was capable of accomplishing anything she would undertake; consequently in 1896, when the Armenian massacres aroused the civilized world to intense excitement, and the heart of Christendom into the deepest sympathy, it was almost with a universal voice that the call came up to send Miss Barton to their relief. A special corps of assistants, large sums of money, and quantities of supplies were put at her disposal, and she sailed for Turkey. She established her headquarters at Constantinople, laid out her territory, secured passes from the Sultan for her relief companies, and sent them forth, with the skill of a mili-

tary leader, into the various parts of devastated Armenia, to administer to the sick, feed the hungry, supply tools and seeds for the rebuilding of the devastated homes and the planting of their grounds.

In 1897, when Cuban reconcentrados were dying by thousands under the ravages of a cruel war, she was sent to that stricken people, whose condition, she declared, was worse than anything the Armenians ever experienced under the Turks. Miss Barton was now an aged woman, and in delicate health; but from the time she landed hers was a familiar figure, hastily passing from hospital and stockade to hospital and stockade, under terrible heat, in tropical torrents of rain, and in an atmosphere teeming with malaria and yellow fever germs. A marvel of heroism was this little woman of nearly three-score years and ten, ever busy, hurrying day and night from one point to another, where she gave personal directions to relieve suffering and save life.

When war was declared between Spain and the United States, in 1898, ships were filled with supplies of food and medicine, nurses, physicians and attendants and placed at her disposal, and when the voice of war spoke most harshly she sent the comforting and widely-published telegram—"I am with the wounded." Yes, she was there to bind the bleeding wound, to bathe the fevered brow, and to cheer the despondent soldier, far from his home. And, when the dread messenger knocked at the citadel of life, she was ready, with note-book in hand, as in the Civil War, nearly forty years earlier, to take down the last message and to make notes of identification that might comfort or satisfy relative or friend.

How fitting that after the war was over, and the snows of seventy winters were gathering about her brow, Clara Barton should write a book, giving us all the details in her interesting life—details which we can but hint at in this article. The book, which is entitled *The Red Cross*, is solely the story of her life work. It is a monument to her memory.

Several times Miss Barton has been sent abroad by the United States to attend the International Conferences of the Red Cross Society. Her name is known and she is honored throughout the civilized world. Tokens of consideration and approval have poured in upon her from nearly every court in Europe; but more brilliant and glowing than the Red Cross brooch from the Grand Duchess of Baden, the Gold Cross of Remembrance from the Grand Duke, or the Iron Cross of Merit from the Emperor of Germany, or the Red Cross of Merit with the colors of the Empire—more brilliant than all these are the never-fading ornaments of a noble spirit of tenderness, devotion to an unselfish purpose, love for humanity, and reverence for the Divine will. These qualities are the priceless possessions of Clara Barton. They are the gems in her matchless coronet of honor unequaled by the jeweled crown of any queen.

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